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THE WHOLE WORKS OF

William Browne.

THE

WHOLE WORKS OF WILLIAM BROWNE,

OF TAVISTOCK, AND OF THE INNER TEMPLE;

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED,

WITH A MÉMOIR OF THE POET,

AND NOTES,

BY W. CAREW HAZLITT,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

PRINTED FOR THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY.

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CONTENTS.

Page

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS 1

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE 165

THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE 239

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I. Love Poems. Page

Loue who will, for Ile loue none 263
On a Faire Ladyes Yellow Haire powdred with White . . . 264
Not longe agone a youthfull ſwayne 265
Shall I loue againe 265
Deepe are the wounds which ſtrike a vertuous name . . 266
Poore ſilly foole! 266
Wellcome, wellcome, doe I ſing 267
Ye merry birds 268
A Sigh from Oxford 270
A haples ſhepherd on a daye . 276
Cœlia is gone 276

II. Odes, Songs, and Sonnets.

An Ode 278
A Rounde 280
Vnhappy Muſe 281
Thirſis' Praiſe of his Miſtreſſe . 282
Sonnets to Cœlia 283

III. Epistles.

An Epiſtle 291

Page

An Epiſtle occaſioned by the moſt intollerable Jangling of the Papiſts' Bells on All Saints' Night 292
An Epiſtle throwne into a Riuer, in a Ball of Wax 294
An Epiſtle 295
Fido: an Epiſtle to Fidelia . . 298

IV. Elegies.

An Elegye on Mr. William Hopton 305
An Elegie on the Counteſſe Dowager of Pembrooke . . . 307
On an Infant vnborne, & the Mother dyeing in Trauell . 312
On the R. H. Charles Lord Herbert of Carrdiff & Sherland . 313
An Epieed on Mr. Fiſhbourne . 314
An Elegye on Sr Thomas Overbvrye 317
An Elegie on the untimelye Death of Mr. Thomas Ayleworth . 319
An Elegye 321

	Page
On a Twin at two Yeares old dead of a Conſumption . .	324
An Elegie on the bewailed Death of Henry, Prince of Wales .	325
V. Visions . .	329
VI. Epigrams.	
It hapned lately at a Fair . .	333
On an Houre Glaſſe	334
On the Counteſſe of Somerſets Picture	334
On John Tooth	334
To Don Antonio, king of Portugall	334
[Man]	335
Give me three kiſſes, Phillis .	335
On one borne Blynde, and ſoe Dead	335
On a Rope-maker Hang'd . .	336
VII. Epitaphs.	
An Epitaph on Mr. John Smyth	337
On Mrs. Anne Prideaux . .	337
An Epitaph on Mr. W^{m}. Hopton	338
An Epitaph on S^{r} John Prowde	338
In Obitum M. S. x^{o} Maij, 1614	338
On Mr. Vaux, the Phyſitian .	339
On One drowned in the Snowe	339
On Mr. John Deane, of New Colledge	340
An Epitaph	340
On Mr. Francis Lee of the Temple, Gent.	341
My Owne Epitaph	341
On his Wife an Epitaph . .	342
On the Counteſſe Dowager of Pembroke	342
On the R. H. Suſan, Counteſſe of Montgomerie	343
An Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Ayleworth	343
An Epitaph on Mrs. El: y. .	343
On Mr. Turner of St. Mary-Hall.	344
On Goodman Hurſt	344
Heere lyes kind Tom. . . .	345
VIII. Paraphrases, etc.	
Tell me, Pyrrha	346
The Happy Life	347
In Urbem Romam qualis eſt hodie	348
[The Tranſlation].	349
IX. Miscellaneous Pieces.	
On a Dreame	350
Lidford Journey	352
[Religious Verſes]	356
X. Commendatory Verses.	
To his Worthy and Ingenious Friend the Author	357
To my Honor'd Friend Mr. Drayton	358
Vpon this Worke of his beloued Friend the Avthor	359
The Authors Friend to the Reader	361
Index and Notes	363

The Second Song.

The Argvment.

What Shepheards on the Sea *were ſeene*
To entertaine the Oceans *Queene,*
Remond *in ſearch of* Fida *gone,*
And for his loue yong Doridon,
Their meeting with a wofull Swaine,
Mute, and not able to complaine
His metamorphoſ'd Miſtreſſe wrong;
Is all the ſubiect of this Song.

THE Mvses friend (gray-eyde *Aurora*) yet
Held all the Meadowes in a cooling ſweat,
The milke-white *Goſſamores* not vpwards ſnow'd,
Nor was the ſharpe and vſefull ſteering goad
Laid on the ſtrong-neckt Oxe; no gentle bud
The *Sun* had dride; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low leuel'd on the graſſe; no Flyes quicke ſting
Inforc'd the Stonehorſe in a furious ring
To teare the paſſiue earth, nor laſh his taile
About his buttockes broad; the ſlimy Snaile
Might on the wainſcot (by his many mazes
Winding *Meanders* and ſelfe-knitting traces)

Be follow'd, where he ſtucke, his glittering ſlime
Not yet wip't off. It was ſo early time,
The carefull *Smith* had in his ſooty forge
Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers vrge
His neighbours patience: *Owles* abroad did flye,
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of faire *Albion* all the weſterne Swaines
Were long ſince vp, attending on the Plaines
When *Nereus* daughter with her mirthfull hoaſt
Should ſummon them, on their declining coaſt.
But ſince her ſtay was long: for feare the Sun
Should finde them idle, ſome of them begun
To leape and wraſtle, others threw the barre;
Some from the company remoued are,
To meditate the ſongs they meant to play,
Or make a new *Round* for next *Holiday:*
Some tales of loue their loue-ſicke fellowes told:
Others were ſeeking ſtakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone was mending of his Pipe:
That, for his laſſe ſought fruits moſt ſweet moſt ripe.
Here (from the reſt) a louely ſhepherds boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his ioy
Would ſtill endure, or elſe that ages froſt
Should neuer make him thinke what he had loſt.
Yonder a ſhepherdeſſe knits by the ſprings,
Her hands ſtill keeping time to what ſhe ſings:
Or ſeeming, by her ſong, thoſe faireſt hands
Were comforted in working. Neere the ſands
Of ſome ſweet Riuer ſits a muſing lad,
That moanes the loſſe of what he ſometime had,
His Loue by death bereft: when faſt by him
An aged Swaine takes place, as neere the brim
Of's graue as of the Riuer; ſhewing how
That as thoſe floods, which paſſe along right now
Are follow'd ſtill by others from their ſpring,
And in the Sea haue all their burying:

Right ſo our times are knowne, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this *Round:*)
One age is now, another *that* ſucceeds,
Extirping all things which the former breeds:
Another followes that, doth new times raiſe,
New yeers, new months, new weeks, new houres, new daies,
Mankinde thus goes like Riuers from their ſpring,
And in the Earth haue all their burying.
Thus ſate the old man counſelling the young;
Whilſt, vnderneath a tree which ouer-hung
The ſiluer ſtreame (as ſome delight it tooke
To trim his thicke boughes in the Cryſtall Brooke)
Were ſet a iocund crew of youthfull Swaines,
Wooing their ſweetings with delicious ſtraines.
Sportiue *Oreades* the hils deſcended,
The *Hamadryades* their hunting ended,
And in the high woods left the long-liu'd *Harts*
To feed in peace, free from their winged Darts;
Floods, Mountains, Vallies, Woods, each vacant lies
Of *Nimphs* that by them danc'd their *Haydigyes:*
For all thoſe *Powers* were ready to embrace
The preſent meanes, to giue our Shepherds grace.
And vnderneath this tree (till *Thetis* came)
Many reſorted; where a Swaine, of name
Leſſe, then of worth: (and we doe neuer owne
Nor apprehend him beſt, that moſt is knowne.)
Fame is vncertaine, who ſo ſwiftly flyes
By th' vnregarded *ſhed* where *Vertue* lies:
Shee (ill inform'd of *Vertues* worth) purſu'th
(In haſte) *Opinion* for the ſimple *Truth.*
True Fame is euer likened to our ſhade,
He ſooneſt miſſeth her, that moſt hath made
To ouer-take her; who ſo takes his wing,
Regardleſſe of her, ſhee'll be following:
Hertrue proprietie ſhe thus diſcouers,

" Loues her contemners, and contemnes her louers.
Th' applauſe of common people neuer yet
Purſu'd this Swaine ; he knew't the counterfeit
Of ſetled praiſe, and therefore at his ſongs,
Though all the Shepherds and the gracefull throngs
Of Semigods compar'd him with the beſt
That euer touch'd a Reed, or was addreſt
In ſhepherds coat, he neuer would approue
Their Attributes, giuen in ſincereſt loue ;
Except he truly knew them as his merit.
Fame giues a ſecond life to ſuch a ſpirit.
This Swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,
That with intwined armes lay round about
The tree 'gainſt which he lean'd. (So haue I ſeene
Tom Piper ſtand vpon our village greene,
Backt with the *May-pole*, whilſt a iocund crew
In gentle motion circularly threw
Themſelues about him.) To his faireſt Ring
Thus 'gan in numbers well according ſing :

VENUS *by* Adonis *ſide*
Crying kiſt, and kiſſing cride,
Wrung her hands and tore her haire,
For Adonis *dying there.*

Stay (*quoth ſhee*) *ô ſtay and liue !*
Nature *ſurely doth not giue*
To the Earth *her ſweeteſt flowres*
To be ſeene but ſome few houres.

On his face, ſtill as he bled
For each drop a teare ſhe ſhed,
Which ſhe kiſt or wip't away,
Elſe had drown'd him where he lay.

Faire Proſerpina (*quoth ſhee*)
Shall not haue thee yet from mee;
Nor thy ſoule to flie begin
While my lips can keepe it in.

Here ſhe clos'd againe. And ſome
Say Apollo *would haue come*
To haue cur'd his wounded lym,
But that ſhee had ſmother'd him.

Looke as a *Traueller* in Summers day
Nye choakt with duſt, and molt with *Titans* ray,
Longs for a ſpring to coole his inward heat,
And to that end, with vowes, doth heauen intreat,
When going further, finds an Apple-tree,
(Standing as did old *Hoſpitalitie*,
With ready armes to ſuccour any needs:)
Hence plucks an Apple, taſtes it, and it breeds
So great a liking in him for his thirſt,
That vp he climbs, and gathers to the firſt
A ſecond, third; nay, will not ceaſe to pull
Till he haue got his cap and pockets full.
" Things long deſir'd ſo well eſteemed are,
" That when they come we hold them better farre.
" There is no meane 'twixt what we *loue* and *want*,
" *Deſire*, in men, is ſo predominant.
No leſſe did all this quaint aſſembly long
Then doth the *Traueller:* this Shepherds Song
Had ſo enſnar'd each acceptable eare,
That but a ſecond, nought could bring them cleare
From an affected ſnare; had *Orpheus* beene
Playing, ſome diſtance from them, he had ſeene
Not one to ſtirre a foot for his rare ſtraine,
But left the *Thracian* for the *Engliſh Swaine.*
Or had ſuſpicious *Iuno* (when her *Ioue*

Into a Cowe transform'd his faireſt* Loue)
Great *Inachus* ſweet *Stem* in durance giuen
To this young Lad; the † Meſſenger of heauen
(Faire *Maia's* off-ſpring) with the depth of Art
That euer *Ioue* to *Hermes* might impart,
In fingring of a Reed, had neuer won
Poore *Iö's* freedome. And though *Arctors* ſon
(Hundred-ey'd *Argus*) might be lull'd by him,
And looſe his pris'ner: yet in euery lym
That God of wit had felt this Shepherds ſkill,
And by his charmes brought from the *Muſes* hill
Inforc'd to ſleepe; then, rob'd of Pipe and Rod,
And vanquiſh'd ſo, turne Swaine, this Swaine a God.
Yet to this Lad not wanted Enuies ſting,
(" He's not worth ought, that's not worth enuying)
Since many at his praiſe were ſeene to grutch.
For as a *Miller* in his boulting *hutch*
Driues out the pure meale neerly (as he can)
And in his *ſifter* leaues the courſer *bran:*
So doth the *canker* of a *Poets* name
Let ſlip ſuch *lines* as might inherit *Fame,*
And from a *Volume* culs ſome ſmall *amiſſe,*
To fire ſuch dogged ſpleenes as mate with his.
Yet, as a man that (by his Art) would bring
The ceaſleſſe current of a Cryſtall Spring
To ouer-looke the lowly flowing head,
Sinkes by degrees his ſoder'd Pipes of Lead,
Beneath the Fount, whereby the water goes
High, as a *Well* that on a mountaine flowes:
So when *Detraction* and a *Cynnicks* tongue
Haue ſunke *Deſert* vnto the depth of wrong,
By that, the eye of ſkill, *True Worth* ſhall ſee
To braue the Stars, though low his paſſage be.
But, here I much digreſſe, yet pardon, Swaines:
For as a Maiden gath'ring on the Plaines
A ſentfull Noſegay (to ſet neere her pap,

* *b.*

† *Mercury.*

Or as a fauour for her Shepherds cap)
Is ſeene farre off to ſtray, if ſhe haue ſpide
A Flower that might increaſe her Poſies pride:
So if to wander I am ſometimes preſt,
'Tis for a ſtraine that might adorne the reſt.
Requeſts, that with deniall could not meet,
Flew to our Shepherd, and the voices ſweet
Of faireſt *Nymphes*, intreating him to ſay
What wight he lou'd; he thus began his *lay:*

SHALL I tell you whom I loue?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if ſuch a woman *moue,*
As I now ſhall verſifie;
Be aſſur'd, 'tis ſhe, or none
That I loue, and loue alone.

Nature did her ſo much right,
As ſhe ſcornes the helpe of Art,
In as many Vertues *dight*
As e'er yet imbrac'd a heart.
So much good *ſo truly tride,*
Some for leſſe were deifide.

Wit *ſhe hath without deſire*
To make knowne how much ſhe hath;
And her anger *flames no higher*
Then may fitly ſweeten wrath.
Full of pitty *as may be,*
Though perhaps not ſo to me.

Reaſon *maſters euery ſenſe,*
And her vertues *grace her* birth
Louely *as all excellence,*
Modeſt *in her moſt of mirth:*

Likelihood enough to proue,
Onely worth *could kindle* Loue.

Such ſhe is: and if you know
Such a one as I haue ſung;
Be ſhe browne, *or* faire, *or ſo,*
That ſhe be but ſomewhile young;
Be aſſur'd, 'tis ſhe, or none
That I loue, and loue alone.

Eous, Pyroeis, Aethon, and *Phlegon,* were fained to be the horſes of the Sunne.

Eous and his fellowes in the teame,
(Who, ſince their watring in the Weſterne ſtreame,
Had run a furious iourney to appeaſe
The night-ſicke eyes of our *Antipodes.*)
Now (ſweating) were in our *Horizon* ſeene
To drinke the cold dew from each flowry greene:
When *Tritons* Trumpet (with a ſhrill command)
Told ſiluer-footed *Thetis* was at hand.
As I haue ſeene when on the breſt of *Thames*
A heauenly *beauty* of ſweet *Engliſh Dames,*
In ſome calme Eu'ning of delightfull *May,*
With *Muſicke* giue a farewell to the *day,*
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet *Nights* aſcenſion to her *Eben Throne,*
Rapt with their melodie, a thouſand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding ſhore:
So ran the Shepherds, and with haſty feet
Stroue which ſhould firſt increaſe that happy fleet.

Dolphins. The true * preſagers of a comming ſtorme,
Teaching their fins to ſteere them to the forme
Of *Thetis* will, like Boats at Anchor ſtood,
As ready to conuay the *Muſes* brood
Into the brackiſh *Lake,* that ſeem'd to ſwell,
As proud ſo rich a burden on it fell.
Ere their ariuall *Aſtrophel* had done
His ſhepherds *lay,* yet equaliz'd of none.

Th'admired mirrour, glory of our *Iſle*,
Thou far-far-more then mortall man, whoſe ſtile
Strucke more men dumbe to hearken to thy ſong,
Then *Orpheus* Harpe, or *Tuilies* golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wits deepe quinteſſence,
For honour, valour, vertue, excellence,
Be all the Garlands, crowne his toombe with Bay,
Who ſpake as much as ere our tongue can ſay.
Happy *Arcadia!* while ſuch louely ſtraines
Sung of thy Vallies, Riuers, Hils and Plaines;
Yet moſt vnhappy other ioyes among,
That neuer heard'ſt his *Muſicke* nor his *Song*.
Deafe men are happy ſo, whoſe *Vertues* praiſe
(Vnheard of them) are ſung in tunefull layes.
And pardon me ye *Siſters* of the *Mountaine*,
Who waile his loſſe from the *Pegaſian* Fountaine,
If (like a man for portraiture vnable)
I ſet my Pencill to *Apelles* table;
Or dare to draw his *Curtaine*, with a will
To ſhow his true worth, when the *Artiſts* ſkill
Within that *Curtaine* fully doth expreſſe
His owne Arts-Maſtry my vnableneſſe.
He ſweetly touched, what I harſhly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I haue writ;
Sidney began (and if a wit ſo meane
May taſte with him the dewes of *Hippocrene*)
I ſung the *Paſt'rall* next; his *Muſe*, my mouer:
And on the Plaines full many a penſiue louer
Shall ſing vs to their loues, and praiſing be
My humble lines: the more, for praiſing thee.
Thus we ſhall liue with them, by Rocks, by Springs,
As well as *Homer* by the death of Kings.
Then in a ſtraine beyond an Oaten Quill
The learned * Shepherd of faire *Hitching* hill
Sung the heroicke deeds of *Greece* and *Troy*,
In lines ſo worthy life, that I imploy

M. Chapman.

My Reed in vaine to ouertake his fame.
All praiſeful tongues doe wait vpon that name.
Our ſecond *Ouid*, the moſt pleaſing *Muſe*
That heau'n did e're in mortals braine infuſe,
All-loued *Draiton*, in ſoule-raping ſtraines,
A genuine noat, of all the *Nimphiſh* traines
Began to tune; on it all eares were hung
As ſometime *Dido's* on *Æneas* tongue.
Iohnſon whoſe full of merit to reherſe
Too copious is to be confinde in verſe;
Yet therein onely fitteſt to be knowne,
Could any write a line which he might owne.
One, ſo iudicious; ſo well knowing; and
A man whoſe leaſt worth is to vnderſtand;
One ſo exact in all he doth preferre
To able cenſure; for the *Theater*
Not *Seneca* tranſcends his worth of praiſe;
Who writes him well ſhall well deſerue the *Bayes*.
Well-languag'd *Danyel: Brooke*, whoſe poliſht lines
Are fitteſt to accompliſh high deſignes,
Whoſe pen (it ſeemes) ſtill young *Apollo* guides;
Worthy the forked *Hill*, for euer glides
Streames from thy braine, ſo faire, that time ſhall ſee
Thee honour'd by thy Verſe, and it by thee.
And when thy *Temples* well-deſeruing *Bayes*,
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praiſe,
As in a Cryſtall glaſſe, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a ſpring,
A ſteady hand may very ſafely drop
Some quantity of gold, yet o're the top
Not force the liquor run: although before
The Glaſſe (of water) could containe no more:
Yet ſo, all-worthy *Brooke*, though all men ſound
With plummets of iuſt praiſe thy ſkill profound,
Thou in thy verſe thoſe attributes canſt take,
And not apparent oſtentation make,

That any ſecond can thy vertues raiſe,
Striuing as much to hide as merit praiſe.
Davies and *Wither*, by whoſe *Muſes* power
A *naturall* day to me ſeemes but an houre,
And could I euer heare their learned layes,
Ages would turne to artificiall dayes.
Theſe ſweetly chanted to the *Queene* of *Waues*,
She prais'd, and what ſhe prais'd, no tongue depraues.
Then baſe contempt (vnworthy our report)
Fly from the *Muſes* and their faire reſort,
And exerciſe thy ſpleene on men like thee:
Such are more fit to be contemn'd then wee.
'Tis not the rancour of a cankred heart
That can debaſe the excellence of Art;
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
Since we haue lines farre more eſteem'd then they.
For there is hidden in a *Poets* name
A *Spell* that can command the wings of *Fame*,
And maugre all *Obliuions* hated birth,
Begin their immortalitie on earth;
When he that gainſt a *Muſe* with hate combines,
May raiſe his *Tombe* in vaine to reach our *lines*.
Thus *Thetis* rides along the narrow ſeas
Encompaſt round with lovely *Naides*,
With gaudy Nymphs, and many a ſkilfull Swaine,
Whoſe equals earth cannot produce againe,
But leaue the times and men that ſhall ſucceed them
Enough to praiſe that age which ſo did breed them.
Two of the quainteſt Swaines that yet haue beene,
Fail'd their attendance on the Oceans Queene:
Remond and *Doridon*, whoſe hapleſſe Fates
Late ſeuer'd them from their more happy mates.
For (gentle Swaines) if you remember well,
When laſt I ſung on brim of yonder dell,
And as I gheſſe it was that ſunny morne,
When in the groue thereby my ſheepe were ſhorne,

I weene I told you, while the Shepherds yong
Were at their Paſt'rall and their rurall Song,
The ſhrikes of ſome poore Maid, fallen in miſchance,
Inuok't their aid, and drew them from their dance:
Each ran a ſeuerall way to helpe the Maid;
Some tow'rds the Vallie, ſome the green wood ſtraid:
Here one the thicket beats, and there a Swaine
Enters the hidden Caues; but all in vaine.
Nor could they finde the wight whoſe ſhrikes and cry
Flew through the gentle ayre ſo heauily,
Nor ſee or man or beaſt, whoſe cruell teene
Would wrong a Maiden or in graue or greene.
Backe then return'd they all to end their ſport
But *Doridon* and *Remond*, who reſort
Backe to thoſe places which they erſt had ſought,
Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought
In ſuch a web, ſo intricate, and knit
So ſtrong with Bryers, but they would enter it.
Remond his *Fida* cals; *Fida* the woods
Reſound againe, and *Fida* ſpeake the floods,
As if the Riuers and the Hils did frame
Themſelues no ſmall delight, to heare her name.
Yet ſhe appeares not. *Doridon* would now
Haue call'd his Loue too, but he knew not how:
Much like a man who, dreaming in his ſleepe
That he is falling from ſome Mountaine ſteepe
Into a ſoundleſſe Lake, about whoſe brim
A thouſand *Crocodiles* doe wait for him,
And hangs but by one bough, and ſhould that breake
His life goes with it, yet to cry or ſpeake,
Though faine he would, can moue nor voyce nor tongue:
So when he *Remond* heard the woods among
Call for his *Fida*, he would gladly too
Haue call'd his faireſt Loue, but knew not who,
Or what to call; poore Lad, that canſt not tell,
Nor ſpeake the name of her thou lou'ſt ſo well.

Remond by hap neere to the Arbour found,
Where late the *Hynd* was ſlaine, the hurtleſſe ground
Beſmear'd with blood; to *Doridon* he cride,
And tearing then his haire, ô hapleſſe tide
(Quoth he), behold! ſome curſed hand hath tane
From *Fida* this; ô what infernall bane,
Or more then helliſh fiend inforced this!
Pure as the ſtreame of aged *Symois*,
And as the ſpotleſſe *Lilly* was her ſoule!
Yee ſacred Powers that round about the *Pole*
Turne in your *Spheares!* ô could you ſee this deed,
And keep your motion? If the eldeſt ſeed
Of chained *Saturne* hath ſo often beene
In Hunters and in Shepherds habit ſeene
To trace our Woods, and on our fertile Plaines
Wooe Shepherds Daughters with melodious ſtrains,
Where was he now, or any other Powre?
So many ſeu'rall Lambes haue I each howre
And crooked horned Rams brought to your
Shrines,
And with Perfumes clouded the Sun that ſhines,
Yet now forſaken? to an vncouth ſtate
Muſt all things run, if ſuch will be ingrate.
Ceaſe *Remond* (quoth the Boy) no more complaine,
Thy faireſt *Fida* liues; nor doe thou ſtaine
With vile reproaches any power aboue,
They all as much as thee haue beene in loue:
Saturne his *Rhea*; *Jupiter* had ſtore,
As *Iö*, *Leda*, *Europa*, and more;
Mars entred *Vulcans* bed; pertooke his ioy:
Phœbus had *Daphne*, and the* ſweet-fac'd Boy; * *Hyacinth.*
Venus, *Adonis*; and the God of *Wit*
In chaſteſt bonds was to the *Muſes* knit,
And yet remaines ſo, nor can any ſeuer
His loue, but brother-like affects them euer;
Pale-changefull *Cinthia* her *Endimion* had,

And oft on *Latmus* ſported with that Lad:
If theſe were ſubiect (as all mortall men)
Vnto the golden ſhafts, they could not then
But by their owne affections rightly gheſſe
Her death would draw on thine; thy wretchedneſſe
Charge them reſpectleſſe; ſince no Swaine then thee
Hath offred more vnto each *Deitie.*
But feare not, *Remond*, for thoſe ſacred Powres
Tread on obliuion; no deſert of ours
Can be intoomb'd in their celeſtiall breſts;
They weigh our offrings, and our ſolemne feaſts,
And they forget thee not: *Fida* (thy deere)
Treads on the earth, the blood that's ſprinkled here
Ne're fill'd her veynes, the *Hynd* poſſeſt this gore,
See where the *Coller* lyes ſhe whilome wore;
Some Dog hath ſlaine her, or the griping *Carle*
That ſpoiles our Plaines in digging them for *Marle.*
Looke, as two little Brothers who, addreſt
To ſearche the hedges for a *Thruſhes* neſt,
And haue no ſooner got the leauy Spring,
When mad in luſt with fearefull bellowing
A ſtrong-neckt *Bull* purſues throughout the field,
One climbes a tree, and takes that for his ſhield,
Whence looking from one paſture to another,
What might betide to his much-loued Brother,
Further then can his ouer-drowned eyes
Aright perceiue, the furious beaſt he ſpies
Toſſe ſomething on his hornes, he knowes not what,
But one thing feares, and therefore thinkes it that;
When comming nigher he doth well diſcerne
It of the wondrous-one-night-feeding *Ferne*
Some bundle was: yet thence he home-ward goes
Penſiue and ſad, nor can abridge the throes
His feare began, but ſtill his minde doth moue
Vnto the worſt: *Miſtruſt goes ſtill with Loue.*
So far'd it with our Shepherd: though he ſaw

Not ought of *Fida's* rayment, which might draw
A more ſuſpicion; though the Coller lay
There on the graſſe, yet goes he thence away
Full of miſtruſt, and vowes to leaue that Plaine,
Till he embrace his chaſteſt Loue againe.
Loue-wounded *Doridon* intreats him then
That he might be his partner, ſince no men
Had caſes liker; he with him would goe,
Weepe when he wept, and ſigh when he did ſo:
I (quoth the Boy) will ſing thee ſongs of loue,
And as we ſit in ſome all-ſhady groue,
Where *Philomela* and ſuch ſweetned throats
Are for the maſtry tuning various notes,
I'le ſtriue with them, and tune ſo ſad a Verſe,
That whilſt to thee my fortunes I rehearſe,
No Bird but ſhall be mute, her note decline,
And ceaſe her woe, to lend an eare to mine.
I'le tell thee tales of loue, and ſhew thee how
The Gods haue wandred as we Shepherds now,
And when thou plain'ſt thy *Fida's* loſſe, will I
Eccho the ſame, and with mine owne ſupply
Know, *Remond*, I doe loue, but, well-a-day!
I know not whom; but as the gladſome *May*
Shee's faire and louely, as a *Goddeſſe* ſhe
(If ſuch as hers a *Goddeſſe* beauty be)
Firſt ſtood before me, and inquiring was
How to the Mariſh ſhe might ſooneſt paſſe,
When ruſht a Villaine in, hell be his lot,
And drew her thence, ſince when I ſaw her not,
Nor know I where to ſearch; but if thou pleaſe
'Tis not a Forreſt, Mountaine, Rockes, or Seas
Can in thy iourney ſtop my going on.
Fate ſo may ſmile on hapleſſe *Doridon*,
That he rebleſt may be with her faire ſight,
Though thence his eyes poſſeſſe eternall night.
Remond agreed, and many weary dayes

They now had ſpent in vnfrequented wayes:
About the Riuers, Vallies, Holts and Crags,
Among the Ozyers and the wauing Flags
They neerly pry, if any dens there be,
Where from the Sun might harbour crueltie:
Or if they could the bones of any ſpy,
Or torne by beaſts, or humane tyranny.
They cloſe inquiry make in cauernes blinde,
Yet what they looke for would be death to finde.
Right as a curious man that would deſcrie
(Lead by the trembling hand of *Iealouſie*),
If his faire wife haue wrong'd his bed or no,
Meeteth his torment if he finde her ſo.
One Eu'n, e're *Phœbus* (neere the golden ſhore
Of *Tagus* ſtreame) his iourney gan giue o're;
They had aſcended vp a woody hill,
(Where oft the *Fauni* with their Bugles ſhrill
Wakened the *Eccho*, and with many a ſhout
Follow'd the fearefull Deere the woods about,
Or through the Brakes that hide the craggy rockes,
Digd to the hole where lyes the wily Fox.)
Thence they beheld an vnder-lying Vale,
Where *Flora* ſet her rareſt flowres at ſale,
Whither the thriuing *Bee* came oft to ſucke them,
And faireſt *Nymphes* to decke their haire did plucke them.
Where oft the *Goddeſſes* did run at *baſe*,
And on white Harts begun the *Wilde-gooſe-chaſe:*
Here various *Nature* ſeem'd adorning this,
In imitation of the fields of bliſſe;
Or as ſhe would intice the ſoules of men
To leaue *Elizium*, and liue here agen.
Not *Hybla* mountaine in the iocund *prime*
Vpon her many buſhes of ſweet *Thyme*
Shewes greater number of induſtrious *Bees*,
Then were the *Birds* that ſung there on the trees.
Like the trim windings of a wanton Lake,

That doth his paſſage through a Meadow make,
Ran the delightfull Vally 'tweene two Hils:
From whoſe rare trees the precious Balme diſtils,
And hence *Apollo* had his ſimples good
That cur'd the Gods, hurt by the *Earths ill brood.*
A Cryſtall Riuer on her boſome ſlid,
And (paſſing) ſeem'd in ſullen muttrings chid
The *artleſſe Songſters*, that their Muſicke ſtill
Should charme the ſweet Dale and the wiſtfull Hill:
Not ſuffering her ſhrill waters, as they run
Tun'd with a whiſtling gale in *Vniſon*
To tell as high they priz'd the brodred Vale
As the quicke *Lennet* or ſweet *Nightingale.*
Downe from a ſteepe Rocke came the water firſt,
(Where luſty *Satyres* often quench'd their thirſt)
And with no little ſpeed ſeem'd all in haſte,
Till it the louely bottome had embrac'd:
Then as intranc'd to heare the ſweet Birds ſing,
In curled whirlpooles ſhe her courſe doth bring,
As loth to leaue the ſongs that lull'd the Dale,
Or waiting time, when ſhe and ſome ſoft gale
Should ſpeake what true delight they did poſſeſſe
Among the rare flowres which the Vally dreſſe.
But ſince thoſe quaint *Muſitians* would not ſtay,
Nor ſuffer any to be heard but they:
Much like a little Lad who gotten new
To play his part amongſt a ſkilfull crew
Of choiſe *Muſitians* on ſome ſofter ſtring
That is not heard, the others fingering
Drowning his Art, the Boy would gladly get
Applauſe with others that are of his *Set*,
And therefore ſtrikes a ſtroke loud as the beſt,
And often deſcants when his fellowes reſt;
That to be heard (as vſuall fingers doe)
Spoiles his owne Muſicke and his partners too:
So at the further end the waters fell

From off an high bancke downe a lowly *Dell*,
As they had vow'd, ere paſſing from that ground,
The Birds ſhould be inforc'd to heare their ſound.
No ſmall delight the Shepherds tooke to ſee
A *coombe ſo dight in *Flora's* liuery,
Where faire *Feronia*† honour'd in the Woods,
And all the *Deities* that haunt the floods,
With powrefull *Nature* ſtroue to frame a plot,
Whoſe like the ſweet *Arcadia* yeelded not.
Downe through the arched wood the Shepherds wend,
And ſeeke all places that might helpe their end,
When comming neere the bottome of the hill,
A deepe fetch'd ſigh (which ſeem'd of power to kill
The breſt that held it) pierc'd the liſtning wood,
Whereat the carefull Swaines no longer ſtood
Where they were looking on a tree, whoſe rinde
A Loue-knot held, which two ioyn'd hearts intwinde;
But ſearching round, vpon an aged root
Thicke linde with moſſe which (though to little boot)
Seem'd as a ſhelter it had lending beene
Againſt cold Winters ſtormes and wreakfull teene:
Or clad the ſtocke in Summer with that hue
His withered branches not a long time knew:
For in his hollow truncke and periſh'd graine
The *Cuckow* now had many a Winter laine,
And thriuing *Piſmires* laid their egges in ſtore:
The *Dormouſe* ſlept there, and a many more.
Here ſate the Lad, of whom I thinke of old
Virgils prophetique ſpirit had foretold,
Who whilſt Dame *Nature* for her cunnings ſake
A male or female doubted which to make,
And to adorne him more than all affaid
This pritty youth was almoſt made a Maid.
Sadly he ſate, and (as would griefe) alone,
As if the Boy and Tree had beene but one,
Whilſt downe neere boughs did drops of *Amber* creepe,

* Vally.

† According to that of *Silius lib.* 13. *Punicor.*
—*Itur in agros Diues vbi ante omnes colitur* Feronia *luco.*

As if his ſorrow made the trees to weepe.
If euer this were true in *Ouids* Verſe
That teares haue powre an *Adamant* to pierce,
Or moue things void of ſenſe, 'twas here approu'd:
Things, vegetatiue once, his teares haue mou'd.
Surely the ſtones might well be drawne in pitty
To burſt that he ſhould mone, as for a Ditty
To come and range themſelues in order all,
And of their owne accord raiſe *Thebes* a wall.
Or elſe his teares (as did the others ſong)
Might haue th' attractiue power to moue the throng
Of all the Forreſts Citizens and Woods,
With eu'ry Denizon of Ayre and Floods,
To ſit by him and grieue: to leaue their iarres,
Their ſtrifes, diſſentions, and all ciuill warres;
And though elſe diſagreeing, in this one
Mourning for him ſhould make an *Vnion.*
For whom the heauens would weare a ſable ſute,
If men, beaſts, fiſhes, birds, trees, ſtones were mute.
His eyes were fixed (rather fixed Starres)
With whom it ſeem'd his teares had beene in warres,
The diff'rence this (a hard thing to deſcry)
Whether the drops were cleareſt, or his eye.
Teares fearing conqueſt to the eye might fall,
An inundation brought and drowned all.
Yet like true Vertue from the top of State
(Whoſe hopes vile *Enuie* hath ſeene ruinate),
Being lowly caſt, her goodneſſe doth appeare
(Vncloath'd of greatneſſe) more apparant cleere:
So though deiected, yet remain'd a feature,
Made ſorrow ſweet plac'd in ſo ſweet a creature.
"The teſt of miſery the trueſt is,
"In that none hath but what is ſurely his.
His armes a croſſe, his ſheepe-hooke lay beſide him:
Had *Venus* paſſ'd this way, and chanc'd t' haue ſpide him,
With open breſt, locks on his ſhoulders ſpred,

She would haue ſworne (had ſhe not ſeene him dead)
It was Adonis; or if e're there was
Held tranſmigration by *Pithagoras*
Of ſoules, that certaine then, her loſt-loues ſpirit
A fairer body neuer could inherit.
His Pipe which often wont vpon the Plaine
To ſound the *Dorian*, *Phrygian*, *Lydian* ſtraine,
Lay from his Hooke and Bagge cleane caſt apart,
And almoſt broken like his Maſters heart.
Yet till the two kinde Shepherds neere him ſtept,
I finde he nothing ſpake but that he wept.
Ceaſe gentle Lad (quoth *Remond*), let no teare
Cloud thoſe ſweet beauties in thy face appeare;
Why doſt thou call on that which comes alone,
And will not leaue thee till thy ſelfe art gone?
Thou maiſt haue griefe, when other things are reft thee:
All elſe may ſlide away, this ſtill is left thee;
And when thou wanteſt other company,
Sorrow will euer be embracing thee.
But faireſt Swaine what cauſe haſt thou of woe?
Thou haſt a well-fleec'd flocke feed to and fro
(His ſheepe along the Vally that time fed
Not farre from him, although vnfollowed).
What, doe thy Ewes abortiues bring? or Lambs
For want of milke ſeeke to their fellowes Dams?
No gryping Land-lord hath incloſ'd thy walkes,
Nor toyling Plowman furrow'd them in balkes.
Ver hath adorn'd thy Paſtures all in greene
With Clouer-graſſe as freſh as may be ſeene:
Cleare gliding Springs refreſh thy Meadowes heat,
Meads promiſe to thy charge their winter-meat,
And yet thou grieu'ſt. O! had ſome Swains thy ſtore,
Their Pipes ſhould tell the Woods they aſk'd no more.
Or haue the *Parcæ* with vnpartiall knife
Left ſome friends body tenantleſſe of life,
And thou bemoan'ſt that *Fate* in his youths morne

Ore-caſt with clouds his light but newly borne?
" Count not how many yeares he is bereau'd,
" But thoſe which he poſſeſt and had receiu'd;
" If I may tread no longer on this ſtage,
" Though others thinke me young; it is mine age:
" For who ſo hath his Fates full period told,
" He full of yeeres departs, and dyeth old.
May be that *Auarice* thy minde hath croſt,
And ſo thy ſighes are for ſome trifle loſt.
Why ſhouldſt thou hold that deare the world throwes on thee?
" Thinke nothing good which may be taken from thee.
Look as ſome pondrous weight or maſſie pack,
Laid to be carried on a Porters back,
Doth make his ſtrong ioynts cracke, and forceth him
(Maugre the helpe of euery nerue and lim)
To ſtraggle in his gate, and goeth double,
Bending to earth, ſuch is his burdens trouble:
So any one by *Auarice* ingirt,
And preſt with wealth, lyes groueling in the dirt.
His wretched minde bends to no point but this,
That who hath moſt of wealth hath moſt of bliſſe.
Hence comes the world to ſeeke ſuch traffique forth
And paſſages through the congealed *North*,
Who when their haires with *Iſicles* are hung,
And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their tongue,
Shew them a glitt'ring ſtone, will ſtreightwaies ſay,
If paines thus proſper, oh, what fooles would play?
Yet I could tell them (as I now doe thee)
" In getting wealth we loſe our libertie.
" Beſides, it robs vs of our better powres,
" And we ſhould be our ſelues, were theſe not ours.
" He is not pooreſt that hath leaſt in ſtore,
" But he which hath enough, yet aſketh more:
" Nor is he rich by whom are all poſſeſt,
" But he which nothing hath, yet aſketh leaſt.

" If thou a life by *Natures* leading pitch,
" Thou neuer ſhalt be poore, nor euer rich
" Led by *Opinion;* for their ſtates are ſuch,
" *Nature* but *little* ſeekes, *Opinion much.*
Amongſt the many buds proclaiming *May*,
(Decking the fields in holy-dayes aray,
Striuing who ſhall ſurpaſſe in brauery)
Marke the faire blooming of the *Hawthorne-tree*
Who, finely clothed in a robe of white,
Feeds full the wanton eye with *May's* delight;
Yet for the brauery that ſhe is in
Doth neither handle *Card* nor *Wheele* to ſpin,
Nor changeth robes but twice: is neuer ſeene
In other colours then in white or greene.
Learne then content, young Shepherd, from this tree,
Whoſe greateſt wealth is Natures liuery;
And richeſt ingots neuer toyle to finde,
Nor care for pouerty but of the minde,
This ſpoke young *Remond:* yet the mournfull Lad
Not once replyde; but with a ſmile, though ſad,
He ſhooke his head, then croſt his armes againe,
And from his eyes did ſhowres of ſalt teares raine;
Which wrought ſo on the Swains, they could not ſmother
Their ſighes, but ſpent them freely as the other.
Tell vs (quoth *Doridon*) thou fairer farre
Then* he whoſe chaſtity made him a Starre,
* *Hippolitus.* More fit to throw the wounding ſhafts of Loue,
Then follow ſheepe, and pine here in a Groue.
O doe not hide thy ſorrowes, ſhew them briefe;
" He oft findes ayde that doth diſcloſe his griefe.
If thou wouldſt it continue, thou doſt wrong;
" No man can ſorrow very much and long:
For thus much louing *Nature* hath diſpoſ'd,
That 'mongſt the woes that haue vs round incloſ'd,
This comfort's left (and we ſhould bleſſe her for't)
That we may make our griefes be borne, or ſhort.

Beleeue me, Shepherd, we are men no leſſe
Free from the killing throes of heauineſſe
Then thou art here, and but this diff'rence ſure,
That vſe hath made vs apter to endure.
More he had ſpoke, but that a Bugle ſhrill
Rung through the Vally from the higher Hill,
And as they turn'd them tow'rds the hartning ſound,
A gallant Stag, as if he ſcorn'd the ground,
Came running with the winde, and bore his head
As he had beene the King of forreſts bred.
Not ſwifter comes the *Meſſenger* of Heauen,
Or winged veſſell with a full gale driuen,
Nor the ſwift *Swallow* flying neere the ground,
By which the ayres diſtemp'rature is found:
Nor *Mirrha's* courſe, nor *Daphne's* ſpeedy flight,
Shunning the daliance of the God of light,
Thus[1] ſeem'd the Stag, that had no ſooner croſt them,
But in a trice their eyes as quickly loſt him.
The weeping *Swaine* ne're mou'd, but as his eyes
Were onely giuen to ſhew his miſeries,
Attended thoſe; and could not once be won
To leaue that obiect whence his teares begun.
O had that* man, who (by a Tyrants hand) * Phīton.
Seeing his childrens bodies ſtrew the ſand,
And he next morne for torments preſt to goe,
Yet from his eyes let no one ſmall teare flow,
But being aſk'd how well he bore their loſſe,
Like to a man affliction could not croſſe,
He ſtoutly anſwer'd: *Happier ſure are they*
Then I ſhall be by ſpace of one ſhort day.
No more his griefe was. But had he beene here,
He had beene flint, had he not ſpent a teare.
For ſtill that man the perfecter is knowne,
Who others ſorrowes feeles more then his owne.
Remond and *Doridon* were turning then
Vnto the moſt diſconſolate of men,

[1] Old ed. has *then*.

But that a gallant Dame, faire as the morne
Or louely bloomes the Peach-tree that adorne,
Clad in a changing ſilke, whoſe luſtre ſhone
Like yellow flowres and graſſe farre off in one:
Or like the mixture *Nature* doth diſplay
Vpon the quaint wings of the *Popiniay*,
Her horne about her necke with ſiluer tip,
Too hard a metall for ſo ſoft a lip:
Which it no oftner kiſt, then *Ioue* did frowne,
And in a mortals ſhape would faine come downe
To feed vpon thoſe dainties, had not hee
Beene ſtill kept back by *Iuno's* iealouſie.
An Iuory dart ſhe held of good command,
White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;
Of many peeces was it neatly fram'd,
But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.
Vpon her head a greene light ſilken cap:
A peece of white Lawne ſhadow'd either pap,
Betweene which hillocks many *Cupids* lay,
Where with her necke or with her teats they play,
Whilſt her quicke heart will not with them diſpence,
But heaues her breſts as it would beat them thence:
Who, fearing much to loſe ſo ſweet repaire,
Take faſter hold by her diſheuell'd haire.
Swiftly ſhe ran; the ſweet Bryers to receiue her
Slipt their embracements, and (as loth to leaue her)
Stretch'd themſelues to their length; yet on ſhe goes
So great *Diana* frayes a heard of *Roes*
And ſpeedy followes: *Arethuſa* fled
So from the* *Riuer*, that her rauiſhed. * *Alpheus.*

When this braue *Huntreſſe* neere the *Shepherds* drew.
Her Lilly arme in full extent ſhe threw,
To plucke a little bough (to fan her face)
From off a thicke-leau'd Aſh (no tree did grace
The low Groue as did this, the branches ſpred
Like *Neptunè's Trident* vpwards from the head).

No ſooner did the grieued Shepherd ſee
The *Nimphs* white hand extended tow'rds the tree,
But roſe and to her ran, yet ſhe had done
Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone;
Yet now approach'd the bough the *Huntreſſe* tore,
He ſuckt it with his mouth, and kiſt it o're
A hundred times, and ſoftly gan it binde
With Dock-leaues, and a ſlip of Willow rinde.
Then roūd the trunke he wreaths his weakned armes,
And with his ſcalding teares the ſmooth bark warms,
Sighing and groaning, that the Shepherds by
Forgot to helpe him, and lay downe to cry:
" For 'tis impoſſible a man ſhould be
" Grieu'd to himſelfe, or faile of company.
Much the two Swaines admir'd, but pitti'd more
That he no powre of words had, to deplore
Or ſhew what ſad misfortune 'twas befell
To him, whom *Nature* (ſeem'd) regarded well.
As thus they lay, and while the ſpeechleſſe Swaine
His teares and ſighes ſpent to the woods in vaine,
One like a wilde man ouer-growne with haire,
His nailes long growne, and all his body bare,
Saue that a wreath of Iuy twiſt did hide
Thoſe parts which Nature would not haue diſcride,
And the long haire that curled from his head
A graſſie garland rudely couered.
But Shepherds I haue wrong'd you, 'tis now late,
For ſee our Maid ſtands hollowing on yond gate,
'Tis ſupper-time, withall, and we had need
Make haſte away, vnleſſe we meane to ſpeed
With thoſe that *kiſſe the Hares foot: Rhumes* are bred,
Some ſay, by going ſupperleſſe to bed,
And thoſe I loue not; therefore ceaſe my rime,
And put my Pipes vp till another time.

The Third Song.

The Argvment.

A Redbreſt *doth from pining ſaue*
Marina *ſhut in* Famines Caue.
The Golden age *deſcribed plaine,*
And Limos *by the Shepherds ſlaine,*
Doe giue me leaue a while to moue
My Pipe of Tauy *and his* Loue.

ALAS that I haue done ſo great a wrong
Vnto the faireſt *Maiden* of my Song,
Diuine *Marina*, who in *Limos* Caue
Lyes euer fearefull of a liuing graue,
And night and day vpon the hardned ſtones
Reſts, if a reſt can be amongſt the mones
Of dying wretches; where each minute all
Stand ſtill afraid to heare the Deaths-man call.
Thrice had the golden *Sun* his hot Steeds waſht
In the *Weſt Maine*, and thrice them ſmartly laſht
Out of the *Baulmy Eaſt*, ſince the ſweet Maid
Had in that diſmall *Caue* beene ſadly laid.
Where hunger pinch'd her ſo, ſhe need not ſtand
In feare of murdring by a ſecond hand:
For through her tender ſides ſuch darts might paſſe
Gainſt which ſtrong wals of ſtone, thick gates of braſſe

Deny no entrance, nor the Campes of Kings,
Since ſooneſt there they bend their flaggy wings.
But heauen that ſtands ſtill for the beſt's auaile,
Lendeth his hand when humane helpings faile;
For 'twere impoſſible that ſuch as ſhe
Should be forgotten of the Deitie;
Since in the ſpacious *Orbe* could no man finde
A fairer face match'd with a fairer minde.
A little *Robin Red-breſt*, one cleare morne,
Sate ſweetly ſinging on a well-leau'd Thorne:
Whereat *Marina* roſe, and did admire
He durſt approach from whence all elſe retire:
And pittying the ſweet Bird what in her lay,
She fully ſtroue to fright him thence away.
Poore harmeleſſe wretch (quoth ſhe) goe ſeeke ſome ſpring,
And to her ſweet fall with thy fellowes ſing;
Fly to the well-repleniſh'd Groues, and there
Doe entertaine each Swaines harmonious eare,
Trauerſe the winding branches; chant ſo free,
That euery louer fall in loue with thee;
And if thou chance to ſee that louely Boy
(To looke on whom the *Siluans* count a ioy):
He whom I lou'd no ſooner then I loſt,
Whoſe body all the Graces hath ingroſt,
To him vnfold (if that thou dar'ſt to be
So neare a neighbour to my Tragedie)
As farre as can thy voyce, (in plaints ſo ſad,
And in ſo many mournefull accents clad,
That as thou ſing'ſt vpon a tree there by
He may ſome ſmall time weepe, yet know not why),
How I in death was his, though Powres diuine
Will not permit that he in life be mine.
Doe this, thou louing Bird; and haſte away
Into the woods: but if ſo be thou ſtay
To doe a deed of charity on me,
When my pure ſoule ſhall leaue mortalitie,

By cou'ring this poore body with a ſheet
Of greene leaues, gath'red from a vally ſweet;
It is in vaine: theſe harmeleſſe lims muſt haue
Then in the *Caitifes* wombe no other graue.
Hence then, ſweet *Robin;* leſt in ſtaying long
At once thou chance forgoe both life and ſong.
With this ſhe huſht him thence, he ſung no more,
But (fraid the ſecond time) flew tow'rds the ſhore.
Within as ſhort time as the ſwifteſt Swaine
Can to our *May-pole* run and come againe,
The little *Redbreſt* to the prickled thorne
Return'd, and ſung there as he had beforne:
And faire *Marina* to the loope-hole went,
Pittying the pretty Bird, whoſe puniſhment
Limos would not deferre if he were ſpide.
No ſooner had the bird the *Maiden* eyde,
But leaping on the rocke, downe from a bough,
He takes a Cherry vp (which he but now
Had thither brought, and in that place had laid
Till to the cleft his ſong had drawne the Maid),
And flying with the ſmall ſtem in his bill,
(A choiſer fruit, then hangs on *Bacchus** hill)
In faire *Marina's* boſome tooke his reſt,
A heauenly ſeat fit for ſo ſweet a gueſt:
Where *Citherea's Doues* might billing ſit,
And Gods and men with *Enuie* looke on it;
Where roſe two mountaines, whoſe rare ſweets to crop
Was harder then to reach *Olympus* top:
For thoſe the Gods can; but to climbe theſe hils
Their powres no other were then mortall wils.
Here left the Bird the Cherry, and anone
Forſooke her boſome, and for more is gone,
Making ſuch ſpeedy flights into the *Thicke,*
That ſhe admir'd he went and came ſo quicke.
Then leſt his many Cherries ſhould diſtaſt,
Some other fruit he brings then he brought laſt.

* *Cithæron in Beotia.*

Sometime of Strawberries a little ſtem,
Oft changing colours as he gath'red them:
Some greene, ſome white, ſome red on them infus'd,
Theſe lou'd, thoſe fear'd, they bluſh'd to be ſo vs'd.
The Peaſcod greene oft with no little toyle
Hee'd ſeeke for in the fatteſt fertil'ſt ſoile,
And rend it from the ſtalke to bring it to her,
And in her boſome for acceptance wooe her.
No Berry in the Groue or Forreſt grew,
That fit for nouriſhment the kinde Bird knew,
Nor any powrefull herbe in open field
To ſerue her brood the teeming earth did yeeld,
But with his vtmoſt induſtry he ſought it,
And to the Caue for chaſte *Marina* brought it.
So from one well-ſtor'd garden to another,
To gather *Simples* runs a carefull mother,
Whoſe onely childe lies on the ſhaking bed
Grip'd with a *Feuer* (ſometime honoured
In *Rome* as if a* God) nor is ſhe bent
To other herbes then thoſe for which ſhe went.
The feathred houres fiue times were ouer-told,
And twice as many floods and ebbs had rold
The ſmall ſands out and in, ſince faire *Marine*
(For whoſe long loſſe a hundred Shepherds pine)
Was by the charitable *Robin* fed:
For whom (had ſhe not ſo beene nouriſhed)
A hundred Doues would ſearch the Sun-burnt hils,
Or fruitfull Vallies lac'd with ſiluer rils,
To bring her Oliues. Th' *Eagle* ſtrong of ſight
To Countries farre remote would bend her flight,
And with vnwearied wing ſtrip through the ſkie
To the choiſe plots of *Gaule* and *Italy*,
And neuer lin till home-ward ſhe eſcape
With the *Pomgranat*, *Lemmon*, *Oringe*, *Grape*,
Or the lou'd *Citron*, and attain'd the Caue.
The well-plum'd *Goſhawke* (by th' *Egyptians* graue

* *Febrem ad minus nouendum templis colebant*, ait Val. Maximus. *Vide* Tullium *in tertio de Nat. Deorum*, *et ſecundo de Legibus.*

Vs'd in their myſticke Characters for ſpeed)
Would not be wanting at ſo great a need,
But from the well-ſtor'd Orchards of the Land
Brought the ſweet Peare (once by a curſed hand
At **Swinſted* vs'd with poyſon, for the fall
Of one who on theſe Plaines rul'd Lord of all.)
The ſentfull *Oſprey* by the Rocke had fiſh'd
And many a prettie Shrimp in Scallops diſh'd,
Some way conuay'd her ; no one of the ſhole
That haunt the waues, but from his lurking hole
Had pull'd the *Cray-fiſh*, and with much adoe
Brought that the *Maid*, and *Perywinckles* too.
But theſe for others might their labours ſpare,
And not with *Robin* for their merits ſhare.
Yet as a Herdeſſe in a *Summers* day,
Heat with the glorious Suns all-purging ray,
In the calme Euening (leauing her faire flocke)
Betakes her ſelfe vnto a froth-girt Rocke,
On which the head-long *Tauy* throwes his waues,
(And foames to ſee the ſtones neglect his braues :)
Where ſitting to vndoe her Buſkins white,
And waſh her neat legs, (as her vſe each night)
Th' inamour'd flood, before ſhe can vnlace them,
Rowles vp his waues as haſt'ning to imbrace them,
And though to helpe them ſome ſmall gale doe blow,
And one of twenty can but reach her ſo ;
Yet will a many little ſurges be
Flaſhing vpon the rocke full buſily,
And doe the beſt they can to kiſſe her feet,
But that their power and will not equall meet :
So as ſhe for her Nurſe look'd tow'rds the land,
(And now beholds the trees that grace the ſtrand,
Then lookes vpon a hill whoſe ſliding ſides
A goodly flocke (like winters cou'ring) hides,
And higher on ſome ſtone that iutteth out,
Their carefull maſter guiding his trim rout

* One writes that K. *John* was poiſon'd at *Swinſted*, with a diſh of *peares* : Others, there, in a cup of *wine* : Some that he died at *Newark* of the Flux. A fourth by the diſtemperature of *Peaches* eaten in his fit of an *Ague*. Among ſo many doubts, I leaue you to beleeue the *Author* moſt in credit with our beſt of *Antiquaries*.

By ſending forth his Dog (as Shepherds doe),
Or piping ſate, or clowting of his ſhoe.)
Whence, nearer hand drawing her wandring ſight
(So from the earth ſteales the all-quickning light)
Beneath the rocke, the waters high, but late,
(I know not by what ſluce or empting gate)
Were at a low ebbe; on the ſand ſhe ſpies
A buſie Bird that to and fro ſtill flies,
Till pitching where a heatfull Oyſter lay,
Opening his cloſe iawes, (cloſer none then they
Vnleſſe the griping fiſt, or cherry lips
Of happy Louers in their melting ſips.)
Since the decreaſing waues had left him there
Gaping for thirſt, yet meets with nought but ayre,
And that ſo hot; ere the returning tyde,
He in his ſhell is likely to be fride;
The wary Bird a prittie pibble takes
And claps it twixt the two pearle-hiding flakes
Of the broad yawning Oyſter, and ſhe then
Securely pickes the fiſh out (as ſome men
A tricke of policie thruſt tweene two friends,
Seuer their powres), and his intention ends.
The Bird thus getting that, for which ſhe ſtroue,
Brought it to her: to whom the *Queene of Loue*
Seru'd as a foyle, and *Cupid* could no other,
But flie to her miſtaken for his Mother.
Marina from the kinde Bird tooke the meat,
And (looking downe) ſhe ſaw a number great
Of Birds, each one a pibble in his bill,
Would doe the like, but that they wanted ſkill:
Some threw it in too farre, and ſome too ſhort;
This could not beare a ſtone fit for ſuch ſport,
But, harmeleſſe wretch, putting in one too ſmall,
The Oyſter ſhuts and takes his head withall.
Another bringing one too ſmooth and round,
(Vnhappy Bird that thine owne death haſt found)

Layes it ſo little way in his hard lips,
That with their ſodaine cloſe, the pibble ſlips
So ſtrongly forth (as when your little ones
Doe twixt their fingers ſlip their Cherry-ſtones),
That it in paſſage meets the breſt or head
Of the poore wretch, and layes him there for dead.
A many ſtriu'd, and gladly would haue done
As much or more then he which firſt begun,
But all in vaine: ſcarce one of twenty could
Performe the deed, which they full gladly would.
For this not quicke is to that act he go'th,
That wanteth ſkill, this cunning, and ſome both:
Yet none a will, for (from the caue) ſhe ſees
Not in all-louely *May* th'induſtrious Bees
More buſie with the flowres could be, then theſe
Among the ſhell-fiſh of the working Seas.
Limos had all this while beene wanting thence,
And but iuſt heau'n preſeru'd pure innocence
By the two Birds, her life to ayre had flit,
Ere the curſt *Caytife* ſhould haue forced it.
The firſt night that he left her in his den,
He got to ſhore, and neere th'abodes of men
That liue as we by tending of their flockes,
To enterchange for *Ceres* golden lockes,
Or with the Neat-herd for his milke and creame,
Things we reſpect more then the Diademe:
His choiſe made-diſhes. O! the golden age
Met all contentment in no ſurpluſage
Of dainty viands, but (as we doe ſtill)
Dranke the pure water of the cryſtall rill,
Fed on no other meats then thoſe they fed,
Labour the ſalad that their ſtomacks bred.
Nor ſought they for the downe of ſiluer Swans,
Nor thoſe Sow-thiſtle lockes each ſmall gale fans,
But hydes of Beaſts, which when they liu'd they kept,
Seru'd them for bed and cou'ring when they ſlept.

If any ſofter lay, 'twas (by the loſſe
Of ſome rocks warmth) on thicke and ſpungy moſſe,
Or on the ground: ſome ſimple wall of clay
Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.
And on ſuch pallats one man clipped then
More golden ſlumbers then this age agen.
That time *Phyſitians* thriu'd not: or, if any,
I dare ſay all: yet then were thrice as many
As now profeſs't, and more; for euery man
Was his owne *Patient* and *Phyſitian.*
None had a body then ſo weake and thin,
Bankrout of natures ſtore, to feed the ſinne
Of an inſatiate female, in whoſe wombe
Could nature all hers paſt, and all to come
Infuſe, with vertue of all drugs beſide,
She might be tyr'd, but neuer ſatisfied.
To pleaſe which *Orke* her huſbands weakned peece
Muſt haue his *Cullis* mixt with *Amber-greece:*
Pheſant and *Partridge* into ielly turn'd,
Grated with gold, ſeuen times refin'd and burn'd
With duſt of Orient Pearle, richer the Eaſt
Yet ne're beheld: (O *Epicurian* feaſt!)
This is his breakfaſt; and his meale at night
Poſſets no leſſe prouoking appetite,
Whoſe deare ingredients valu'd are at more
Then all his Anceſtors were worth before.
When ſuch as we by poore and ſimple fare
More able liu'd, and di'd not without heire,
Sprung from our owne loines, and a ſpotleſſe bed
Of any other powre vnſeconded:
When th'others iſſue (like a man falne ſicke,
Or through the *Feuer*, *Gout*, or *Lunaticke*,
Changing his Doctors oft, each as his notion
Preſcribes a ſeu'rall dyet, ſeu'rall potion,
Meeting his friend (who meet we now adayes
That hath not ſome receit for each diſeaſe?)

He tels him of a plaiſter, which he takes;
And finding after that, his torment ſlakes,
(Whether becauſe the humour is out-wrought,
Or by the ſkill which his *Phyſitian* brought,
It makes no matter:) for he ſurely thinkes
None of their purges nor their diet drinkes
Haue made him ſound; but his beleefe is faſt
That med'cine was his health which he tooke laſt.
So (by a mother) being taught to call
One for his Father, though a Sonne to all,
His mothers often ſcapes (though truly knowne)
Cannot diuert him; but will euer owne
For his begetter him, whoſe name and rents
He muſt inherit. Such are the deſcents
Of theſe men; to make vp whoſe limber heyre
As many as in him muſt haue a ſhare;
When he that keepes the laſt yet leaſt adoe,
Fathers the peoples childe, and gladly too.
Happier thoſe times were, when the Flaxen clew
By faire *Arachne's* hand the *Lydians* knew,
And ſought not to the worme for ſilken threds,
To rowle their bodies in, or dreſſe their heads.
When wiſe *Minerua* did th' *Athenians* learne
To draw their milke-white fleeces into yarne;
And knowing not the mixtures which began
(Of colours) from the *Babylonian*,
Nor wooll in *Sardis* dyde, more various knowne
By hues, then *Iris* to the world hath ſhowne:
The bowels of our mother were not ript
For *Mader-pits*, nor the ſweet meadowes ſtript
Of their choiſe beauties, nor for *Ceres* load
The fertile lands burd'ned with needleſſe *Woad*.
Through the wide Seas no winged Pine did goe
To Lands vnknowne for ſtaining *Indico*;
Nor men in ſcorching clymates moar'd their Keele
To traffique for the coſtly *Coucheneele*.

Vnknowne was then the *Phrygian* brodery,
The *Tyrian* purple, and the Scarlet dye,
Such as their ſheepe clad, ſuch they woue and wore,
Ruſſet or white, or thoſe mixt, and no more:
Except ſometimes (to brauery inclinde)
They dide them yellow caps with *Alder* rinde.
The *Græcian* mantle, *Tuſcan* robes of ſtate,
Tiſſue, nor *Cloth of gold* of higheſt rate,
They neuer ſaw; onely in pleaſant woods,
Or by th' embrodered margin of the floods,
The dainty *Nymphs* they often did behold
Clad in their light ſilke robes, ſtitcht oft with gold.
The Arras hangings round their comely Hals
Wanted the *Cerites* web and minerals:
Greene boughes of trees which fatning Acornes lade,
Hung full with flowres and Garlands quaintly made,
Their homely *Cotes* deck'd trim in low degree,
As now the *Court* with richeſt *Tapiſtry*.
In ſtead of Cuſhions wrought in windowes laine,
They pick'd the *Cockle* from their fields of Graine,
Sleepe-bringing *Poppy*, by the Plow-men late
Not without cauſe to *Ceres* conſecrate,
For being round and full at his halfe birth
It ſignifi'd the perfect *Orbe* of earth;
And by his inequalities when blowne,
The earths low Vales and higher Hils were ſhowne.
By multitude of graines it held within,
Of men and beaſts the number noted bin;
And ſhe ſince taking care all earth to pleaſe,
Had in her **Theſmophoria* offred theſe.
Or cauſe that ſeed our Elders vs'd to eat,
With honey mixt (and was their after meat)
Or ſince her Daughter that ſhe lou'd ſo well
By him that in th' infernall ſhades doth dwell,
And on the *Stygian* bankes for euer raignes
(Troubled with horrid cries and noyſe of chaines)

* Θεσμοφόρια and Δημήτρια were ſacrifices peculiar to *Ceres*, the one for being a Lawgiuer, the other as Goddeſſe of the grounds.

(Faireſt *Proſerpina*) was rapt away;
And ſhe in plaints the night in teares the day
Had long time ſpent, when no high Power could giue her
Any redreſſe; the **Poppy* did releeue her:
For eating of the ſeeds they ſleepe procur'd,
And ſo beguil'd thoſe griefes ſhe long endur'd.
Or rather ſince her Loue (then happy man)
Micon (ycleep'd) the braue *Athenian*,
Had beene transform'd into this gentle Flowre,
And his protection kept from *Flora's* powre.
The *Daizy* ſcattred on each *Mead* and *Downe*,
A golden tuft within a ſiluer Crowne:
(Faire fall that dainty flowre! and may there be
No Shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee!)
The *Primroſe*, when with ſix leaues gotten grace
Maids as a *True-loue* in their boſomes place:
The ſpotleſſe *Lilly*, by whoſe pure leaues be
Noted the chaſte thoughts of virginitie;
Carnations ſweet with colour like the fire,
The fit *Impreſa's* for imflam'd deſire:
The *Hare-bell* for her ſtainleſſe azur'd hue
Claimes to be worne of none but thoſe are true:
The *Roſe*, like ready youth, inticing ſtands,
And would be cropt if it might chooſe the hands.
The yealow *King cup Flora* them aſſign'd
To be the badges of a iealous minde;
The Oringe-tawny *Marigold:* the night
Hides not her colour from a ſearching ſight.
To thee then, deareſt Friend (my ſongs chiefe mate),
This colour chiefly I appropriate,
That ſpight of all the miſts Obliuion can
Or enuious frettings of a guilty man,
Retain'ſt thy worth; nay, mak'ſt it more in priſe,
Like Tennis-bals, throwne downe hard, higheſt riſe.
The *Columbine* in tawny often taken,

* *Vide Seruium in Virg. Georg.* 1.

Is then aſcrib'd to ſuch as are *forſaken;*
Flora's choiſe buttons of a ruſſet dye
Is *Hope* euen in the depth of miſery.
The *Panſie*, *Thiſtle*, all with prickles ſet,
The *Cowſlip*, *Honiſuckle*, *Violet*,
And many hundreds more that grac'd the Meads,
Gardens and Groues, (where beautious *Flora* treads)
Were by the Shepherds Daughters (as yet are
Vs'd in our Cotes) brought home with ſpeciall care:
For bruiſing them they not alone would quell
But rot the reſt, and ſpoile their pleaſing ſmell.
Much like a Lad, who in his tender prime
Sent from his friends to learne the vſe of time,
As are his mates or good or bad, ſo he
Thriues to the world, and ſuch his actions be.
As in the *Rainbowes* many coloured hew,
Here ſee we watchet deepned with a blew:
There a darke tawnie with a purple mixt,
Yealow and flame, with ſtreakes of greene betwixt,
A bloudy ſtreame into a bluſhing run,
And ends ſtill with the colour which begun;
Drawing the deeper to a lighter ſtaine,
Bringing the lighteſt to the deep'ſt againe,
With ſuch rare Art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blew with watchet, greene and red with yealow;
Like to the changes which we daily ſee
About the Doues necke with varietie,
Where none can ſay (though he it ſtrict attends)
Here one begins, and there the other ends:
So did the Maidens with their various flowres
Decke vp their windowes, and make neat their bowres:
Vſing ſuch cunning as they did diſpoſe
The ruddy *Piny* with the lighter *Roſe*,
The *Moncks-hood* with the *Bugloſſe*, and intwine
The white, the blew, the fleſh-like *Columbine*
With *Pinckes*, *Sweet-Williams:* that farre off the eye

Could not the manner of their mixtures ſpye.
Then with thoſe flowres they moſt of all did priſe
(With all their ſkill, and in moſt curious wiſe
On tufts of Hearbs and Ruſhes) would they frame
A dainty border round their Shepherds name.
Or *Poeſies* make, ſo quaint, ſo apt, ſo rare,
As if the *Muſes* onely liued there:
And that the after world ſhould ſtriue in vaine
What they then did, to counterfeit againe.
Nor will the Needle nor the Loome e're be
So perfect in their beſt embroderie,
Nor ſuch compoſures make of ſilke and gold,
As theirs, when *Nature* all her cunning told.
The word of *Mine* did no man then bewitch,
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the couetous did wiſh no wrong
But what himſelfe deſir'd: *to liue here long.*
As of their Songs, ſo of their liues they deem'd:
Not of the long'ſt, but beſt perform'd, eſteem'd.
They thought that heauen to him no life did giue,
Who onely thought vpon the meanes to liue.
Nor wiſh'd they 'twere ordain'd to liue here euer,
But as life was ordain'd they might perſeuer.
O happy men! you euer did poſſeſſe
No wiſedome but was mixt with ſimpleneſſe;
So wanting malice and from folly free,
Since reaſon went with your ſimplicitie,
You ſearch'd your ſelues if all within were faire,
And did not learne of *others* what *you* were.
Your liues the patternes of thoſe vertues gaue,
Which *adulation* tels men now they haue.
With pouerty in loue we onely cloſe,
Becauſe our Louers it moſt truely ſhowes:
When they who in that bleſſed *age* did moue,
Knew neither pouerty, nor want of loue.
The *hatred* which they bore was onely this,

That euery one did hate to doe amiſſe.
Their fortune ſtill was ſubiect to their will:
Their *want* (ô happy!) was the want of *ill.*
Ye trueſt, faireſt, louelyeſt *Nymphes* that can
Out of your eyes lend fire *Promethian,*
All-beautious Ladies, loue-alluring Dames,
That on the banckes of *Iſca, Humber, Thames,*
By your encouragement can make a Swaine
Climbe by his Song where none but ſoules attaine:
And by the gracefull reading of our lines
Renew our heat to further braue deſignes.
(You, by whoſe meanes my *Muſe* thus boldly ſayes:
Though ſhe doe ſing of Shepherds loues and layes,
And flagging weakly low gets not on wing
To ſecond that of *Hellens* rauiſhing:
Nor hath the loue nor beauty of a *Queene*
My ſubiect grac'd, as other workes haue beene;
Yet not to doe their age nor ours a wrong,
Though *Queenes*, nay *Goddeſſes* fam'd *Homers* ſong):
Mine hath beene tun'd and heard by beauties more
Then all the *Poets* that haue liu'd before.
Not cauſe it is more worth, but it doth fall
That *Nature* now is turn'd a prodigall,
And on this age ſo much perfection ſpends,
That to her laſt of treaſure it extends;
For all the ages that are ſlid away
Had not ſo many beauties as this day.
O what a rapture haue I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the louely brow
Haue drawne me from my Song! I onward run
Cleane from the end to which I firſt begun.
But ye, the heauenly creatures of the *Weſt*
In whom the vertues and the graces reſt,
Pardon! that I haue run aſtray ſo long,
And grow ſo tedious in ſo rude a ſong,
If you your ſelues ſhould come to adde one grace

Vnto a pleaſant Groue or ſuch like place,
Where here the curious cutting of a hedge :
There, by a pond, the trimming of the ſedge :
Here the fine ſetting of well ſhading trees :
The walkes there mounting vp by ſmall degrees,
The grauell and the greene ſo equall lye,
It, with the reſt, drawes on your lingring eye:
Here the ſweet ſmels that doe perfume the ayre,
Ariſing from the infinite repaire
Of odoriferous buds and herbs of price,
(As if it were another Paradice)
So pleaſe the ſmelling ſenſe, that you are faine
Where laſt you walk'd to turne and walke againe.
There the ſmall Birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a Spring that ſmileth as ſhe floats :
For in her face a many dimples ſhow,
And often ſkips as it did dancing goe :
Here further downe an ouer-arched Alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You ſpie at end thereof a ſtanding Lake,
Where ſome ingenious Artiſt ſtriues to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of Lead
Through Birds of earth moſt liuely faſhioned)
To counterfeit and mocke the Siluans all,
In ſinging well their owne ſet Madrigall.
This with no ſmall delight retaines your eare,
And makes you think none bleſt but who liue there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant cluſters decking each good tree,
Inuite your hand to crop ſome from the ſtem,
And liking one, taſte euery ſort of them :
Then to the arbours walke, then to the bowres,
Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the flowres,
Then to the Birds, and to the cleare ſpring thence,
Now pleaſing one, and then another ſenſe.
Here one walkes oft, and yet anew begin'th,

As if it were ſome hidden *Labyrinth ;*
So loath to part, and ſo content to ſtay,
That when the *Gardner* knocks for you away,
It grieues you ſo to leaue the pleaſures in it,
That you could wiſh that you had neuer ſeene it :
Blame me not then, if while to you I told
The happineſſe our fathers clipt of old,
The meere imagination of their bliſſe
So rapt my thoughts, and made me ſing amiſſe.
And ſtill the more they ran on thoſe dayes worth,
The more vnwilling was I to come forth.
O ! if the apprehenſion ioy vs ſo,
What would the action in a humane ſhow ?
Such were the Shepherds (to all goodneſſe bent)
About whoſe **Thorps* that night curs'd *Limos* went.
Where he had learn'd that next day all the Swaines,
That any ſheepe fed on the fertill plaines,
The feaſt of *Pales* Goddeſſe of their grounds
Did meane to celebrate. Fitly this ſounds,
He thought, to what he formerly intended,
His ſtealth ſhould by their abſence be befriended :
For whilſt they in their offrings buſied were,
He 'mongſt the flocks might range with leſſer feare.
How to contriue his ſtealth he ſpent the night.
The *Morning* now in colours richly dight
Stept o're the *Eaſterne* threſholds, and no lad
That ioy'd to ſee his paſtures freſhly clad,
But for the holy rites himſelfe addreſt
With neceſſaries proper to that feaſt.
The *Altars* euery where now ſmoaking be
With *Beane-ſtalkes*, *Sauine*, *Laurell*, *Roſemary*,
Their *Cakes* of *Grummell-ſeed* they did preferre,
And *Pailes* of *milke* in ſacrifice to her.
Then *Hymnes* of praiſe they all deuoutly ſung
In thoſe *Palilia* for increaſe of young.
But ere the ceremonies were halfe paſt

* Villages.

One of their Boyes came downe the hill in haſte,
And told them *Limos* was among their ſheepe;
That he, his fellowes, nor their dogs could keepe
The Rau'ner from their flocks; great ſtore were kild,
Whoſe blood he ſuck'd, and yet his panch not fild.
O haſten then away! for in an houre
He will the chiefeſt of your fold deuoure.
With this moſt ran (leauing behinde ſome few
To finiſh what was to faire *Pales* due),
And as they had aſcended vp the hill,
Limos they met, with no meane pace and ſkill
Following a well-fed Lambe; with many a ſhout
They then purſu'd him all the plaine about.
And either with fore-laying of his way,
Or he full gorg'd ran not ſo ſwift as they,
Before he could recouer downe the ſtrand,
No Swaine but on him had a faſtned hand.
Reioycing then (the worſt Wolfe to their flocke
Lay in their powres), they bound him to a Rocke
With chaines tane from the plow, and leauing him
Return'd backe to their Feaſt. His eyes late dim
Now ſparkle forth in flames, he grindes his teeth,
And ſtriues to catch at euery thing he ſeeth;
But to no purpoſe: all the hope of food
Was tane away; his little fleſh, leſſe bloud,
He ſuck'd and tore at laſt, and that denide,
With fearefull ſhrikes moſt miſerably dyde.
Vnfortunate *Marina*, thou art free
From his iawes now, though not from miſery.
Within the Caue thou likely art to pine,
If (ô may neuer) faile a helpe diuine,
And though ſuch aid thy wants doe ſtill ſupply,
Yet in a priſon thou muſt euer lye.
But heau'n that fed thee, will not long defer
To ſend thee thither ſome deliuerer:
For then to ſpend thy ſighes there to the maine

Thou fitter wert to honour *Thetis* traine :
Who ſo farre now with her harmonious crew
Scour'd through the Seas (ô who yet euer knew
So rare a conſort?) ſhe had left behinde
The *Kentiſh*, *Suſſex* ſhores, the * *Iſle* aſſignde
To braue *Veſpaſians* conqueſt, and was come
Where the ſhrill Trumpet and the ratling Drum
Made the waues tremble (ere befell this chance)
And to no ſofter Muſicke vſ'd to dance.
Haile, thou my natiue ſoile! thou bleſſed plot
Whoſe equall all the world affordeth not!
Shew me who can ſo many cryſtall Rils,
Such ſweet-cloath'd Vallies or aſpiring Hils :
Such Wood-groũd, Paſtures, Quarries, welthy Mines :
Such Rocks in whom the Diamond fairely ſhines:
And if the earth can ſhew the like agen,
Yet will ſhe faile in her Sea-ruling men.
Time neuer can produce men to ore-take
The fames of *Greenuil*, *Dauies*, *Gilbert*, *Drake*,
Or worthy *Hawkins*, or of thouſands more
That by their powre made the *Deuonian* ſhore
Mocke the proud *Tagus;* for whoſe richeſt ſpoyle
The boaſting *Spaniard* left the *Indian* ſoyle
Banckrupt of ſtore, knowing it would quit coſt
By winning this, though all the reſt were loſt.
As oft the *Sea-Nymphs* on her ſtrand haue ſet
Learning of *Fiſher-men* to knit a net,
Wherein to winde vp their diſheuel'd haires,
They haue beheld the frolicke *Mariners*
For exerciſe (got early from their beds)
Pitche bars of ſiluer, and caſt golden ſleds.
At *Ex* a louely Nymph with *Thetis* met :
She ſinging came, and was all round beſet
With other watry powres, which by her ſong
She had allur'd to float with her along.
The *Lay* ſhe chanted ſhe had learn'd of yore,

* Victa *quam* Veſpaſianus *a* Claudio *miſſus ſubiugauit. Vide* Bed. *in Hiſt. Ecc. lib.* 1. *ca.* 3.

Taught by a * ſkilfull *Swaine*, who on her ſhore
Fed his faire flocke: a worke renown'd as farre
As *His* braue ſubiect of the *Troian* warre.
When ſhe had done, a prettie Shepherds boy
That from the neare Downs came (though he ſmal ioy
Tooke in his tunefull Reed, ſince dire neglect
Crept to the breſt of her he did affect,
And that an euer-buſie-watchfull eye
Stood as a barre to his felicitie,)
Being with great intreaties of the Swaines,
And by the faire Queene of the liquid plaines
Woo'd to his Pipe, and bade to lay aſide
All troubled thoughts, as others at that tyde,
And that he now ſome merry note ſhould raiſe,
To equall others which had ſung their laies:
He ſhooke his head, and knowing that his tongue
Could not belye his heart, thus ſadly ſung:

* *Ioſeph* of *Exceſter* writ a Poem of the *Troian* War according to *Dares* the *Phrigians* ſtory, but falſly attributed to *Cornelius Nepos*, as it is printed. He liued in the time of *Hen.* 2. and *Rich.* 1. See the Illuſtrations of my moſt worthy friend *M. Selden* vpon *M. Draitons Polyolbion*, *pag.* 98.

AS new-borne babes ſalute their ages morne
With cries vnto their wofull mother hurld:
My infant Muſe *that was but lately borne*
Began with watry eyes to wooe the world.
She knowes not how to ſpeake, and therefore weepes
Her woes exceſſe,
And ſtriues to moue the heart that ſenſleſſe ſleepes,
To heauineſſe;
Her eyes inuail'd with ſorrowes clouds
Scarce ſee the light,
Diſdaine hath wrapt her in the ſhrowds
Of loathed night.
How ſhould ſhe moue then her grief-laden wing,
Or leaue my ſad complaints, and Pæans *ſing?*
Six Pleyads *liue in light, in darkneſſe one.*
Sing mirthfull Swaines, but let me ſigh alone.

It is enough that I in ſilence ſit,

And bend my ſkill to learne your laies aright;
Nor ſtriue with you in ready ſtraines of wit,
Nor moue my hearers with ſo true delight.
But if for heauy plaints and notes of woe
Your eares are preſt;
No Shepherd liues that can my Pipe out-goe
In ſuch vnreſt.
I haue not knowne ſo many yeeres
As chances wrong,
Nor haue they knowne more floods of teares
From one ſo yong.
Faine would I tune to pleaſe as others doe,
Wert not for fayning Song and numbers too.
Then (ſince not fitting now are ſongs of mone)
Sing mirthfull Swaines, but let me ſigh alone.

The Nymphs *that float vpon theſe watry plaines*
Haue oft beene drawne to liſten to my Song,
And Sirens *left to tune diſſembling ſtraines*
In true bewailing of my ſorrowes long.
Vpon the waues of late a ſiluer Swan
By me did ride;
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
To ſing, and dide.
Yet where they ſhould, they cannot moue.
O hapleſſe Verſe!
That fitter then to win a Loue
Art for a Herſe.
Hence-forward ſilent be; and ye my cares
Be knowne but to my ſelfe, or who deſpaires:
Since pittie now lyes turned to a ſtone.
Sing mirthfull Swaines; but let me ſigh alone.

The fitting accent of *His* mournfull lay
So pleas'd the pow'rfull Lady of the Sea,
That ſhe intreated him to ſing againe;
And he obeying tun'd this ſecond ſtraine:

BORNE to no other comfort then my teares,
Yet rob'd of them by griefes too inly deepe,
I cannot rightly waile my hapleſſe yeeres,
Nor moue a paſſion that for me might weepe.
Nature alas too ſhort hath knit
My tongue to reach my woe:
Nor haue I ſkill ſad notes to fit
That might my ſorrow ſhow.
And to increaſe my torments ceaſeleſſe ſting,
There's no way left to ſhew my paines,
But by my pen in mournfull ſtraines,
Which others may perhaps take ioy to ſing.

As (woo'd by *Mayes* delights) I haue beene borne
To take the kinde ayre of a wiſtfull morne
Neere *Tauies* voicefull ſtreame (to whom I owe
More ſtraines then from my Pipe can euer flowe):
Here haue I heard a ſweet Bird neuer lin
To chide the Riuer for his clam'rous din;
There ſeem'd another in his ſong to tell,
That what the faire ſtreame did he liked well;
And going further heard another too,
All varying ſtill in what the others doe;
A little thence, a fourth with little paine
Con'd all their leſſons, and them ſung againe;
So numberleſſe the Songſters are that ſing
In the ſweet Groues of the too-careleſſe Spring,
That I no ſooner could the hearing loſe
Of one of them, but ſtraight another roſe,
And perching deftly on a quaking ſpray,
Nye tyr'd her ſelfe to make her hearer ſtay,
Whilſt in a buſh two Nightingales together
Shew'd the beſt ſkill they had to draw me thither:
So (as bright *Thetis* paſt our cleeues along)
This ſhepherds lay purſu'd the others ſong,
And ſcarce one ended had his ſkilfull ſtripe,

But ſtreight another tooke him to his Pipe.
By that the younger Swaine had fully done,
Thetis with her braue company had won
The mouth of *Dert*, and whilſt the *Tritons* charme
The dancing waues, paſſing the cryſtall *Arme*
Sweet *Yalme* and *Plim;* ariu'd where *Thamar* payes
Her daily tribute to the weſterne Seas.
Here ſent ſhe vp her *Dolphins*, and they plide
So buſily their *fares* on euery ſide,
They made a quicke returne, and brought her downe
A many *Homagers* to *Thamars* crowne,
Who in themſelues were of as great command
As any meaner Riuers of the Land.
With euery *Nymph* the *Swaine* of moſt account
That fed his white ſheepe by her clearer fount:
And euery one to *Thetis* ſweetly ſung.
Among the reſt a Shepherd (though but young,
Yet hartned to his Pipe) with all the ſkill
His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.
By *Tauies* ſpeedy ſtreame he fed his flocke,
Where when he ſate to ſport him on a rocke,
The *Water-nymphs* would often come vnto him,
And for a dance with many gay gifts wooe him.
Now poſies of this flowre, and then of that;
Now with fine ſhels, then with a ruſhie hat,
With Corrall or red ſtones brought from the deepe
To make him bracelets, or to marke his ſheepe:
Willy he hight. Who by the *Oceans Queene*
More cheer'd to ſing then ſuch young Lads had beene,
Tooke his beſt framed Pipe, and thus gan moue
His voyce of *Walla*, *Tauy's* faireſt Loue.

FAIRE was the day, but fairer was the Maid
Who that daies morn into the green-woods ſtraid.
Sweet was the ayre, but ſweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the Roſes are bequeathing.

Bright ſhone the Sun, but brighter were her eyes,
Such are the Lampes that guide the Deities;
Nay ſuch the fire is, whence the *Pythian* Knight
Borrowes his beames, and lends his *Siſter* light.
Not *Pelop's* ſhoulder whiter then her hands,
Nor ſnowie Swans that iet on *Iſca's* ſands.
Sweet *Flora*, as if rauiſht with their ſight,
In emulation made all *Lillies* white:
For as I oft haue heard the Wood-nimphs ſay,
The dancing *Fairies*, when they left to play,
Then blacke did pull them, and in holes of trees
Stole the ſweet honey from the painfull Bees;
Which in the flowre to put they oft were ſeene,
And for a banquet brought it to their Queene.
But ſhe that is the *Goddeſſe* of the flowres
(Inuited to their groues and ſhady bowres)
Miſlik'd their choiſe. They ſaid that all the field
No other flowre did for that purpoſe yeeld;
But quoth a nimble *Fay* that by did ſtand:
If you could giue't the colour of yond hand;
(*Walla* by chance was in a meadow by
Learning to 'ſample earths embrodery)
It were a gift would *Flora* well befit,
And our great Queene the more would honour it.
She gaue conſent; and by ſome other powre
Made *Venus Doues* be equall'd by the flowre,
But not her hand; for *Nature* this prefers:
All other *whites* but *ſhadowings* to hers.
Her haire was rowl'd in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and artfull Coronet,
Vpon whoſe arches twenty *Cupids* lay,
And were or tide, or loath to flye away.
Vpon her bright eyes *Phœbus* his inclinde,
And by their radience was the God ſtroke blinde,
That cleane awry th' *Eccliptick* then he ſtript,
And from the milky way his horſes whipt;

So that the Eaſterne world to feare begun
Some ſtranger droue the *Chariot* of the *Sun.*
And neuer but that once did heauens bright eye
Beſtow one looke on the *Cymmerij.*
A greene ſilke frock her comely ſhoulders clad,
And tooke delight that ſuch a ſeat it had,
Which at her middle gath'red vp in pleats,
A loue-knot Girdle willing bondage threats.
Not *Venus Ceſton* held a brauer peece,
Nor that which girt the faireſt flowre of *Greece.*
Downe from her waſte, her mantle looſe did fall,
Which *Zephyre* (as afraid) ſtill plaid withall,
And then tuck'd vp ſomewhat below the knee
Shew'd ſearching eyes where *Cupids columnes* be.
The inſide lin'd with rich Carnation ſilke,
And in the midſt of both, *Lawne* white as milke.
Which white beneath the red did ſeeme to ſhroud,
As *Cynthia's* beautie through a bluſhing cloud,
About the edges curious to behold
A deepe fringe hung of rich and twiſted gold,
So on the greene marge of a cryſtall brooke
A thouſand yealow flowres at fiſhes looke;
And ſuch the beames are of the glorious Sun,
That through a tuft of graſſe diſperſed run.
Vpon her leg a paire of Buſkins white,
Studded with orient *Pearle* and *Chryſolite,*
And like her Mantle ſtitcht with gold and greene,
(Fairer yet neuer wore the Forreſts Queene)
Knit cloſe with ribands of a party hue,
A knot of Crimſon and a tuft of blew,
Nor can the *Peacocke* in his ſpotted traine
So many pleaſing colours ſhew againe;
Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,
Except the heau'nly Roſes in her face.
A ſiluer Quiuer at her backe ſhe wore,
With Darts and Arrowes for the Stag and Boare,

But in her eyes ſhe had ſuch darts agen
Could conquer Gods, and wound the hearts of men.
Her left hand held a knotty Braſill Bow,
Whoſe ſtrength with teares ſhe made the red Deere know.
So clad, ſo arm'd, ſo dreſt to win her will
Diana neuer trode on *Latmus* hill.
Walla, the faireſt Nimph that haunts the woods,
Walla, belou'd of *Shepherds*, *Faunes* and *Floods*,
Walla, for whom the frolike *Satyres* pine,
Walla, with whoſe fine foot the flowrets twine,
Walla, of whom ſweet Birds their ditties moue,
Walla, the earths delight, and *Tauy's* loue.
This faireſt *Nimph*, when *Tauy* firſt preuail'd
And won affection where the *Siluans* fail'd,
Had promiſ'd (as a fauour to his ſtreame)
Each weeke to crowne it with an *Anadem:*
And now *Hyperion* from his glitt'ring throne
Seu'n times his quickning rayes had brauely ſhowne
Vnto the other world, ſince *Walla* laſt
Had on her *Tauy's* head the Garland plac'd;
And this day (as of right) ſhe wends abroad
To eaſe the Meadowes of their willing load.
Flora, as if to welcome her, thoſe houres
Had beene moſt lauiſh of her choiſeſt flowres,
Spreading more beauties to intice that morne
Then ſhe had done in many daies beforne.
Looke as a Maiden ſitting in the ſhade
Of ſome cloſe Arbour by the *Wood-binde* made,
With-drawne alone where vndiſcride ſhe may
By her moſt curious Needle giue aſſay
Vnto ſome Purſe (if ſo her fancy moue)
Or other token for her trueſt Loue,
Varietie of ſilke about her pap,
Or in a box ſhe takes vpon her lap,
Whoſe pleaſing colours wooing her quicke eye,
Now this ſhe thinkes the ground would beautifie,

And that, to flouriſh with, ſhe deemeth beſt ;
When ſpying others, ſhe is ſtraight poſſeſt
Thoſe fitteſt are ; yet from that choice doth fall
And ſhe reſolues at laſt to vſe them all :
So *Walla*, which to gather long time ſtood,
Whether thoſe of the field, or of the wood ;
Or thoſe that 'mong the ſprings and mariſh lay ;
But then the bloſſomes which inrich'd each ſpray
Allur'd her looke ; whoſe many coloured graces
Did in her Garland challenge no meane places :
And therefore ſhe (not to be poore in plenty)
From Meadows, ſprings, woods, ſpraies, culs ſome one dainty,
Which in a ſcarfe ſhe put, and onwards ſet
To finde a place to dreſſe her *Coronet*.
A little Groue is ſeated on the marge
Of *Tauy's* ſtreame, not ouer-thicke nor large,
Where euery morne a quire of Siluans ſung,
And leaues to chattring winds ſeru'd as a tongue,
By whom the water turnes in many a ring,
As if it faine would ſtay to heare them ſing ;
And on the top a thouſand young Birds flye,
To be inſtructed in their harmony.
Neere to the end of this all-ioyſome Groue
A dainty circled plot ſeem'd as it ſtroue
To keepe all Bryers and buſhes from inuading
Her pleaſing compaſſe by their needleſſe ſhading,
Since it was not ſo large, but that the ſtore
Of trees around could ſhade her breſt and more.
In midſt thereof a little ſwelling hill,
Gently diſburd'ned of a cryſtall rill
Which from the greenſide of the flowrie banke
Eat down a channell ; here the Wood-nymphs drank,
And great *Diana* hauing ſlaine the Deere,
Did often vſe to come and bathe her here.
Here talk'd they of their chaſe, and where next day

They meant to hunt; here did the ſhepherds play,
And many a gaudy Nymph was often ſeene
Imbracing ſhepherds boyes vpon this greene.
From hence the ſpring haſts downe to *Tauy's* brim,
And paies a tribute of his drops to him.
Here *Walla* reſts the riſing mount vpon,
That ſeem'd to ſwell more ſince ſhe ſate thereon,
And from her ſcarfe vpon the graſſe ſhooke downe
The ſmelling flowres that ſhould her *Riuer* crowne:
The Scarfe (in ſhaking it) ſhe bruſhed oft,
Whereon were flowres ſo freſh and liuely wrought,
That her owne cunning was her owne deceit,
Thinking thoſe true which were but counterfeit.
Vnder an *Aldar* on his ſandy marge
Was *Tauy* ſet to view his nimble charge,
And there his Loue he long time had expected:
While many a roſe-cheekt *Nymph* no wile neglected
To wooe him to imbraces; which he ſcorn'd,
As valluing more the beauties which adorn'd
His faireſt *Walla*, then all *Natures* pride
Spent on the cheekes of all her ſexe beſide.
Now would they tempt him with their open breſts,
And ſweare their lips were Loues aſſured *Teſts:*
That *Walla* ſure would giue him the deniall
Till ſhe had knowne him true by ſuch a triall,
Then comes another, and her hand bereaues
The ſoone ſlipt *Alder* of two clammy leaues,
And clapping them together, bids him ſee
And learne of loue the hidden myſtery.
Braue *Flood* (quoth ſhe) that hold'ſt vs in ſuſpence,
And ſhew'ſt a God-like powre in abſtinence,
At this thy coldneſſe we doe nothing wonder,
Theſe leaues did ſo, when once they grew aſunder;
But ſince the one did taſte the others bliſſe,
And felt his partners kinde partake with his,
Behold how cloſe they ioyne; and had they power

To ſpeake their now content, as we can our,
They would on *Nature* lay a hainous crime
For keeping cloſe ſuch ſweets vntill this time.
Is there to ſuch men ought of merit due,
That doe abſtaine from what they neuer knew?
No: then as well we may account him wiſe
For ſpeaking nought, who wants thoſe faculties.
Taſte thou our ſweets; come here and freely ſip
Diuineſt *Nectar* from my melting lip;
Gaze on mine eyes, whoſe life-infuſing beames
Haue power to melt the Icy Northerne ſtreames,
And ſo inflame the *Gods* of thoſe bound Seas
They ſhould vnchaine their virgin paſſages,
And teach our *Mariners* from day to day
To bring vs *Iewels* by a neerer way.
Twine thy long fingers in my ſhining haire,
And thinke it no diſgrace to hide them there;
For I could tell thee how the *Paphian* Queene
Met me one day vpon yond pleaſant Greene,
And did intreat a ſlip (though I was coy)
Wherewith to fetter her laſciuious *Boy*.
Play with my teates that ſwell to haue impreſſion;
And if thou pleaſe from thence to make digreſſion,
Paſſe thou that *milkie way* where great *Apollo*
And higher powres then he would gladly follow.
When to the full of theſe thou ſhalt attaine,
It were ſome maſtry for thee to refraine;
But ſince thou know'ſt not what ſuch pleaſures be
The world will not commend but laugh at thee.
But thou wilt ſay, thy *Walla* yeelds ſuch ſtore
Of ioyes, that no one Loue can raiſe thee more;
Admit it ſo, as who but thinkes it ſtrange?
Yet ſhalt thou finde a pleaſure more, in change,
If that thou lik'ſt not, gentle *Flood*, but heare
To proue that ſtate the beſt I neuer feare.
Tell me wherein the ſtate and glory is

Of thee, of *Auon*, or braue *Thameſis ?*
In your owne Springs ? or by the flowing head
Of ſome ſuch Riuer onely ſeconded ?
Or is it through the multitude that doe
Send downe their waters to attend on you ?
Your mixture with leſſe Brookes addes to your fames,
So long as they in you doe looſe their names :
And comming to the *Ocean*, thou doſt ſee,
It takes in other Floods as well as thee ;
It were no ſport to vs that hunting loue
If we were ſtill confinde to one large Groue.
The water which in one Poole hath abiding
Is not ſo ſweet as Rillets euer gliding.
Nor would the brackiſh waues in whom you meet
Containe that ſtate it doth, but be leſſe ſweet,
And with contagious ſtreames all mortals ſmother,
But that it moues from this ſhore to the other.
There's no one ſeaſon ſuch delight can bring,
As *Summer*, *Autumne*, *Winter*, and the *Spring*.
Nor the beſt *Flowre* that doth on earth appeare
Could by it ſelfe content vs all the yeere.
The *Salmons*, and ſome more as well as they,
Now loue the freſhet, and then loue the Sea.
The flitting *Fowles* not in one coaſt doe tarry,
But with the yeere their habitation vary.
What *Muſicke* is there in a Shepherds quill
(Plaid on by him that hath the greateſt ſkill)
If but a ſtop or two thereon we ſpy ?
Muſicke is beſt in her varietie.
So is diſcourſe, ſo ioyes ; and why not then
As well the liues and loues of Gods as men ?
More ſhe had ſpoke, but that the gallant *Flood*
Replide : ye wanton *Rangers* of the wood,
Leaue your allurements ; hye ye to your chaſe ;
See where *Diana* with a nimble pace
Followes a ſtrucke Deere : if you longer ſtay

Her frowne will bend to me another day.
Harke how ſhe winds her Horne; ſhe ſome doth call
Perhaps for you, to make in to the fall.
With this they left him. Now he wonders much
Why at this time his *Walla's* ſtay was ſuch,
And could haue wiſh'd the *Nymphs* back, but for feare
His Loue might come and chance to finde them there.
To paſſe the time at laſt he thus began
(Vnto a Pipe ioyn'd by the art of *Pan*)
To praiſe his Loue: his haſty waues among
The frothed Rocks, bearing the Vnder-ſong.

AS carefull Merchants *doe expecting ſtand*
(*After long time and merry gales of winde*)
Vpon the place where their braue Ship *muſt land:*
So waite I for the veſſell of my minde.

Upon a great aduenture is it bound,
Whoſe ſafe returne will vallu'd be at more
Then all the wealthy prizes which haue crown'd
The golden wiſhes of an age before.

Out of the Eaſt *Iewels of worth ſhe brings,*
Th' vnualu'd Diamond *of her ſparkling* Eye
Wants in the Treaſures of all Europe's *Kings,*
And were it mine they nor their crownes ſhould buy

The Saphires *ringed on her panting breſt,*
Run as rich veines of Ore *about the mold,*
And are in ſickneſſe with a pale poſſeſt,
So true; for them I ſhould diſualue gold.

The melting Rubies *on her cherry lip*
Are of ſuch powre to hold; that as one day
Cupid *flew thirſty by, he ſtoop'd to ſip*
And faſt'ned there could neuer get away.

The ſweets of Candie *are no ſweets to me*
When hers I taſte; nor the Perfumes of price
Rob'd from the happy ſhrubs of Araby,
As her ſweet breath, ſo powrefull to intice.

O haſten then! and if thou be not gone
Vnto that wiſhed trafficke through the Maine,
My powrefull ſighes ſhall quickly driue thee on,
And then begin to draw thee backe againe.

If in the meane rude waues haue it oppreſt,
It ſhall ſuffice I venter'd at the beſt.

Scarce had he giuen a period to his Lay
When from a Wood (wherein the *Eye of day*
Had long a ſtranger beene, and *Phœbe's* light
Vainly contended with the ſhades of night.)
One of thoſe wanton *Nymphs* that woo'd him late
Came crying tow'rds him; O thou moſt ingrate
Reſpectleſſe Flood! canſt thou here idely ſit,
And looſe deſires to looſer numbers fit?
Teaching the ayre to court thy careleſſe Brooke,
Whil'ſt thy poore *Walla's* cries the hils haue ſhooke
With an amazed terror: heare! ô heare!
A hundred *Eccho's* ſhriking euerie where!
See how the frightfull Heards run from the Wood!
Walla, alas, as ſhe, to crowne her Flood,
Attended the compoſure of ſweet flowres,
Was by a luſt-fir'd *Satyre* 'mong our bowres
Well-neere ſurpriz'd, but that ſhe him diſcride
Before his rude imbracement could betide.
Now but her feet no helpe, vnleſſe her cries
A needfull aid draw from the *Deities.*
It needleſſe was to bid the *Flood* purſue:
Anger gaue wings; waies that he neuer knew
Till now, he treads; through dels and hidden brakes
Flies through the Meadows, each where ouertakes

Streames ſwiftly gliding, and them brings along
To further iuſt reuenge for ſo great wrong,
His current till that day was neuer knowne,
But as a Meade in *Iuly*, which vnmowne
Beares in an equall height each bent and ſtem,
Vnleſſe ſome gentle gale doe play with them.
Now runs it with ſuch fury and ſuch rage,
That mightie Rocks oppoſing vaſſalage,
Are from the firme earth rent and ouer-borne
In *Fords* where pibbles lay ſecure beforne.
Low'd *Cataracts*, and fearefull roarings now
Affright the Paſſenger; vpon his brow
Continuall bubbles like compelled drops,
And where (as now and then) he makes ſhort ſtops
In little pooles drowning his voice too hie,
'Tis where he thinkes he heares his *Walla* cry.
Yet vaine was all his haſte, bending a way,
Too much declining to the Southerne Sea,
Since ſhe had turned thence, and now begun
To croſſe the braue path of the glorious *Sun*.
There lyes a Vale extended to the North
Of *Tauy's* ſtreame, which (prodigall) ſends forth
In *Autumne* more rare fruits then haue beene ſpent
In any greater plot of fruitfull *Kent*.
Two high brow'd rocks on either ſide begin,
As with an arch to cloſe the valley in:
Vpon their rugged fronts ſhort writhen Oakes
Vntouch'd of any fellers banefull ſtroakes:
The *Iuy* twiſting round their barkes hath fed
Paſt time *wilde Goates* which no man followed.
Low in the Valley ſome ſmall Heards of Deere,
For head and footmanſhip withouten peere,
Fed vndiſturb'd. The Swaines that thereby thriu'd
By the tradition from their *Sires* deriu'd,
Call'd it ſweet *Ina's Coombe:* but whether ſhe
Were of the earth or greater progeny

Iudge by her deedes; once this is truely knowne
She many a time hath on a Bugle blowne,
And through the Dale purſu'd the iolly Chaſe,
As ſhe had bid the winged windes a *baſe*.
Pale and diſtracted hither *Walla* runs,
As cloſely follow'd as ſhe hardly ſhuns;
Her mantle off, her haire now too vnkinde
Almoſt betrai'd her with the wanton winde.
Breathleſſe and faint ſhe now ſome drops diſcloſes,
As in a *Limbeck* the kinde ſweat of Roſes,
Such hang vpon her breſt, and on her cheekes;
Or like the Pearles which the tand *Æthiop* ſeekes.
The *Satyre* (ſpur'd with luſt) ſtill getteth ground,
And longs to ſee his damn'd intention crown'd.
As when a *Greyhound* (of the righteſt ſtraine)
Let ſlip to ſome poore *Hare* vpon the plaine;
He for his prey ſtriues, th' other for her life;
And one of theſe or none muſt end the ſtrife.
Now ſeemes the Dog by ſpeed and good at bearing
To haue her ſure; the other euer fearing
Maketh a ſodaine turne, and doth deferre
The Hound a while from ſo neere reaching her:
Yet being fetcht againe and almoſt tane,
Doubting (ſince touch'd of him) ſhe ſcapes her bane:
So of theſe two the minded races were,
For *Hope* the one made ſwift, the other *Feare*.
O if there be a powre (quoth *Walla* then
Keeping her earneſt courſe) o'reſwaying men
And their deſires! ô let it now be ſhowne
Vpon this *Satyre* halfe part earthly knowne.
What I haue hitherto with ſo much care
Kept vndefiled, ſpotleſſe, white and faire,
What in all ſpeech of loue I ſtill reſeru'd,
And from it's hazard euer gladly ſweru'd;
O be it now vntouch'd! and may no force
That happy Iewell from my ſelfe deuorce!

I that haue euer held all women be
Void of all worth if wanting chaſtitie;
And who ſo any lets that beſt flowre pull,
She might be faire, but neuer beautifull:
O let me not forgoe it! ſtrike me dead!
Let on theſe Rocks my limbs be ſcattered!
Burne me to aſhes with ſome powrefull flame,
And in mine owne duſt bury mine owne name,
Rather then let me liue and be defil'd.
Chaſteſt *Diana!* in the Deſerts wilde,
Haue I ſo long thy trueſt handmaid beene?
Vpon the rough rocke-ground thine arrowes keene,
Haue I (to make thee crownes) beene gath'ring ſtill
Faire-cheekt *Eteſia's* yealow *Cammomill?*
And ſitting by thee on our flowrie beds
Knit thy torne *Buck-ſtals* with well twiſted threds,
To be forſaken? O now preſent be,
If not to ſaue, yet helpe to ruine me!
If pure *Virginitie* haue heretofore
By the *Olympicke* powres beene honour'd more
Then other ſtates; and Gods haue beene diſpos'd
To make them knowne to vs, and ſtill diſclos'd
To the chaſte hearing of ſuch *Nymphs* as we
Many a ſecret and deepe miſterie;
If none can lead without celeſtiall aid
Th'immaculate and pure life of a Maid,
O let not then the Powres all-good diuine
Permit vile luſt to ſoile this breſt of mine!
Thus cride ſhe as ſhe ran: and looking backe
Whether her hot purſuer did ought ſlacke
His former ſpeed, ſhe ſpies him not at all,
And ſomewhat thereby cheer'd gan to recall
Her nye fled hopes: yet fearing he might lye
Neere ſome croſſe path to worke his villanie,
And being weary, knowing it was vaine
To hope for ſafety by her feet againe,

She ſought about where ſhe her ſelfe might hide.
A hollow vaulted Rocke at laſt ſhe ſpide,
About whoſe ſides ſo many buſhes were,
She thought ſecurely ſhe might reſt her there.
Farre vnder it a Caue, whoſe entrance ſtreight
Clos'd with a ſtone-wrought dore of no mean weight;
Yet from it ſelfe the *gemels* beaten ſo
That little ſtrength could thruſt it to and fro.
Thither ſhe came, and being gotten in
Barr'd faſt the darke Caue with an iron pin.
The *Satyre* follow'd, for his cauſe of ſtay
Was not a minde to leaue her, but the way
Sharpe ſton'd and thornie, where he paſs'd of late,
Had cut his clouen foot, and now his gate
Was not ſo ſpeedy, yet by chance he ſees
Through ſome ſmall glade that ran between the trees
Where *Walla* went. And with a ſlower pace
Fir'd with hot blood, at laſt attain'd the place.
When like a fearefull *Hare* within her *Forme*,
Hearing the Hounds come like a threatning ſtorme,
In full cry on the walke where laſt ſhe trode,
Doubts to ſtay there, yet dreads to goe abroad:
So *Walla* far'd. But ſince he was come nie,
And by an able ſtrength and induſtry
Sought to breake in, with teares anew ſhe fell
To vrge the Powres that on *Olympus* dwell.
And then to *Ina* call'd: O if the roomes,
The Walkes and Arbours in theſe fruitfull coombes
Haue famous beene through all the Weſterne Plaines
In being guiltleſſe of the laſting ſtaines
Pour'd on by luſt and murther: keepe them free!
Turne me to ſtone, or to a barked tree,
Vnto a Bird, or flowre, or ought forlorne;
So I may die as pure as I was borne.
" Swift are the prayers and of ſpeedy haſte,
" That take their wing from hearts ſo pure and chaſte.

" And what we aſke of Heauen it ſtill appeares
" More plaine to it in mirrours of our teares.
Approu'd in *Walla.* When the *Satyre* rude
Had broke the doore in two, and gan intrude
With ſteps prophane into that ſacred Cell,
Where oft (as I haue heard our Shepherds tell)
Faire *Ina* vs'd to reſt from *Phœbus* ray:
She or ſome other hauing heard her pray,
Into a Fountaine turn'd her; and now riſe
Such ſtreames out of the caue, that they ſurpriſe
The *Satyre* with ſuch force and ſo great din,
That quenching his lifes flame as well as ſin,
They roul'd him through the Dale with mighty rore
And made him flye that did purſue before.
Not farre beneath i' the Valley as ſhe trends
Her ſiluer ſtreame, ſome *Wood-nymphs* and her friends
That follow'd to her aide, beholding how
A Brooke came gliding, where they ſaw but now
Some Herds were feeding, wondring whence it came:
Vntill a Nymph that did attend the game
In that ſweet Valley, all the proceſſe told,
Which from a thicke-leau'd-tree ſhe did behold:
See, quoth the *Nymph*, where the rude *Satyre* lies
Caſt on the graſſe; as if ſhe did deſpiſe
To haue her pure waues ſoyl'd with ſuch as he:
Retaining ſtill the loue of puritie.
To *Tauy's* Cryſtall ſtreame her waters goe,
As if ſome ſecret power ordained ſo,
And as a Maid ſhe lou'd him, ſo a Brooke
To his imbracements onely her betooke.
Where growing on with him, attain'd the ſtate
Which none but *Hymens* bonds can imitate.
On *Walla's* brooke her ſiſters now bewaile,
For whom the Rocks ſpend teares when others faile,
And all the Woods ring with their piteous mones:
Which *Tauy* hearing as he chid the ſtones,

That ſtopt his ſpeedy courſe, raiſing his head
Inquir'd the cauſe, and thus was anſwered :
Walla is now no more. Nor from the hill
Will ſhe more plucke for thee the Daffadill,
Nor make ſweet *Anadems* to gird thy brow,
Yet in the Groues ſhe runs, a *Riuer* now.
Looke as the feeling* Plant (which learned Swaines
Relate to grow on the *Eaſt Indian* Plaines)
Shrinkes vp his dainty leaues, if any ſand
You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand :
So with the chance the heauy *Wood-nymphs* told,
The *Riuer* (inly touch'd) began to fold
His armes acroſſe, and while the torrent raues,
Shrunke his graue head beneath his ſiluer waues.
Since when he neuer on his bankes appeares
But as one franticke : when the clouds ſpend teares
He thinkes they of his woes compaſſion take,
(And not a Spring but weepes for *Walla's* ſake)
And then he often (to bemone her lacke)
Like to a mourner goes, his waters blacke,
And euery Brooke attending in his way,
For that time meets him in the like aray.
Here Willy that time ceas'd ; and I a while :
For yonder's *Roget* comming o're the ſtile,
'Tis two daies ſince I ſaw him (and you wonder,
You'le ſay, that we haue beene ſo long aſunder).
I thinke the louely Heardeſſe of the Dell
That to an Oaten Quill can ſing ſo well,
Is ſhe that's with him : I muſt needs goe meet them,
And if ſome other of you riſe to greet them
'Twere not amiſſe, the day is now ſo long
That I ere night may end another Song.

* *Sentida.*

The Fovrth Song.

The Argvment.

The Corniſh Swaines *and* Brittiſh Bard
Thetis *hath with attention heard.*
And after meets an aged man
That tels the hapleſſe loue of Pan:
And why the flockes doe liue ſo free
From Wolues *within rich* Britannie.

LOOKE as a *Louer* with a lingring kiſſe
About to part with the beſt halfe that's his,
Faine would he ſtay but that he feares to doe it,
And curſeth time for ſo faſt haſtning to it:
Now takes his leaue, and yet begins anew
To make leſſe vowes then are eſteemed true:
Then ſaies he muſt be gone, and then doth finde
Something he ſhould haue ſpoke that's out of minde;
And whilſt he ſtands to look for't in her eyes,
Their ſad-ſweet glance ſo tye his faculties
To thinke from what he parts, that he is now
As farre from leauing her, or knowing how,

As when he came; begins his former ſtraine,
To kiſſe, to vow, and take his leaue againe:
Then turns, comes back, ſighes, parts, & yet doth go,
Apt to retire, and loath to leaue her ſo.
Braue Streame, ſo part I from thy flowrie banke,
Where firſt I breath'd, and (though vnworthy) dranke
Thoſe ſacred waters which the *Muſes* bring
To wooe *Britannia* to their ceaſleſſe ſpring.
Now would I on, but that the cryſtall Wels,
The fertill Meadowes and their pleaſing ſmels,
The Woods delightfull and the ſcatt'red Groues,
(Where many *Nymphs* walk with their chaſter Loues)
Soone make me ſtay: And think that *Ordgar's** ſon
(Admoniſh'd by a heauenly viſion)
Not without cauſe did that apt fabricke reare,
(Wherein we nothing now but *Eccho's* heare
That wont with heauenly *Anthemes* daily ring
And dueſt praiſes to the greateſt King)
In this choiſe plot. Since he could light vpon
No place ſo fit for contemplation.
Though I a while muſt leaue this happy ſoyle,
And follow *Thetis* in a pleaſing toyle,
Yet when I ſhall returne, Ile ſtriue to draw
The *Nymphs* by *Thamar*, *Tauy*, *Ex* and *Tau*,
By *Turridge*, *Otter*, *Ock*, by *Dert* and *Plym*,
With all the *Nayades* that fiſh and ſwim
In their cleare ſtreames, to theſe our riſing Downes,
Where while they make vs chaplets, wreaths and crowns,
Ile tune my Reed vnto a higher key,
(And haue already cond ſome of the *Lay*)
Wherein (as *Mantua* by her *Virgils* birth
And *Thames* by him that ſung her Nuptiall mirth)
You may be knowne (though not in equall pride)
As farre as *Tiber* throwes his ſwelling Tide.
And by a Shepherd (feeding on your plaines)
In humble, lowly, plaine, and ruder ſtraines,

Vide de amœnitate loci. Malmeſb. 2. *lib. de geſt.* Pontif. *fo.* 146.

* *Ordulphus.*

Heare your worths challenge other floods among,
To haue a period equall with their ſong.
Where *Plym* and *Thamar* with imbraces meet,
Thetis weighes ancor now, and all her Fleet:
Leauing that ſpacious* *Sound*, within whoſe armes
I haue thoſe Veſſels ſeene, whoſe hot alarmes
Haue made *Iberia* tremble, and her towres
Proſtrate themſelues before our iron ſhowres
While their proud builders hearts haue been inclinde
To ſhake (as our braue Enſignes) with the winde.
For as an *Eyerie* from their *Seeges* wood
Led o're the Plaines and taught to get their food:
By ſeeing how their *Breeder* takes his prey
Now from an Orchard doe they ſcare the *Iey*,
Then o're the Corne-fields as they ſwiftly flye,
Where many thouſand hurtfull *Sparrowes* lye
Beating the ripe graine from the bearded eare,
At their approach, all (ouer-gone with feare)
Seeke for their ſafetie: ſome into the dike,
Some in the hedges drop, and others like
The thick-growne corne as for their hiding beſt,
And vnder turfes or graſſe moſt of the reſt;
That of a flight which couer'd all the graine,
Not one appeares, but all or hid, or ſlaine:
So by *Heröes* were we led of yore,
And by our drums that thundred on each ſhore,
Stroke with amazement Countries farre and neere;
Whilſt their Inhabitants like Heards of *Deere*,
By kingly *Lyons* chas'd, fled from our Armes.
If any did oppoſe, inſtructed ſwarmes
Of men immail'd; *Fate* drew them on to be
A greater *Fame* to our got Victory.
But now our Leaders want; thoſe Veſſels lye
Rotting, like houſes through ill huſbandry;
And on their *Maſts* where oft the *Ship-boy* ſtood,
Or ſiluer *Trumpets* charm'd the brackiſh *Flood*,

* *Plymmouth*

Some wearied Crow it ſet; and daily ſeene
Their ſides inſtead of pitch calk'd o're with greene:
Ill hap (alas) haue you that once were knowne
By reaping what was by *Iberia* ſowne.
By bringing yealow ſheaues from out their plaine,
Making our *Barnes* the *ſtore-houſe* for their graine:
When now as if we wanted land to till,
Wherewith we might our vſeleſſe Souldiers fill:
Vpon their Hatches where halfe-pikes were borne,
In euery chinke riſe ſtems of bearded corne:
Mocking our idle times that ſo haue wrought vs,
Or putting vs in minde what once they brought vs.
Beare with me Shepherds if I doe digreſſe,
And ſpeake of what our ſelues doe not profeſſe:
Can I behold a man that in the field,
Or at a breach hath taken on his Shield
* M. *Sena.* More Darts then euer* *Roman;* that hath ſpent
Many a cold *December* in no *Tent*
But ſuch as *Earth* and *Heauen* make; that hath beene
Except in Iron *Plates* not long time ſeene;
Vpon whoſe body may be plainly told
More wounds then his lanke purſe doth *almeſ-deeds* hold.
O! can I ſee this man (aduentring all)
Be onely grac'd with ſome poore *Hoſpitall,*
Or may be worſe, intreating at his doore
For ſome reliefe whom he ſecur'd before,
And yet not ſhew my griefe? Firſt may I learne
To ſee, and yet forget how to diſcerne;
My hands neglectfull be at any need,
Or to defend my body, or to feed,
Ere I reſpect thoſe times that rather giue him
Hundreds to puniſh, then one to relieue him.
As in an Euening when the gentle ayre
Breathes to the ſullen night a ſoft repaire,
I oft haue ſet on *Thames* ſweet banke to heare
My Friend with his ſweet touch to charme mine eare,

When he hath plaid (as well he can) ſome ſtraine
That likes me, ſtreight I aſke the ſame againe,
And he as gladly granting, ſtrikes it o're
With ſome ſweet reliſh was forgot before:
I would haue beene content if he would play
In that one ſtraine to paſſe thenight away;
But fearing much to doe his patience wrong,
Vnwillingly haue aſk'd ſome other ſong.
So in this diffring *Key*, though I could well
A many houres but as few minutes tell,
Yet leſt mine owne delight might iniure you
(Though loath ſo ſoone) I take my Song anew.
Yet as when I with other Swaines haue beene
Invited by the Maidens of our greene
To wend to yonder Wood, in time of yeare
When Cherry-trees inticing burdens beare,
He that with wreathed legs doth vpwards goe,
Pluckes not alone for thoſe which ſtand below;
But now and then is ſeene to picke a few
To pleaſe himſelfe as well as all his crew:
Or if from where he is he doe eſpie
Some *Apricocke* vpon a bough thereby,
Which ouerhangs the tree on which he ſtands,
Climbs vp and ſtriues to take it with his hands:
So if to pleaſe my ſelfe I ſomewhat ſing,
Let it not be to you leſſe pleaſuring.
No thirſt of glory tempts me: for my ſtraines
Befit poore Shepherds on the lowly Plaines;
The hope of riches cannot draw from me
One line that tends to ſeruile flatterie,
Nor ſhall the moſt in titles on the earth
Blemiſh my *Muſe* with an adulterate birth,
Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground
Where nought ſubſtantiall can be euer found.
No; ſuch as ſooth a baſe and dunghill ſpirit,
With attributes fit for the moſt of merit,

Cloud their free *Muſe;* as when the *Sun* doth ſhine
On ſtraw and durt mixt by the ſweating *Hyne*,
It nothing gets from heapes ſo much impure
But noyſome ſteames that doe his light obſcure.
My free-borne *Muſe* will not like *Danae* be,
Won with baſe droſſe to clip with ſlauery;
Nor lend her choiſer Balme to worthleſſe men,
Whoſe names would dye but for ſome hired pen.
No: if I praiſe, Vertue ſhall draw me to it,
And not a baſe procurement make me doe it.
What now I ſing is but to paſſe away
A tedious houre, as ſome *Muſitians* play;
Or make another my owne griefes bemone;
Or to be leaſt alone when moſt alone.
In this can I as oft as I will chooſe,
Hug ſweet content by my retired *Muſe*,
And in a ſtudy finde as much to pleaſe
As others in the greateſt *Pallaces*.
Each man that liues (according to his powre)
On what he loues beſtowes an idle houre;
In ſtead of *Hounds* that make the woodded hils
Talke in a hundred voyces to the Rils,
I like the pleaſing cadence of a line
Strucke by the conſort of the ſacred *Nine*.
In lieu of *Hawkes*, the raptures of my ſoule
Tranſcend their pitch and baſer earths controule.
For *running Horſes*, Contemplation flyes
With quickeſt ſpeed to win the greateſt prize.
For courtly *dancing* I can take more pleaſure
To heare a Verſe keepe time and equall meaſure.
For winning *Riches*, ſeeke the beſt directions
How I may well ſubdue mine owne affections.
For raiſing ſtately piles for heires to come,
Here in this *Poem* I erect my toombe.
And time may be ſo kinde in theſe weake lines
To keepe my *Name* enroll'd paſt his that ſhines

In guilded Marble, or in brazen leaues:
Since Verſe preſerues, when Stone & Braſſe deceiues.
Or if (as worthleſſe) *Time* not lets it liue
To thoſe full dayes which others *Muſes* giue,
Yet I am ſure I ſhall be heard and ſung
Of moſt ſeuereſt eld, and kinder young
Beyond my daies; and, maugre Enuies ſtrife,
Adde to my name ſome houres beyond my life.
Such of the *Muſes* are the able powres,
And ſince with them I ſpent my vacant houres,
I finde nor Hawke, nor Hound, nor other thing,
Turnies nor Reuels, pleaſures for a King,
Yeeld more delight; for I haue oft poſſeſt
As much in this as all in all the reſt,
And that without expence, when others oft
With their vndoings haue their pleaſures bought.
On now, my loued *Muſe*, and let vs bring
Thetis to heare the *Corniſh Michael* ſing;
And after him to ſee a Swaine vnfold
The Tragedie of Drake in leaues of gold
Then heare another Greenvils name relate,
Which times ſucceeding ſhall perpetuate,
And make thoſe two the *Pillers* great of *Fame*,
Beyond whoſe worths ſhall neuer ſound a Name,
Nor *Honour* in her euerlaſting ſtory
More deeper graue for all enſuing glory.
Now *Thetis* ſtaies to heare the Shepherds tell
Where *Arthur* met his death, and *Mordred* fell:)
Of holy *Vrſula* (that fam'd her age)
With other Virgins in her pilgrimage:
And as ſhe forwards ſteeres is ſhowne the Rocke
Maine-Amber, to be ſhooke with weakeſt ſhocke,
So equall is it poiz'd; but to remoue
All ſtrength would faile, and but an infants proue.
Thus while to pleaſe her ſome new Songs deuiſe,
And others *Diamonds* (ſhaped angle-wiſe,

And ſmooth'd by *Nature*, as ſhe did impart
Some willing time to trim her ſelfe by *Art*)
Sought to preſent her and her happy crew:
She of the *Gulfe* and *Syllies* tooke a view.
And doubling then the point, made on away
Tow'rds goodly *Seuerne* and the *Iriſh Sea*,
There meets a Shepherd that began ſing o're
The *Lay* which aged* *Robert* ſung of yore,
In praiſe of *England* and the deeds of Swaines
That whilome fed and rul'd vpon our plaines.
The *Brittiſh Bards* then were not long time mute,
But to their ſweet *Harps* ſung their famous *Brute:*
Striuing in ſpight of all the miſts of eld,
To haue his *Story* more authenticke held.
Why ſhould we enuy them thoſe wreaths of *Fam:*
Being as proper to the *Troian* name,
As are the dainty flowres which *Flora* ſpreads
Vnto the *Spring* in the diſcoloured Meads?
Rather afford them all the worth we may,
For what we giue to them adds to our Ray.
And, *Brittons*, thinke not that your glories fall,
Deriued from a meane originall;
Since lights that may haue powre to check the darke,
Can haue their luſtre from the ſmalleſt ſparke.
" *Not from Nobilitie doth Vertue ſpring,*
" *But Vertue makes fit Nobles for a King.*
" *From higheſt neſts are croaking* Rauens *borne,*
" *When ſweeteſt* Nightingales *ſit in the Thorne.*
From what low Fount ſoe're your beings are
(In ſofter peace and mighty brunts of warre)
Your owne worths challenge as triumphant *Bayes*
As euer *Troian* hand had power to raiſe.
And when I leaue my Muſiques plainer ground,
The world ſhall know it from *Bellona's* ſound.
Nor ſhall I erre from *Truth;* for what I write
She doth peruſe, and helps me to indite.

* *Robert of Gloceſter.*

The ſmall conuerſe which I haue had with ſome,
Branches which from thoſe gallant trees haue come,
Doth what I ſing in all their acts approue,
And with more daies increaſe a further loue.
As I haue ſeene the *Lady* of the *May*
Set in an Arbour (on a *Holy-day*)
Built by the *May-pole*, where the iocund Swaines
Dance with the Maidens to the *Bagpipes* ſtraines,
When enuious Night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngſters one by one,
And for their well performance ſoone diſpoſes:
To this a Garland interwoue with Roſes.
To that a carued Hooke or well-wrought Scrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip:
To one her Garter, to another then
A Hand-kerchiefe caſt o're and o're agen:
And none returneth emptie that hath ſpent
His paines to fill their rurall merriment:
So *Nereus* Daughter, when the Swaines had done
With an vnſparing, liberall hand begun
To giue to euery one that ſung before,
Rich orient *Pearles* brought from her hidden ſtore,
Red branching *Corrall*, and as precious *Iems*
As euer beautifide the *Diadems:*
That they might liue what chance their ſheepe betide,
On her reward, yet leaue their heires beſide.
Since when I think the world doth nothing giue them
As weening *Thetis* euer ſhould relieue them.
And *Poets* freely ſpend a golden ſhowre,
As they expected *Her* againe each houre.
Then with her thanks and praiſes for their ſkill
In tuning numbers of the ſacred *Hill.*
She them diſmiſt to their contented Coates;
And euery Swaine a ſeuerall paſſage floates
Vpon his *Dolphin.* Since whoſe ſafe repaire,
Thoſe Fiſhes like a well compoſed ayre.

And (as in loue to men) are euer ſeene
Before a tempeſts rough regardleſſe teene,
To ſwim high on the waues: as none ſhould dare
Excepting fiſhes to aduenture there.
When theſe had left her, ſhe draue on in pride
Her prouder Courſers through the ſwelling tyde,
To view the *Cambrian* Cliffes, and had not gone
An houres full ſpeede, but neere a Rocke (whereon
Congealed froſt and ſnow in *Summer* lay,
Seldome diſſolued by *Hyperions* ray)
She ſaw a troope of people take their ſeat,
Whereof ſome wrung their hands, and ſome did beat
Their troubled breſts, in ſigne of mickle woe,
For thoſe are actions griefe inforceth to.
Willing to know the cauſe, ſomewhat neere hand
She ſpies an aged man ſit by the ſtrand,
Vpon a greene hill ſide (not meanly crown'd
With golden flowres, as chiefe of all the ground):
By him a little Lad, his cunning heire,
Tracing greene Ruſhes for a Winter Chaire.
The old man while his ſonne full neatly knits them
Vnto his worke begun, as trimly fits them.
Both ſo intending what they firſt propounded,
As all their thoghts by what they wrought were boũded.
To them *She* came, and kindly thus beſpake:
Ye happy creatures, that your pleaſures take
In what your needes inforce, and neuer aime
A limitleſſe deſire to what may maime
The ſetled quiet of a peacefull ſtate,
Patience attend your labours! And when Fate
Brings on the reſtfull night to your long daies,
Wend to the fields of bliſſe! Thus *Thetis* prayes.
Faire *Queene*, to whom all dutious praiſe we owe,
Since from thy ſpacious *Ceſterne* daily flow
(Repli'd the Swaine) refreſhing ſtreames that fill
Earth's dugs (the hillocks) ſo preſeruing ſtill

The infant graſſe, when elſe our *Lambs* might bleat
In vaine for ſuke, whoſe *Dams* haue nought to eat:
For theſe thy praiers we are doubly bound,
And that theſe Cleeues ſhould know; but (ô) to ſound
My often mended Pipe preſumption were,
Since *Pan* would play if thou wouldſt pleaſe to heare.
The louder blaſts which I was wont to blow
Are now but faint, nor doe my fingers know
To touch halfe part thoſe merry tunes I had.
Yet if thou pleaſe to grace my little *Lad*
With thy attention, he may ſomewhat ſtrike
Which thou from one ſo young maiſt chance to like.
With that the little Shepherd left his taſke,
And with a bluſh (the Roſes onely maſke)
Deni'd to ſing. Ah father (quoth the Boy),
How can I tune a ſeeming note of ioy?
The worke which you command me, I intend
Scarce with a halfe bent minde, and therefore ſpend
In doing little, now, an houre or two,
Which I in leſſer time could neater doe.
As oft as I with my more nimble ioints
Trace the ſharpe Ruſhes ends, I minde the points
Which *Philocel* did giue; and when I bruſh
The prittie tuft that growes beſide the ruſh,
I neuer can forget (in yonder layre)
How *Philocel* was wont to ſtroake my haire.
No more ſhall I be tane vnto the Wake,
Nor wend a fiſhing to the winding Lake,
No more ſhall I be taught on ſiluer ſtrings
To learne the meaſures of our banquettings:
The twiſted Collers and the ringing Bels:
The *Morrice Scarfes* and cleaneſt drinking ſhels
Will neuer be renew'd by any one;
Nor ſhall I care for more when he is gone.
See! yonder hill where he was wont to ſit,
A cloud doth keepe the golden *Sun* from it,

And for his ſeat (as teaching vs) hath made
A mourning couering with a ſcowling ſhade.
The dew on euery flowre this morne hath laine
Longer then it was wont, this ſide the plaine;
Belike they meane, ſince my beſt friend muſt die,
To ſhed their ſiluer drops as he goes by.
Not all this day here, nor in comming hither,
Heard I the ſweet Birds tune their Songs together,
Except one *Nightingale* in yonder *Dell*
Sigh'd a ſad *Elegie* for *Philocel;*
Neere whom a *Wood-Doue* kept no ſmall adoe,
To bid me in her language *Doe ſo too,*
The *Weathers* bell that leads our flocke around
Yeelds as me thinkes this day a deader ſound.
The little *Sparrowes* which in hedges creepe,
Ere I was vp did ſeeme to bid me weepe.
If theſe doe ſo, can I haue feeling leſſe,
That am more apt to take and to expreſſe?
No: let my owne tunes be the *Mandrakes* grone
If now they tend to mirth when all haue none.
My pritty Lad (quoth *Thetis*) thou doſt well
To feare the loſſe of thy deere *Philocel.*
But tell me, *Sire,* what may that Shepherd be?
Or if it lye in vs to ſet him free,
Or if with you yond people touch'd with woe
Vnder the ſelfe ſame load of ſorrow goe.
Faire *Queene* (replide the Swaine) one is the cauſe
That moues our griefe, & thoſe kind ſhepherds draws
To yonder rocke. Thy more then mortall ſpirit
May giue a good beyond our power to merit.
And therefore pleaſe to heare while I ſhall tell
The hapleſſe *Fate* of hopeleſſe *Philocel.*
Whilome, great *Pan,* the Father of our flocks
Lou'd a faire laſſe ſo famous for her locks,
That in her time all women firſt begun
To lay their looſer treſſes to the *Sun.*

And theirs whoſe hew to hers was not agreeing,
Were ſtill roll'd vp as hardly worth the ſeeing.
Fondly haue ſome beene led to thinke, that Man
Muſiques invention firſt of all began
From the dull Hammers ſtroke; ſince well we know
From ſure tradition that hath taught vs ſo,
Pan ſitting once to ſport him with his *Fayre*
Mark'd the intention of the gentle ayre,
In the ſweet ſound her chaſte words brought along,
Fram'd by the repercuſſion of her tongue:
And from that harmony begun the *Art*
Which others (though vniuſtly) doe impart
To bright *Apollo* from a meaner ground:
A *ſledge* or *parched nerues*; meane things to found
So rare an Art on; when there might be giuen
All earth for matter with the *gyre* of heauen.
To keepe her ſlender fingers from the Sunne,
Pan through the paſtures oftentimes hath run
To plucke the ſpeckled *Fox-gloues* from their ſtem,
And on thoſe fingers neatly placed them.
The *Hony-ſuckles* would he often ſtrip,
And lay their ſweetneſſe on her ſweeter lip:
And then as in reward of ſuch his paine,
Sip from thoſe cherries ſome of it againe.
Some ſay that *Nature*, while this louely Maid
Liu'd on our plaines, the teeming earth araid
With *Damaſke Roſes* in each pleaſant place,
That men might liken ſomewhat to her face.
Others report: *Venus*, afraid her *ſonne*
Might loue a *mortall* as he once had done,
Preferr'd an earneſt ſute to higheſt *Ioue*,
That he which bore the winged ſhafts of loue,
Might be debarr'd his ſight, which *ſute* was ſign'd,
And euer ſince the *God of Loue* is blinde.
Hence is't he ſhoots his ſhafts ſo cleane awry:
Men learne to loue when they ſhould learne to dye.

And women, which before to loue began
Man without wealth, loue wealth without a man.
Great *Pan* of his kinde *Nymph* had the imbracing
Long, yet too ſhort a time. For as in tracing
Theſe pithfull *Ruſhes*, ſuch as are aloft
By thoſe that rais'd them preſently are brought
Beneath vnſeene: So in the loue of *Pan*
(For Gods in loue doe vndergoe as man),
She whoſe affection made him raiſe his ſong,
And (for her ſport) the *Satyres* rude among
Tread wilder meaſures then the frolike gueſts,
That lift their light heeles at *Lyëus* feaſts:
Shee by the light of whoſe quick-turning eye
He neuer read but of felicitie:
She whoſe aſſurance made him more than *Pan*,
Now makes him farre more wretched then a man.
For mortals in their loſſe haue death a friend,
When gods haue loſſes, but their loſſe no end.
It chanc'd one morne (clad in a robe of gray,
And bluſhing oft as riſing to betray)
Intic'd this louely Maiden from her bed
(So when the *Roſes* haue diſcouered
Their taintleſſe beauties, flyes the early *Bee*
About the winding Allies merrily.)
Into the Wood, and 'twas her vſuall ſport,
Sitting where moſt harmonious Birds reſort,
To imitate their warbling in a quill
Wrought by the hand of *Pan*, which ſhe did fill
Halfe full with water: and with it hath made
The *Nightingale* (beneath a ſullen ſhade)
To chant her vtmoſt *Lay*, nay, to inuent
New notes to paſſe the others inſtrument,
And (harmeleſſe ſoule) ere ſhe would leaue that ſtrife,
Sung her laſt ſong, and ended with her life.
So gladly chuſing (as doe other ſome)
Rather to dye then liue and be o're come.

But as in *Autumne* (when birds ceaſe their noates,
And ſtately Forreſts d'on their *yealow coates:*
When *Ceres* golden locks are nearely ſhorne
And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torne),
A little Lad ſet on a banke to ſhale
The ripened Nuts pluck'd in a wooddy Vale,
Is frighted thence (of his deare life afeard)
By ſome wilde Bull lowd bellowing for the heard:
So while the *Nymph* did earneſtly conteſt
Whether the Birds or ſhe recorded beſt,
A Rauenous *Wolfe*, bent eager to his prey
Ruſh'd from a theeuiſh brake; and making way,
The twined Thornes did crackle one by one,
As if they gaue her warning to be gone.
A rougher gale bent downe the laſhing boughes,
To beat the beaſt from what his hunger vowes.
When ſhe (amaz'd) roſe from her hapleſſe ſeat
(Small is reſiſtance where the feare is great),
And ſtriuing to be gone, with gaping iawes
The Wolfe purſues, and as his rending pawes
Were like to ſeiſe, a *Holly* bent betweene;
For which good deed his leaues are euer greene.
Saw you a luſty *Maſtiue* at the *ſtake*,
Throwne from a cunning *Bull*, more fiercely make
A quicke returne? yet to preuent the goare
Or deadly bruize which he eſcap'd before,
Winde here and there, nay creepe if rightly bred,
And proffring otherwhere, fight ſtill at head:
So though the ſtubborn boughes did thruſt him back,
(For *Nature*, loath ſo rare a *Iewels* wracke,
Seem'd as ſhe here and there had plaſh'd a tree,
If poſſible to hinder Deſtiny.)
The ſauage Beaſt foaming with anger flyes
More fiercely then before, and now he tries
By ſleights to take the Maid; as I haue ſeene
A nimble *Tumbler* on a burrow'd greene,

Bend cleane awry his courſe, yet giue a checke
And throw himſelfe vpon a *Rabbets* necke.
For as he hotly chas'd the Loue of *Pan*,
A heard of Deere out of a thicket ran,
To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant
To leaue the Maid, but when ſhe ſwiftly bent
Her race downe to the Plaine, the ſwifter Deere
He ſoone forſooke. And now was got ſo neere
That (all in vaine) ſhe turned to and fro
(As well ſhe could) but not preuailing ſo,
Breathleſſe and weary calling on her Loue
With fearefull ſhrikes that all the *Ecchoes* moue
(To call him to) ſhe fell downe deadly wan,
And ends her ſweet life with the name of *Pan*.
A youthfull *Shepherd* of the neighbour *Wold*,
Miſſing that morne a ſheepe out of his *Fold*,
Carefully ſeeking round to finde his *ſtray*,
Came on the inſtant where this *Damſell* lay.
Anger and pitty in his manly breſt
Vrge yet reſtraine his teares. Sweet Maid, poſſeſt
(Quoth he) with laſting ſleepe, accept from me
His end, who ended thy hard deſtinie!
With that his ſtrong Dog of no daſtard kinde
(Swift as the *Foales* conceiued by the winde)
He ſets vpon the *Wolfe*, that now with ſpeed
Flies to the neighbour-wood; and leſt a deed
So full of ruth ſhould vnreuenged be,
The Shepherd followes too, ſo earneſtly
Chearing his Dog, that he ne're turn'd againe
Till the curſt Wolfe lay ſtrangled on the plaine.
The ruin'd temple of her purer ſoule
The Shepherd buries. All the *Nymphs* condole
So great a loſſe, while on a *Cypreſſe* graffe
Neere to her graue they hung this *Epitaph:*

Leaſt loathed age might ſpoile the worke in whom
All earth delighted, Nature *tooke it home.*
Or angry all hers elſe were careleſſe deem'd,
Here did her beſt to haue the reſt eſteem'd.
For feare men might not thinke the Fates ſo croſſe,
But by their rigour in as great a loſſe;
If to the graue there euer was aſſign'd
One like this Nymph in body and in minde,
We wiſh her here in balme not vainly ſpent,
To fit this Maiden with a Monument.
For Braſſe and Marble were they ſeated here.
Would fret or melt in teares to lye ſo neere.

Now *Pan* may ſit and tune his Pipe alone
Among the wiſhed ſhades, ſince ſhe is gone,
Whoſe willing eare allur'd him more to play,
Then if to heare him ſhould *Apollo* ſtay.
Yet happy *Pan!* and in thy Loue more bleſt,
Whom none but onely death hath diſpoſſeſt;
While others loue as well, yet liue to be
Leſſe wrong'd by Fate then by inconſtancie.
The ſable mantle of the ſilent night
Shut from the world the euer-ioyſome light;
Care fled away, and ſofteſt ſlumbers pleaſe
To leaue the Court for lowly Cottages;
Wilde beaſts forſooke their dens on wooddy hils,
And ſleightfull *Otters* left the purling Rils;
Rookes to their Neſts in high woods now were flung
And with their ſpread wings ſhield their naked yong.
When theeues from thickets to the croſſe-wayes ſtir,
And terror frights the loanely paſſenger.
When nought was heard but now & then the howle
Of ſome vilde Curre, or whooping of the Owle.
Pan, that the day before was farre away
At ſhepherds ſports, return'd; and as he lay

Within the bowre wherein he moſt delighted,
Was by a gaſtly viſion thus affrighted:
Heart-thrilling grones firſt heard he round his bowre,
And then the Schrich-owle with her vtmoſt powre
Labour'd her loathed note, the forreſts bending
With winds, as *Hecate* had beene aſcending.
Hereat his curled hayres on end doe riſe,
And chilly drops trill o're his ſtaring eyes.
Faine would he call, but knew not who, nor why,
Yet getting heart at laſt would vp and try
If any diuelliſh Hag were come abroad
With ſome kinde Mothers late deliuer'd load,
A ruthleſſe bloudy ſacrifice to make
To thoſe infernall Powres that by the Lake
Of mighty *Styx* and blacke *Cocytus* dwell,
Aiding each Witches Charme and miſticke Spell.
But as he rais'd himſelfe within his bed,
A ſudden light about his lodging ſpread,
And therewithall his *Loue*, all aſhie pale
As euening miſt from vp a watry Vale,
Appear'd; and weakly neere his bed ſhe preſt,
A rauell'd wound diſtain'd her purer breſt
(Breſts ſofter farre then tufts of vnwrought ſilke):
Whence had ſhe liu'd to giue an infant milke,
The vertue of that liquor (without ods)
Had made her babe immortall as the Gods.
Pan would haue ſpoke, but him ſhe thus preuents:
Wonder not that the troubled Elements
Speake my approach; I draw no longer breath,
But am inforced to the ſhades of death.
My exequies are done, and yet before
I take my turne to be tranſported o're
The neather floods among the ſhades of *Dis*
To end my iourney in the fields of bliſſe:
I come to tell thee that no humane hand
Made me ſeeke waftage on the *Stygian* ſtrand;

It was an hungry *Wolfe* that did imbrue
Himſelfe in my laſt bloud. And now I ſue
In hate to all that kinde, and ſhepherds good
To be reuenged on that curſed brood.
Pan vow'd, and would haue clipt her, but ſhe fled,
And as ſhe came, ſo quickly vaniſhed.
Looke as a well-growne ſtately headed *Bucke*
But lately by the *Wood-mans* arrow ſtrucke,
Runs gadding o're the Lawnes, or nimbly ſtraies
Among the combrous Brakes a thouſand wayes,
Now through the high-wood ſcowres, then by the brooks,
On euery hill ſide, and each vale he lookes,
If 'mongſt their ſtore of ſimples may be found
An hearbe to draw and heale his ſmarting wound,
But when he long hath ſought, and all in vaine,
Steales to the Couert cloſely backe againe,
Where round ingirt with Ferne more highly ſprung,
Striues to appeaſe the raging with his tongue,
And from the ſpeckled Heard abſents him till
He be recouer'd ſomewhat of his ill:
So wounded *Pan* turnes in his reſtleſſe bed,
But finding thence all eaſe abandoned,
He roſe, and through the wood diſtracted runs:
Yet carries with him what in vaine he ſhuns.
Now he exclaim'd on Fate: and wiſht he ne're
Had mortall lou'd, or that he mortall were.
And ſitting laſtly on an Oakes bare trunke
(Where raine in Winter ſtood long time vnſunke)
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light
That through the boughes flew from the Queene of night,
(As giuing him occaſion to repine)
Bewraid an *Elme* imbraced by a *Vine*,
Clipping ſo ſtrictly that they ſeem'd to be
One in their growth, one ſhade, one fruit, one tree,
Her boughes his armes, his leaues ſo mixt with hers,
That with no winde he mou'd, but ſtreight ſhe ſtirs.

As ſhewing all ſhould be, whom loue combinde :
In motion one, and onely two in kinde.
This more afflicts him while he thinketh moſt
Not on his loſſe, but on the ſubſtance loſt.
O hapleſſe *Pan*, had there but beene one by,
To tell thee (though as poore a Swaine as I)
Though (whether caſuall meanes or death doe moue)
" We part not without griefe things held with loue :
" Yet in their loſſe ſome comfort may be got
" If we doe minde the time we had them not.
This might haue leſſen'd ſomewhat of thy paine,
Or made thee loue as thou mightſt looſe againe.
If thou the beſt of women didſt forgoe,
Weigh if thou foundſt her, or did'ſt make her ſo ;
If ſhe were found ſo, know there's more then one ;
If made, the *Worke-man* liues, though ſhe be gone.
Should from mine eyes the light be tane away,
Yet night her pleaſures hath as well as day ;
And my deſires to heauen yeeld leſſe offence,
Since blindneſſe is a part of Innocence.
So though thy Loue ſleepe in eternall night,
Yet there's in loanneſſe ſomewhat may delight.
Inſtead of dalliance, partnerſhip in woes
It wants, the care to keepe, and feare to loſe.
For iealouſies and fortunes baſer pelfe,
He reſt inioyes that well inioyes himſelfe.
Had ſome one told thee thus, or thou bethought thee
Of inward helpe, thy ſorrow had not brought thee
To weigh misfortune by anothers good :
Nor leaue thy ſeat to range about the wood.
Stay where thou art, turne where thou wert before,
Light yeelds ſmall comfort, nor hath darkneſſe more.
A wooddy hill there ſtood, at whoſe low feet
Two goodly ſtreames in one broad channell meet,
Whoſe fretfull waues beating againſt the hill,
Did all the bottome with ſoft muttrings fill.

Here in a nooke made by another mount,
(Whoſe ſtately Oakes are in no leſſe account
For height or ſpreading, then the proudeſt be
That from *Oëta* looke on *Theſſaly*)
Rudely o'rehung there is a vaulted Caue,
That in the day as ſullen ſhadowes gaue,
As Euening to the woods. An vncouth place,
(Where Hags and Goblins might retire a ſpace)
And hated now of Shepherds, ſince there lies
The corps of one (leſſe louing Deities
Then we affected him) that neuer lent
His hand to ought but to our detriment.
A man that onely liu'd to liue no more,
And di'd ſtill to be dying. Whoſe chiefe ſtore
Of vertue was, his hate did not purſue her,
Becauſe he onely heard of her, not knew her;
That knew no good, but onely that his ſight
Saw euery thing had ſtill his oppoſite;
And euer this his apprehenſion caught,
That what he did was beſt, the other naught;
That alwaies lou'd the man that neuer lou'd,
And hated him whoſe hate no death had mou'd;
That (politique) at fitting time and ſeaſon
Could hate the Traitor, and yet loue the Treaſon;
That many a wofull heart (ere his deceaſe)
In peeces tore to purchaſe his owne peace;
Who neuer gaue his almes but in this faſhion,
To ſalue his credit, more then for ſaluation;
Who on the names of good-men euer fed,
And (moſt accurſed) ſold the poore for bread.
Right like the *Pitch-tree*, from whoſe any limbe
Comes neuer twig, ſhall be the ſeed of him.
The *Muſes* ſcorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,
And neuer will vouchſafe to ſpeake his Name.
Let no man for his loſſe one teare let fall,
But periſh with him his memoriall!

Into this caue the God of Shepherds went ;
The Trees in grones, the Rocks in teares lament
His fatall chance : the Brookes that whilome lept
To heare him play while his faire Miſtreſſe ſlept,
Now left their *Eddyes* and ſuch wanton moods,
And with loud clamours fild the neighbring woods.
There ſpent he moſt of night: but when the day
Drew from the earth her pitchie vaile away,
When all the flowry plaines with Carols rung
That by the mounting Larke were ſhrilly ſung,
When duſky miſts roſe from the cryſtall floods,
And darkneſſe no where raign'd but in the woods ;
Pan left the Caue, and now intends to finde
The ſacred place where lay his loue enſhrinde :
A plot of earth, in whoſe chill armes was laid
As much perfection as had euer Maid ;
If curious *Nature* had but taken care
To make more laſting, what ſhe made ſo faire.
Now wanders *Pan* the arched Groues, and hils
Where *Fayeries* often danc'd, and Shepherds quils
In ſweet contentions paſs'd the tedious day :
Yet (being early) in his vnknowne way
Met not a Shepherd, nor on all the Plaine
A Flocke then feeding ſaw, nor of his traine
One iolly *Satyre* ſtirring yet abroad,
Of whom he might inquire ; this to the load
Of his affliction addes. Now he inuokes
Thoſe * *Nymphs* in mighty Forreſts, that with *Oakes*
Haue equall *Fates*, each with her ſeuerall Tree
Receiuing birth, and ending Deſtinie :
Cals on all Powres, intreats that he might haue
But for his Loue the knowledge of her graue ;
That ſince the *Fates* had tane the *Iem* away,
He might but ſee the Carknet where it lay,
To doe fit right to ſuch a part of mold,
Couering ſo rare a piece that all the *Gold*

* *Hamadriades.*

Or *Diamond* Earth can yeeld, for value ne're
Shall match the treaſure which was hidden there!
A hunting *Nymph* awakned with his mone,
(That in a bowre neere-hand lay all alone,
Twining her ſmall armes round her ſlender waſte,
That by no others vs'd to be imbrac'd)
Got vp, and knowing what the day before
Was guiltie of; ſhe addes not to his ſtore
As many ſimply doe, whoſe friends ſo croſt
They more afflict by ſhewing what is loſt.
But bad him follow her. He, as ſhe leads,
Vrgeth her haſt. So a kinde mother treads
Earneſt, diſtracted, where with bloud defil'd
She heares lyes dead her deere and onely childe.
Miſtruſt now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,
" For *Speed* comes euer lamely to *Deſire*.
Delaves, the *ſtones* that waiting *Suiters* grind,
By whom at *Court* the poore mans *cauſe* is ſign'd.
Who to diſpatch a ſuit, will not deferre
To take death for a *ioynt Commiſſioner*.
Delay, the *Wooers* bane, *Reuenges* hate,
The plague to Creditors decaid eſtate,
The *Teſt* of Patience, of our Hopes the *Racke*,
That drawes them forth ſo long vntill they cracke:
Vertues beſt benefactor in our times,
One that is ſet to puniſh great mens crimes,
She that had hindred mighty *Pan* a while,
Now ſteps aſide: and as ore-flowing *Nyle*
Hid from *Clymene's* ſonne his reeking head
So from his rage all oppoſition fled,
Giuing him way to reach the timeleſſe *Toombe*
Of *Natures* glory, for whoſe ruthleſſe doome
(When all the *Graces* did for mercy pleade,
And *Youth* and *Goodneſſe* both did intercede)
The *Sons* of *Earth* (if liuing) had beene driuen
To heape on hils, and warre anew with heauen.

The Shepherds which he miſt vpon the Downes
Here meets he with: for from the neighbring Townes
Maidens and Men reſorted to the graue
To ſee a wonder more then time e're gaue.
The holy Prieſts had told them long agone
Amongſt the learned Shepherds there was *one*
So giuen to pietie, and did adore
So much the name of *Pan*, that when no more
He breath'd, thoſe that to ope his heart began,
Found written there with gold the name of *Pan*.
Which vnbeleeuing man that is not mou'd
To credit ought, if not by reaſon prou'd,
And ties the ouer-working powre to doe
Nought otherwiſe then *Nature* reacheth to,
Held as moſt fabulous: Not inly ſeeing,
The hand by whom we liue, and All haue being,
No worke for admirable doth intend,
Which *Reaſon* hath the powre to comprehend,
And *Faith* no merit hath from heauen lent
Where humane reaſon yeelds experiment.
Till now they durſt not truſt the *Legend* old,
Eſteeming all not true their *Elders* told,
And had not this laſt accident made good
The former, moſt in vnbeliefe had ſtood.
But *Fame* that ſpread the bruit of ſuch a wonder,
Bringing the Swaine[s] of places farre a ſunder
To this ſelected plot (now famous more
Then any Groue, Mount, Plaine, had bin before
By relicke, viſion, buriall or birth
Of *Anchoreſſe*, or *Hermit* yet on earth):
Out of the Maidens bed of endleſſe reſt
Shewes them a *Tree* new growne, ſo fairely dreſt
With ſpreading armes and curled top that *Ioue*
Ne're brauer ſaw in his *Dodonian* Groue;
The hart-like leaues oft each with other pyle,
As doe the hard ſcales of the *Crocodyle;*

And none on all the tree was ſeene but bore
Written thereon in rich and pureſt Ore
The name of *Pan:* whoſe luſtre farre beyond
Sparkl'd, as by a Torch the *Dyamond;*
Or thoſe bright *ſpangles* which, faire *Goddeſſe*, doe
Shine in the haire of theſe which follow you.
The Shepherds by direction of great *Pan*
Search'd for the root, and finding it began
In her true heart, bids them againe incloſe
What now his eyes for euer, euer loſe.
Now in the ſelfe-ſame Spheare his thoughts muſt moue
With* him that did the ſhady *Plane-tree* loue.
Yet though no iſſue from her loines ſhall be
To draw from *Pan* a noble *peddigree*,
And *Pan* ſhall not, as other *Gods* haue done,
Glory in deeds of an heroicke Sonne,
Nor haue his Name in Countries neere and farre
Proclaim'd, as by his Childe the *Thunderer:*
If *Phœbus* on this Tree ſpread warming rayes,
And Northerne blaſts kill not her tender ſprayes,
His Loue ſhall make him famous in repute,
And ſtill increaſe his Name, yet beare no fruit.
To make this ſure (the God of Shepherds laſt,
When other Ceremonies were o're paſt),
And to performe what he before had vow'd
To dire Reuenge, thus ſpake vnto the crow'd:
What I haue loſt, kinde Shepherds, all you know,
And to recount it were to dwell in woe:
To ſhew my paſſion in a *Funerall Song*,
And with my ſorrow draw your ſighes along.
Words, then, well plac'd might challenge ſomewhat due,
And not the cauſe alone, win teares from you.
This to preuent, I ſet *Orations* by
" For paſſion ſeldome loues formalitie.
What profits it a priſoner at the Barre,
To haue his iudgement ſpoken regular?

* *Xerxes.*

Or in the priſon heare it often read,
When he at firſt knew what was forfeited?
Our griefes in others teares, like plates in water,
Seeme more in quantitie. To be relator
Of my miſhaps, ſpeaks weakneſſe, and that I
Haue in my ſelfe no powre of remedy.
Once (yet that once too often) heretofore
The ſiluer *Ladon* on his ſandy ſhore
Heard my complaints, and thoſe coole groues that be
Shading the breſt of louely *Arcady*
Witneſſe the teares which I for *Syrinx* ſpent:
Syrinx the faire, from whom the inſtrument
That fils your feaſts with ioy (which when I blow
Drawes to the ſagging dug milke white as ſnow),
Had his beginning. This enough had beene
To ſhew the *Fates* (my* deemed ſiſters) teene.
Here had they ſtaid, this Adage had beene none:
" That our diſaſters neuer come alone.
What boot is it though I am ſaid to be
The worthy ſonne of winged *Mercury?*
That I with gentle *Nymphs* in Forreſts high
Kiſt out the ſweet time of my infancie?
And when more yeeres had made me able growne,
Was through the Mountains for their leader known?
That high-brow'd *Mænalus* where I was bred,
And ſtony hils not few haue honoured
Me as protector by the hands of Swaines,
Whoſe ſheepe retire there from the open plaines?
That I in Shepherds cups (†reiecting gold)
Of milke and honie meaſures eight times told
Haue offred to me, and the ruddy wine
Freſh and new preſſed from the bleeding Vine?
That gleeſome *Hunters* pleaſed with their ſport
With ſacrifices due haue thank'd me for't?
That patient *Anglers* ſtanding all the day
Neere to ſome ſhallow ſtickle or deepe bay,

* *Pronapis in ſuo Protocoſmo.*

† *Apollonius Smyrnæus.*

And *Fiſhermen* whoſe nets haue drawne to land
A ſhoale ſo great it well-nye hides the ſand,
For ſuch ſucceſſe ſome *Promontories* head
Thruſt at by waues, hath knowne me worſhipped?
But to increaſe my griefe, what profits this,
"Since ſtill the loſſe is as the looſer is?"
The many-kernell-bearing *Pyne* of late
From all trees elſe to me was conſecrate,
But now behold a root more worth my loue,
Equall to that which in an obſcure Groue
Infernall *Iuno* proper takes to her:
Whoſe golden ſlip the *Troian wanderer*
(By ſage *Cumæan Sybil* taught) did bring
(By *Fates* decreed) to be the warranting
Of his free paſſage, and a ſafe repaire
Through darke *Auernus* to the vpper ayre.
This muſt I ſuccour, this muſt I defend,
And from the wilde Boares rooting euer ſhend.
Here ſhall the *Wood-pecker* no entrance finde,
Nor *Tiuy's Beuers* gnaw the clothing rinde,
Lambeders Heards, nor *Radnors* goodly Deere
Shall neuer once be ſeene a browſing here.
And now, ye *Brittiſh* Swains (whoſe harmeleſſe ſheepe
Then all the worlds beſides I ioy to keepe,
Which ſpread on euery Plaine and hilly Wold
Fleeces no leſſe eſteem'd then that of *Gold*,
For whoſe exchange one *Indy Iems* of price.
The other giues you of her choiceſt *ſpice.*
And well ſhe may; but we vnwiſe the while
Leſſen the glory of our fruitfull *Iſle*,
Making thoſe Nations thinke we fooliſh are
For baſer Drugs to vent our richer ware,
Which (ſaue the bringer) neuer profit man
Except the *Sexton* and *Phyſitian.*
And whether change of *Clymes* or what it be
That proues our *Mariners* mortalitie,

Such expert men are ſpent for ſuch bad *fares*
As might haue made vs *Lords* of what is *theirs*—
Stay, ſtay at home, ye Nobler ſpirits, and priſe
Your liues more high then ſuch baſe trumperies:
Forbeare to fetch, and they'le goe neere to ſue,
And at your owne doores offer them to you;
Or haue their woods and plaines ſo ouergrowne
With poiſnous weeds, roots, gums & ſeeds vnknown,
That they would hire ſuch *Weeders* as you be
To free their land from ſuch fertilitie.
Their Spices hot their nature beſt indures,
But 'twill impaire and much diſtemper yours.
What our owne ſoyle affords befits vs beſt,
And long, and long, for euer, may we reſt
Needleſſe of helpe! and may this *Iſle* alone
Furniſh all other Lands, and this Land none!
Excuſe me, *Thetis*, quoth the aged man,
If paſſion drew me from the words of *Pan*,
Which thus I follow: You whoſe flocks, quoth he,
By my protection quit your induſtry,
For all the good I haue and yet may giue
To ſuch as on the Plaines hereafter liue,
I doe intreat what is not hard to grant,
That not a hand rend from this holy Plant
The ſmalleſt branch; and who ſo cutteth this
Dye for th' offence; to me ſo hainous 'tis.
And by the *Floods infernall* here I ſweare,
(An oath whoſe breach the greateſt Gods forbeare)
Ere *Phœbe* thrice twelue times ſhall fill her hornes
No furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes
Shall harbour *Wolfe*, nor in this Ile ſhall breed,
Nor liue one of that kinde: if what's decreed
You keepe inuiolate. To this they ſwore:
And ſince thoſe beaſts haue frighted vs no more.
But Swaine (quoth *Thetis*), what is this you tell,
To what you feare ſhall fall on *Philcel*?

Faire *Queene*, attend ; but oh I feare, quoth he,
Ere I haue ended my ſad Hiſtorie,
Vnſtaying time may bring on his laſt houre,
And ſo defraud vs of thy wiſhed powre.
Yond goes a Shepherd : giue me leaue to run
And know the time of execution,
Mine aged limbs I can a little ſtraine,
And quickly come (to end the reſt) againe.

The Fifth Song.

The Argvment.

Within this Song my Muſe *doth tell,*
The worthy fact of Philocel,
And how his Loue and he in thrall
To death depriu'd of Funerall
The Queene *of* Waues *doth gladly ſaue,*
And frees Marina *from the* Caue.

SO ſoone as can a *Martin* from our Towne
Fly to the Riuer vnderneath the Down,
And backe returne with morter in her bill,
Some little cranny in her neſt to fill,
The Shepherd came. And thus began anew :
Two houres alas, onely two houres are due
From time to him, t'is ſentenc'd ſo of thoſe
That here on earth as *Deſtinies* diſpoſe
The liues and deaths of men ; and that time paſt
He yeelds his iudgement leaue and breaths his laſt.
But to the cauſe. *Great Goddeſſe*, vnderſtand
In *Mona*-Ile thruſt from the *Brittiſh* land,
As (ſince it needed nought of others ſtore)
It would intire be and a part no more,
There liu'd a *Maid* ſo faire, that for her ſake
Since ſhe was borne the Ile had neuer Snake,

Nor were it fit a deadly ſting ſhould be
To hazard ſuch admired *Symmetrie:*
So many beauties ſo commixt in one,
That all delight were dead if ſhe were gone.
Shepherds that in her cleare eyes did delight,
Whilſt they were open neuer held it night:
And were they ſhut, although the morning gray
Call'd vp the *Sun*, they hardly thought it day.
Or if they call'd it ſo, they did not paſſe
Withall to ſay that it eclipſed was.
The *Roſes* on her cheekes, ſuch as each turne
Phœbus might kiſſe, but had no powre to burne.
From her ſweet lips diſtill ſweets ſweeter doe,
Then from a Cherry halfe way cut in two:
Whoſe yeelding touch would, as *Promethian* fire,
Lumps truly ſenſleſſe with a *Muſe* inſpire;
Who praiſing her would youth's deſire ſo ſtirre,
Each man in minde ſhould be a rauiſher.
Some ſay the nimble-witted *Mercury*
Went late diſguis'd profeſſing *Palmiſtrie*,
And *Milk-maids* fortunes told about the Land,
Onely to get a touch of her ſoft hand.
And that a Shepherd walking on the brim
Of a cleare ſtreame where ſhe did vſe to ſwim,
Saw her by chance, and thinking ſhe had beene
Of Chaſtitie the pure and faireſt Queene,
Stole thence diſmaid, leſt he by her decree
Might vndergoe *Actæons* deſtinie.
Did youths kinde heat inflame me (but the ſnow
Vpon my head ſhewes it coold long agoe),
I then could giue (fitting ſo faire a feature)
Right to her fame, and fame to ſuch a creature.
When now much like a man the *Palſie* ſhakes
And ſpectacles befriend, yet vndertakes
To limne a Lady, to whoſe red and white
Apelles curious hand would owe ſome right:

His too vnſteady Pencell ſhadowes here
Somewhat too much, and giues not ouer cleere;
His eye deceiu'd mingles his colours wrong,
There ſtrikes too little, and here ſtaies too long,
Does and vndoes, takes off, puts on (in vaine)
Now too much white, then too much red againe;
And thinking then to giue ſome ſpeciall grace,
He workes it ill, or ſo miſtakes the place,
That ſhe which ſits were better pay for nought,
Then haue it ended, and ſo lamely wrought.
So doe I in this weake deſcription erre;
And ſtriuing more to grace, more iniure her.
For euer where true worth for praiſe doth call,
He rightly nothing giues that giues not all.
But as a Lad who learning to diuide,
By one ſmall miſſe the whole hath falſifide.
Cælia men call'd, and rightly call'd her ſo:
Whom *Philocel* (of all the Swaines I know
Moſt worthy) lou'd: alas! that loue ſhould be
Subiect to fortunes mutabilitie!
What euer learned *Bards* to fore haue ſung,
Or on the Plaines Shepherds and Maidens young,
Of ſad miſhaps in loue are ſet to tell,
Comes ſhort to match the Fate of *Philocel.*
For as a *Labourer* toyling at a *Bay*
To force ſome cleere ſtreame from his wonted way,
Working on this ſide ſees the water run
Where he wrought laſt, and thought it firmely done;
And that leake ſtopt, heares it come breaking out
Another where, in a farre greater ſpout,
Which mended to, and with a turfe made trim,
The brooke is ready to o'reflow the brim:
Or in the banke the water hauing got,
Some Mole-hole, runs where he expected not:
And when all's done, ſtill feares leſt ſome great raine
Might bring a flood and throw all downe againe:

So in our Shepherds loue: one hazard gone,
Another ſtill as bad was comming on.
This danger paſt, another doth begin,
And one miſhap thruſt out lets twenty in.
For he that loues, and in it hath no ſtay,
Limits his bliſſe ſeld' paſt the Marriage day.
But *Philocels*, alas, and *Cælia's* too
Muſt ne're attaine ſo farre as others doe.
Elſe *Fortune* in them from her courſe ſhould ſwerue,
Who moſt afflicts thoſe that moſt good deſerue.
Twice had the glorious *Sun* run through the *Signes*,
And with his kindly heat improu'd the Mines,
(As ſuch affirme with certaine hopes that try
The vaine and fruitleſſe Art of *Alchymie*)
Since our Swaine lou'd: and twice had *Phœbus* bin
In horned *Aries* taking vp his Inne,
Ere he of *Cælia's* heart poſſeſſion won;
And ſince that time all his intentions done
Nothing to bring her thence. All eyes vpon her
Watchfull, as *Vertues* are on trueſt *Honour:*
Kept on the Ile as carefully of ſome,
As by the *Troians* their *Palladium.*
But where's the *Fortreſſe* that can *Loue* debar?
The *forces* to oppoſe when he makes war?
The *Watch* which he ſhall neuer finde aſleepe?
The *Spye* that ſhall diſcloſe his counſels deepe?
That *Fort*, that *Force*, that *Watch*, that *Spye* would be
A laſting ſtop to a *fifth Emperie.*
But we as well may keepe the heat from fire
As ſeuer hearts whom loue hath made intire.
In louely *May* when *Titans* golden raies
Make ods in houres betweene the nights and daies,
And weigheth almoſt downe the once-euen Scale
Where night and day by th' *Æquinoctiall*
Were laid in ballance, as his powre he bent
To baniſh *Cynthia* from her Regiment,

To *Latmus* ſtately *Hill*, and with his light
To rule the vpper world both day and night:
Making the poore *Antipodes* to feare
A like coniunction 'twixt great *Iupiter*
And ſome *Alc'mena* new, or that the *Sun*
From their *Horizon* did obliquely run:
This time the *Swaines* and *Maidens* of the *Ile*
The day with ſportiue dances doe beguile,
And euery Valley rings with ſhepherds ſongs,
And euery *Eccho* each ſweet noat prolongs,
And euery Riuer with vnuſuall pride
And dimpled cheeke rowles ſleeping to the tide;
And leſſer ſprings, which *ayrie*-breeding Woods
Preferre as hand-maids to the mighty floods,
Scarce fill vp halfe their channels, making haſte
(In feare, as boyes) leſt all the ſport be paſt.

Now was the *Lord* and *Lady* of the *May*
Meeting the *May-pole* at the breake of day,
And *Cælia*, as the faireſt on the Greene,
Not without ſome Maids enuy choſen *Queene*.
Now was the time com'n, when our gentle Swaine
Muſt inne his harueſt or loſe all againe.
Now muſt he plucke the Roſe leaſt other hands,
Or tempeſts, blemiſh what ſo fairely ſtands:
And therefore as they had before decreed,
Our ſhepherd gets a Boat, and with all ſpeed
In night (that doth on Louers actions ſmile)
Arriued ſafe on *Mona's* fruitfull Ile.

Betweene two rocks (immortall, without mother)
That ſtand as if out-facing one another,
There ran a *Creeke* vp, intricate and blinde,
As if the waters hid them from the winde;
Which neuer waſh'd but at a higher tyde
The frizled coats which doe the Mountaines hide;
Where neuer gale was longer knowne to ſtay
Then from the ſmooth waue it had ſwept away

The new diuorced leaues, that from each ſide
Left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tide.
At further end the *Creeke*, a ſtately Wood
Gaue a kinde ſhadow (to the brackiſh Flood)
Made vp of trees, not leſſe kend by each ſkiffe
Then that ſky-ſcaling *Pike* of *Tenerife*,
Vpon whoſe tops the *Herneſhew* bred her young,
And hoary moſſe vpon their branches hung:
Whoſe rugged rindes ſufficient were to ſhow
Without their height, what time they gan to grow.
And if dry eld by wrinckled ſkin appeares,
None could allot them leſſe then *Neſtor's* yeeres.
As vnder their command the thronged *Creeke*
Ran leſſened vp. Here did the Shepherd ſeeke
Where he his little Boat might ſafely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beſide
Could not outvalew; nor giue equall weight
Though in the time when *Greece* was at her height.
The ruddy Horſes of the *Roſie morne*
Out of the Eaſterne gates had newly borne
Their bluſhing *Miſtreſſe* in her golden Chaire,
Spreading new light throughout our *Hemiſpheare*.
When faireſt *Cælia* with a louelier crew
Of *Damſels* then braue *Latmus* euer knew
Came forth to meet the *Youngſters*, who had here
Cut downe an *Oake* that long withouten peere
Bore his round head imperiouſly aboue
His other Mates there, conſecrate to *Ioue*.
The wiſhed time drew on: and *Cælia* now
(That had the ſame for her white arched brow)
While all her louely fellowes buſied were
In picking off the Iems from *Tellus* haire,
Made tow'rds the Creeke, where *Philocel* vnſpide,
(Of Maid or Shepherd that their May-games plide)
Receiu'd his wiſh'd-for *Cælia*, and begun
To ſteere his Boat contrary to the *Sun*,

Who could haue wiſh'd another in his place
To guide the Carre of light, or that his race
Were to haue end (ſo he might bleſſe his hap)
In *Cælia's* boſome, not in *Thetis* lap.
The Boat oft danc'd for ioy of what it held:
The hoiſt-vp Saile, not quicke but gently ſweld,
And often ſhooke, as fearing what might fall,
Ere ſhe deliuer'd what ſhe went withall.
Winged* *Argeſtes*, faire *Aurora's* ſonne,
Licenc'd that day to leaue his Dungeon,
Meekly attended and did neuer erre,
Till *Cælia* grac'd our Land and our Land her.
As through the waues their loue-fraught Wherry ran,
A many *Cupids*, each ſet on his *Swan*,
Guided with reines of gold and ſiluer twiſt
The ſpotleſſe Birds about them as they liſt:
Which would haue ſung a *Song* (ere they were gone),
Had vnkinde *Nature* giuen them more then one;
Or in beſtowing that had not done wrong,
And made their ſweet liues forfeit one ſad ſong.
Yet that their happy Voyage might not be
Without *Times* ſhortner, *Heauen-taught Melodie*
(*Muſicke* that lent feet to the ſtable Woods,
And in their currents turn'd the mighty Floods:
Sorrowes ſweet Nurſe, yet keeping Ioy aliue:
Sad diſcontent's moſt welcome Corraſiue:
The ſoule of Art, beſt lou'd when Loue is by:
The kinde inſpirer of ſweet *Poeſie*,
Leſt thou ſhould'ſt wanting be, when Swans would faine
Haue ſung one Song, and neuer ſung againe)
The gentle Shepherd haſting to the ſhore
Began this *Lay*, and tim'd it with his Oare:

NEuer more let holy Dee
O're other Riuers braue,
Or boaſt how (*in his iollitie*)
Kings row'd vpon his waue.

* The Weſterne winde. And ſuppoſed (with the Starres) the birth of *Aurora* by *Aſtræa*, as *Apollodorus*: Ἠοῦς δὲ καὶ Ἀστραίου ἀνέμοι καὶ ἄστρα.

But ſilent be, and euer know
That Neptune *for my Fare would row.*

Thoſe were Captiues. *If he ſay*
That now I am no other,
Yet ſhe that beares my priſons key
Is fairer then Loues Mother;
A God tooke me, thoſe, one leſſe high:
They wore their bonds, ſo doe not I.

Swell then, gently ſwell, yee Floods,
As proud of what yee beare,
And Nymphs, *that in low corrall Woods*
String Pearles vpon your haire,
Aſcend: and tell if ere this day
A fairer prize was ſeene at Sea.

See, the Salmons *leape and bound*
To pleaſe vs as we paſſe,
Each Mermaid *on the Rocks around,*
Lets fall her brittle glaſſe,
As they their beauties did deſpiſe,
And lou'd no mirrour but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow, faire winde;
From the forſaken ſhore,
And be as to the Halcyon *kinde,*
Till we haue ferry'd o're:
So maiſt thou ſtill have leaue to blow,
And fan the way where ſhe ſhall goe.

Floods, *and* Nymphs, *and* Winds, *and all*
That ſee vs both together,
Into a diſputation fall,
And then reſolue me whether
The greateſt kindneſſe each can ſhow,
Will quit our truſt of you or no.

Thus as a merry *Milke-maid* neat and fine,
Returning late from milking of her Kine,
Shortens the dew'd way which ſhe treads along
With ſome ſelfe-pleaſing-ſince-new-gotten Song,
The Shepherd did their paſſage well beguile.
And now the horned *Flood* bore to our *Ile*
His head more high then he had vs'd to doe,
Except by *Cynthia's* newneſſe forced to.
Not *Ianuaries* ſnow diſſolu'd in Floods
Makes *Thamar* more intrude on *Blanchden* Woods,
Nor the concourſe of waters where they fleet
After a long Raine, and in *Seuerne* meet,
Rais'th her inraged head to root faire Plants,
Or more affright her nigh inhabitants,
(When they behold the waters rufully,
And ſaue the waters nothing elſe can ſee)
Then *Neptune's* ſubiect now, more then of yore:
As loth to ſet his burden ſoone on ſhore.
O *Neptune!* hadſt thou kept them ſtill with thee,
Though both were loſt to vs and ſuch as we,
And with thoſe beautious birds which on thy breſt
Get and bring vp, afforded them a reſt,
Delos that long time wandring peece of earth
Had not beene fam'd more for *Diana's* birth,
Then thoſe few planks that bore them on the Seas,
By the bleſt iſſue of two ſuch as theſe.
But they were landed: ſo are not our woes,
Nor euer ſhall, whil'ſt from an eye there flowes
One drop of moiſture; to theſe preſent times
We will relate, and ſome ſad Shepherds rimes
To after ages may their *Fates* make knowne,
And in their depth of ſorrow drowne his owne.
So our Relation and his mournfull Verſe
Of teares ſhall force ſuch tribute to their *Herſe*,
That not a priuate griefe ſhall euer thriue
But in that deluge fall, yet this ſuruiue.

Two furlongs from the ſhore they had not gone,
When from a low-caſt Valley (hauing on
Each hand a woody hill, whoſe boughes vnlopt
Haue not alone at all time ſadly dropt,
And turn'd their ſtormes on her deiected breſt,
But when the fire of heauen is ready preſt
To warme and further what it ſhould bring forth,
For lowly Dales mate Mountaines in their worth,
The Trees (as ſcreenlike *Greatneſſe*) ſhades his raye,
As it ſhould ſhine on none but ſuch as they)—
Came (and full ſadly came) a hapleſſe *Wretch*,
Whoſe walkes & paſtures once were known to ſtretch
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* ſo farre that no dike ran
For noted *bounds*, but where the *Ocean*
His wrathful billowes thruſt, and grew as great
In ſholes of fiſh as were the others Neat:
Who now deiected and depriu'd of all,
Longs (and hath done ſo long) for funerall.
For as with hanging head I haue beheld
A widow *Vine* ſtand in a naked field,
Vnhuſbanded, neglected, all-forlorne,
Brouz'd on by *Deere*, by Cattle cropt and torne:
Vnpropt, vnſuccoured by ſtake or tree
From wreakfull ſtormes impetuous tyrannie,
When, had a willing hand lent kinde redreſſe,
Her pregnant *bunches* might from out the Preſſe
Haue ſent a liquour both for taſte and ſhow
No leſſe diuine then thoſe of *Malligo:*
Such was this *wight*, and ſuch ſhe might haue beene.
She both th' extremes hath felt of *Fortunes* teene,
For neuer haue we heard from times of yore,
One ſometime enuy'd and now pitti'd more.
Her obiect, as her ſtate, is low as earth;
Priuation her companion; thoughts of mirth
Irkeſome; and in one ſelfe-ſame circle turning,
With ſodaine ſports brought to a houſe of mourning.

Of others good *her* beſt beliefe is ſtill
And conſtant to her owne in nought but ill.
The onely enemy and friend ſhe knowes
Is Death who, though defers, muſt end her woes;
Her contemplation frightfull as the night;
She neuer lookes on any liuing wight
Without compariſon; and as the day
Giues vs, but takes the *Glowormes* light away:
So the leaſt ray of Bliſſe on others throwne
Depriues and blinds all knowledge of her owne.
Her comfort is (if for her any be)
That none can ſhew more cauſe of griefe then ſhe.
Yet ſomewhat ſhe of aduerſe *Fate* hath won,
Who had vndone her were ſhe not vndone.
For thoſe that on the *Sea* of *Greatneſſe* ride
Farre from the quiet ſhore, and where the tide
In ebbs and floods is gheſs'd, not truly knowne;
Expert of all eſtates except their owne:
Keeping their ſtation at the Helme of State
Not by their Vertues but auſpicious *Fate:*
Subiect to calmes of fauour, ſtormes of rage,
Their actions noted as the common Stage:
Who, like a man borne blinde that cannot be
By demonſtration ſhewne what 'tis to ſee,
Liue ſtill in Ignorance of what they want,
Till *Miſery* become the *Adamant*,
And touch them for that point, to which with ſpeed
None comes ſo ſure as by the hand of *Need.*
A *Mirrour* ſtrange ſhe in her right hand bore,
By which her friends from flatterers heretofore
She could diſtinguiſh well; and by her ſide
(As in her full of happineſſe) vntide,
Vnforc'd and vncompell'd did ſadly goe
(As if partaker of his *Miſtreſſe* woe)
A louing *Spaniell*, from whoſe rugged backe
(The onely thing but death ſhe moanes to lacke).

She plucks the haire, and working them in pleats
Furthers the ſuit which *Modeſtie* intreats.
Men call her *Athliot:* who cannot be
More wretched made by *infelicitie*,
Vnleſſe ſhe here had an immortall breath,
Or liuing thus, liu'd timorous of death.
Out of her lowly and forſaken dell
She running came, and cri'd to *Philocel:*
Helpe! helpe! kinde ſhepherd helpe! ſee yonder, where
A louely *Lady* hung vp by the haire,
Struggles, but mildly ſtruggles with the *Fates*,
Whoſe thread of life, ſpun to a thread that mates
Dame *Natures* in her haire, ſtaies them to wonder,
While too fine twiſting makes it breake in ſunder.
So ſhrinkes the *Roſe* that with the flames doth meet;
So gently bowes the *Virgin* parchment ſheet;
So rowle the waues vp and fall out againe,
As all her beautious parts, and all in vaine.
Farre, farre, aboue my helpe or hope in trying,
Vnknowne, and ſo more miſerably dying,
Smothring her torments in her panting breſt,
She meekly waits the time of her long reſt.
Haſten! ô haſten then! kinde Shepherd, haſte.
He went with her, And *Cælia* (that had grac'd
Him paſt the world beſides) ſeeing the way
He had to goe, not farre, reſts on the lay.
'Twas neere the place where *Pans* transformed Loue
Her guilded leaues diſplaid, and boldly ſtroue
For luſtre with the *Sun:* a ſacred tree
(Pal'd round) and kept from violation free:
Whoſe ſmalleſt ſpray rent off, we neuer prize
At leſſe then life. Here, though her heauenly eyes
From him ſhe lou'd could ſcarce afford a ſight,
(As if for him they onely had their light)
Thoſe kinde and brighter Stars were knowne to erre
And to all miſery betrayed her.

For turning them aſide, ſhe (hapleſſe) ſpies
The *holy Tree*, and (as all *nouelties*
In tempting women haue ſmall labour loſt
Whether for value nought, or of more coſt)
Led by the hand of vncontroll'd deſire
She roſe, and thither went. A wreſted Bryre
Onely kept cloſe the gate which led into it,
(Eaſie for any all times to vndoe it,
That with a pious hand hung on the tree
Garlands or raptures of ſweet *Poeſie*)
Which by her opened, with vnweeting hand
A little ſpray ſhe pluckt, whoſe rich leaues fan'd
And chatter'd with the ayre, as who ſhould ſay:
Doe not for once, ô doe not this bewray!
Nor giue ſound to a tongue for that intent!
" Who ignorantly ſinnes, dies innocent."
By this was *Philocel* returning backe,
And in his hand the *Lady;* for whoſe wrack
Nature had cleane forſworne to frame a wight
So wholly pure, ſo truly exquiſite:
But more deform'd and from a rough-hewne mold,
Since what is beſt liues ſeldome to be old.
Within their ſight was faireſt *Cælia* now;
Who drawing neere, the life-priz'd golden bough
Her Loue beheld. And as a Mother kinde
What time the new-cloath'd trees by guſts of winde
Vnmou'd, ſtand wiſtly liſtning to thoſe layes
The feather'd Quiriſters vpon their ſprayes
Chaunt to the merry *Spring*, and in the *Euen*
She with her little *ſonne* for pleaſure giuen,
To tread the fring'd bankes of an amorous flood,
That with her muſicke courts a ſullen wood,
Where euer talking with her onely *bliſſe*
That now before and then behinde her is,
She ſtoopes for flowres the choiſeſt may be had,
And bringing them to pleaſe her prittie *Lad*,

Spies in his hand ſome banefull flowre or weed,
Whereon he gins to ſmell, perhaps to feed,
With a more earneſt haſte ſhe runs vnto him,
And puls that from him which might elſe vndoe him:
So to his *Cælia* haſtned *Philocel*,
And raught the *bough* away: hid it: and fell
To queſtion if ſhe broke it, or if then
An eye beheld her? Of the race of men
(Replide ſhe), when I tooke it from the tree
Aſſure your ſelfe was none to teſtifie,
But what hath paſt ſince in your hand, behold,
A fellow running yonder o're the *Wold*
Is well inform'd of. Can there (*Loue*) inſue,
Tell me! oh tell me! any wrong to you
By what my hand hath ignorantly done?
(Quoth fearefull *Cælia*) *Philocel!* be won
By theſe vnfained teares, as I by thine,
To make thy greateſt ſorrowes partly mine!
Cleere vp theſe ſhowres (my *Sun*), quoth *Philocel*,
The ground it needs not. Nought is ſo from *Well*
But that reward and kinde intreaties may
Make ſmooth the front of wrath, and this allay.
Thus wiſely he ſuppreſt his height of woe,
And did reſolue, ſince none but they did know
Truly who rent it: And the hatefull Swaine
That lately paſt by them vpon the Plaine
(Whom well he knew did beare to him a hate,
Though vndeſerued, ſo inueterate
That to his vtmoſt powre he would aſſay
To make his life haue ended with that day)
Except in his had ſeene it in no hand,
That *hee* againſt all throes of *Fate* would ſtand,
Acknowledge it his deed, and ſo afford
A paſſage to his heart for *Iuſtice* ſword,
Rather then by *her* loſſe the world ſhould be
Deſpiz'd and ſcorn'd for loſing ſuch as ſhe.

Now (with a vow of ſecrecy from *both*)
Inforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'th ;
And by the time the ſhades of mighty woods
Began to turne them to the *Eaſterne Floods*,
They thither got: where with vndaunted heart
He welcomes both, and freely doth impart
Such dainties as a Shepherds cottage yeelds,
Tane from the fruitfull woods and fertile fields :
No way diſtracted nor diſturb'd at all.
And to preuent what likely might befall
His trueſt *Cælia*, in his apprehending
Thus to all future care gaue finall ending :
Into their cup (wherein for ſuch ſweet Girles
Nature would *Myriades* of richeſt *Pearles*
Diſſolue, and by her powrefull ſimples ſtriue
To keepe them ſtill on earth, and ſtill aliue)
Our Swaine infus'd a powder which they dranke:
And to a pleaſant *roome* (ſet on a banke
Neere to his Coat, where he did often vſe
At vacant houres to entertaine his *Muſe*)
Brought them and ſeated on a curious bed,
Till what he gaue in operation ſped,
And rob'd them of his ſight, and him of theirs,
Whoſe new inlightning will be quench'd with teares.
The *Glaſſe* of *Time* had well-nye ſpent the *Sand*
It had to run, ere with impartiall hand
Iuſtice muſt to her vpright *Ballance* take him:
Which he (afraid it might too ſoone forſake him)
Began to vſe as quickly as perceiue,
And of his Loue thus tooke his lateſt leaue:
Cælia! thou faireſt creature euer eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie!
Cælia that haſt but iuſt ſo much of earth,
As makes thee capable of death! Thou birth
Of euery Vertue, life ofeuery good!
Whoſe chaſteſt ſports and daily taking food

Is imitation of the higheſt powres
Who to the earth lend ſeaſonable ſhowres,
That it may beare, we to their Altars bring
Things worthy their accept, our offering.
I the moſt wretched creature euer eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie,
Vnhappy *Philocel*, that haue of earth
Too much to giue my ſorrowes endleſſe birth,
The ſpring of ſad misfortunes; in whom lyes
No bliſſe that with thy worth can ſympathize,
Clouded with woe that hence will neuer flit,
Till deaths eternall night grow one with it:
I as a dying *Swan* that ſadly ſings
Her moanfull *Dirge* vnto the ſiluer ſprings,
Which careleſſe of her Song glide ſleeping by
Without one murmure of kinde *Elegie*,
Now ſtand by thee; and as a *Turtles mate*,
With lamentations inarticulate,
The neere departure from her loue bemones,
Spend theſe my bootleſſe ſighes and killing grones.
Here as a man (by *Iuſtice* doome) exilde
To Coaſts vnknowne, to Deſarts rough and wilde,
Stand I to take my lateſt leaue of thee:
Whoſe happy and heauen-making company
Might I enioy in *Libia's* Continent,
Were bleſt fruition and not baniſhment.
Firſt of thoſe *Eyes* that haue already tane
Their leaue of me: *Lamps* fitting for the *Phane*
Of heauens moſt powre, & which might ne're expire
But be as ſacred as the *Veſtall fire:*
Then of thoſe plots, where halfe-Roſ'd Lillies be,
Not one by *Art* but *Natures* induſtry,
From which I goe as one excluded from
The taintleſſe flowres of bleſt *Elizium:*
Next from thoſe *Lips* I part, and may there be
No one that ſhall hereafter ſecond me!

Guiltleſſe of any kiſſes but their owne,
Their ſweets but to themſelues to all vnknowne:
For ſhould our Swaines diuulge what ſweets there be
Within the Sea-clipt bounds of *Britanie*,
We ſhould not from inuaſions be exempted,
But with that prize would all the world be tempted.
Then from her *heart:* ô no! let that be neuer,
For if I part from thence I dye for euer.
Be that the *Record* of my loue and name!
Be that to me as is the *Phœnix* flame!
Creating ſtill anew what *Iuſtice* doome
Muſt yeeld to duſt and a forgotten toombe.
Let thy chaſte loue to me (as ſhadowes run
In full extent vnto the ſetting Sun)
Meet with my fall; and when that I am gone,
Backe to thy ſelfe retyre, and there grow one.
If to a ſecond light thy ſhadow be,
Let him ſtill haue his ray of loue from me;
And if, as I, that likewiſe doe decline,
Be mine or his, or elſe be his and mine.
But know no other, nor againe be ſped,
"She dyes a virgin that but knowes one bed."
And now from all at once my leaue I take
With this petition, that when thou ſhalt wake,
My teares already ſpent may ſerue for thine,
And all thy ſorrowes be excus'd by mine!
Yea rather then my loſſe ſhould draw on hers,
(Heare, Heauen, the ſuit which my ſad ſoule prefers!)
Let this her ſlumber, like *Obliuions ſtreame*,
Make her beleeue our loue was but a dreame!
Let me be dead in her as to the earth,
Ere Nature loſe the grace of ſuch a birth.
Sleepe thou ſweet ſoule from all diſquiet free,
And ſince I now beguile thy deſtinie,
Let after patience in thy breſt ariſe,
To giue his name a life who for thee dies.

He dyes for thee that worthy is to dye,
Since now in leauing that ſweet harmonie
Which Nature wrought in thee, he drawes not to him
Enough of ſorrow that might ſtreight vndoe him.
And haue for meanes of death his parting hence,
So keeping Iuſtice ſtill in Innocence.
Here ſtaid his tongue, and teares anew began.
" Parting knowes more of griefe then abſence can,"
And with a backward pace and lingring eye
Left, and for euer left, their company.
By this the curs'd *Informer* of the *deede*
With wings of miſchiefe (and thoſe haue moſt ſpeed)
Vnto the *Prieſts* of *Pan* had made it knowne ;
And (though with griefe enough) were thither flown
With ſtrict command the Officers that be
As hands of Iuſtice in her each decree.
Thoſe vnto iudgement brought him : where, accus'd
That with vnhappy hand he had abus'd
The *holy Tree*, and by the oath of him
Whoſe eye beheld the ſeparated limb,
All doubts diſſolu'd, quicke iudgement was awarded,
(And but laſt night) that hither ſtrongly guarded
This morne he ſhould be brought, & from yond rock
(Where euery houre new ſtore of mourners flocke)
He ſhould be head-long throwne (too hard a doome)
To be depriu'd of life, and dead, of toombe.
This is the cauſe, faire *Goddeſſe*, that appeares
Before you now clad in an old mans teares,
Which willingly flow out, and ſhall doe more
Then many *Winters* haue ſeene heretofore.
But *Father* (quoth ſhe), let me vnderſtand
How you are ſure that it was *Cælia's* hand
Which rent the branch ; and then (if you can) tell
What *Nymph* it was which neere the lonely *Dell*
Your ſhepherd ſuccour'd. Quoth the good old man :
The laſt time in her *Orbe* pale *Cynthia* ran,

I to the priſon went, and from him knew
(Vpon my vow) what now is knowne to you.
And that the Lady which he found diſtreſt,
Is *Fida* call'd, a Maid not meanly bleſt
By heauens endowments, and, alas! but ſee,
Kinde *Philocel*, ingirt with miſerie
More ſtrong then by his bonds, is drawing nigh
The place appointed for his tragedie!
You may walke thither and behold his fall;
While I come neere enough, yet not at all.
Nor ſhall it need I to my ſorrow knit
The griefe of knowing with beholding it.
The *Goddeſſe* went: (but ere ſhe came did ſhrowd
Her ſelfe from euery eye within a *cloud*)
Where ſhe beheld the *Shepherd* on his way,
Much like a *Bridegroome* on his marriage-day,
Increaſing not his miſerie with feare:
Others for him, but he ſhed not a teare.
His knitting ſinewes did not tremble ought,
Nor to vnuſuall palpitation brought
Was or his heart or lyuer: nor his eye,
Nor tongue, nor colour ſhew'd a dread to dye.
His reſolution keeping with his ſpirit,
(Both worthy him that did them both inherit)
Held in ſubiection euery thought of feare,
Scorning ſo baſe an executioner.
Some time he ſpent in ſpeech, and then began
Submiſſely prayer to the name of *Pan*,
When ſodainly this cry came from the Plaines:
From guiltleſſe blood be free, ye *Brittiſh* Swaines!
Mine be thoſe bonds, and mine the death appointed!
Let me be head-long thrown, theſe limbs diſioynted!
Or if you needs muſt hurle him from that brim,
Except I dye there dyes but part of him.
Doe then right, *Iuſtice*, and performe your oath,
Which cannot be without the death of both!

Wonder drew thitherward their drowned eyes,
And *Sorrow Philocels.* Where he eſpies,
What he did onely feare, the beautious Maid,
His wofull *Cælia* whom (ere night araid
Laſt time the world in ſuit of mournfull blacke,
More darke then vſe, as to bemone their wracke)
He at his cottage left in ſleepes ſoft armes
By powre of ſimples and the force of charmes:
Which time had now diſſolu'd, and made her know
For what intent her Loue had left her ſo.
She ſtaid not to awake her *mate* in *ſleepe*,
Nor to bemone her *Fate.* She ſcorn'd to weepe,
Or haue the paſſion that within her lyes
So diſtant from her heart as in her eyes.
But rending of her haire, her throbbing breſt
Beating with ruthleſſe ſtrokes, ſhe onward preſt
As an inraged furious Lioneſſe,
Through vncouth treadings of the wilderneſſe,
In hot purſuit of her late miſſed brood.
The name of *Philocel* ſpeakes euery wood,
And ſhe begins to[1] ſtill and ſtill her pace:
Her face deckt anger, anger deckt her face.
So ran diſtracted *Hecuba* along
The ſtreets of *Troy.* So did the people throng
With helpleſſe hands and heauy hearts to ſee
Their wofull ruine in her progenie.
And[2] harmleſſe flocks of ſheepe that neerely fed
Vpon the open plaines wide ſcattered,
Ran all afront, and gaz'd with earneſt eye
(Not without teares) while thus ſhe paſſed by.
Springs that long time before had held no drop,
Now welled forth and ouer-went the top:
Birds left to pay the Spring their wonted vowes,
And all forlorne fate drooping on the boughes:
Sheep, Springs and Birds, nay trees' vnwonted grones
Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the ſtones.

[1] Both the eds. have *it.* [2] Both the eds. have *As.*

Thus came ſhe to the place (where aged men,
Maidens and wiues, and youth and childeren
That had but newly learnt their Mothers name,
Had almoſt ſpent their teares before ſhe came.)
And thoſe her earneſt and related words
Threw from her breſt; and vnto them affords
Theſe as the meanes to further her pretence:
Receiue not on your ſoules, by Innocence
Wrong'd, laſting ſtaines which from a fluce the *Sea*
May ſtill waſh o're, but neuer waſh away;
Turne all your wraths on me: for here behold
The hand that tore your ſacred *Tree* of *gold;*
Theſe are the feet that led to that intent;
Mine was th' offence, be mine the puniſhment.
Long hath he liu'd among you, and he knew
The danger imminent that would inſue;
His vertuous life ſpeakes for him, heare it then!
And caſt not hence the miracle of men!
What now he doth is through ſome diſcontent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the puniſhment!
What certaine death could neuer make him doe
(With *Cælia's* loſſe), her preſence forc'd him to.
She that could cleere his greateſt clouds of woes,
Some part of woman made him now diſcloſe,
And ſhew'd him all in teares: And for a while
Out of his heart vnable to exile
His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiu'd;
But weighing what the world ſhould be bereau'd,
He of his ſighes and throbs ſome licenſe wan,
And to the ſad ſpectators thus began:
Haſten! ô haſte! the houre's already gone,
Doe not deferre the execution!
Nor make my patience ſuffer ought of wrong!
'Tis nought to dye, but to be dying long!
Some fit of Frenzie hath poſſeſt the Maid:
She could not doe it, though ſhe had aſſaid,

No bough growes in her reach; nor hath the tree
A ſpray ſo weake to yeeld to ſuch as ſhe.
To win her loue I broke it, but vnknowne
And vndeſir'd of her; Then let her owne
No touch of preiudice without conſent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the puniſhment!
O! who did euer ſuch contention ſee
Where death ſtood for the prize of victory?
Where loue and ſtrife were firme and truly knowne,
And where the victor muſt be ouerthrowne?
Where both purſude, and both held equall ſtrife
That life ſhould further death, death further life.
Amazement ſtrucke the multitude. And now
They knew not which way to performe their vow.
If onely *one* ſhould be depriu'd of breath,
They were not certaine of th' offenders death;
If *both* of them ſhould dye for that offence,
They certainly ſhould murder *Innocence;*
If *none* did ſuffer for it, then there ran
Vpon their heads the wrath and curſe of *Pan.*
This much perplex'd and made them to defer
The deadly hand of th' Executioner,
Till they had ſent an Officer to know
The *Iudges* wils (and thoſe with *Fates* doe goe):
Who backe return'd, and thus with teares began:
The Subſtitutes on earth of mighty *Pan*
Haue thus decreed (although the one be free)
To cleare themſelues from all impunitie,
If, who the offender is, no meanes procure,
Th' offence is certaine, be their death as ſure.
This is their doome (which may all plagues preuent)
To haue the guilty kill the innocent.
Looke as two little Lads (their parents treaſure)
Vnder a *Tutor* ſtrictly kept from pleaſure,
While they their new-giuen leſſon cloſely ſcan,
Heare of a meſſage by their fathers man,

That one of them, but which he hath forgot,
Muſt come along and walke to ſome faire plot;
Both haue a hope: their carefull *Tutor* loth
To hinder either, or to licenſe both,
Sends backe the Meſſenger that he may know
His Maſters pleaſure which of them muſt goe:
While both his Schollers ſtand alike in feare
Both of their freedome and abiding there,
The Seruant comes and ſayes that for that day
Their Father wils to haue them both away.
Such was the feare theſe louing ſoules were in
That time the meſſenger had abſent bin.
But farre more was their ioy twixt one another,
In hearing neither ſhould out-liue the other.
Now both intwinde, becauſe no conqueſt won,
Yet either ruinde, *Philocel* begun
To arme his Loue for death: a roabe vnfit
Till *Hymens* ſaffron'd weed had vſher'd it.
My faireſt *Cælia!* come; let thou and I,
That long haue learn'd to loue, now learne to dye;
It is a leſſon hard if we diſcerne it,
Yet none is borne ſo ſoone as bound to learne it.
Vnpartiall *Fate* layes ope the *Booke* to vs,
And let[s] vs con it ſtill imbracing thus;
We may it perfect haue, and goe before
Thoſe that haue longer time to read it o're;
And we had need begin and not delay,
For 'tis our turne to read it firſt to day.
Helpe when I miſſe, and when thou art in doubt
Ile be thy prompter, and will helpe thee out.
But ſee how much I erre: vaine *Metaphor*
And elocution *Deſtinies* abhorre.
Could death be ſtaid with words, or won with teares,
Or mou'd with beauty, or with vnripe yeeres,
Sure thou could'ſt doe't; this Roſe, this Sun-like eye
Should not ſo ſoone be quell'd, ſo quickly dye.

But we muſt dye, my *Loue;* not thou alone,
Nor onely I, but both; and yet but one.
Nor let vs grieue; for we are marryed thus,
And haue by death what life denied vs.
It is a comfort from him more then due;
" Death ſeuers many, but he couples few.
Life is a *Flood* that keepes vs from our bliſſe,
The *Ferriman* to waft vs thither, is
Death, and none elſe; the ſooner we get o're
Should we not thanke the *Ferriman* the more?
Others intreat him for a paſſage hence,
And groane beneath their griefes and impotence,
Yet (mercileſſe) he lets thoſe longer ſtay,
And ſooner takes the happy man away.
Some little happineſſe haue thou and I,
Since we ſhall dye before we wiſh to dye.
Should we here longer liue, and haue our dayes
As full in number as the moſt of theſe,
And in them meet all pleaſures may betide,
We *gladly* might haue *liu'd* and *patient dyde.*
When now our fewer yeeres made long by cares
(That without age can ſnow downe ſiluer haires)
Make all affirme (which doe our griefes diſcry)
We *patiently* did *liue*, and *gladly dye.*
The difference (my Loue) that doth appeare
Betwixt our *Fates* and theirs that ſee vs here,
Is onely this: the high-all knowing powre
Conceales from them, but tels vs our laſt houre.
For which to *Heauen* we far-farre more are bound,
Since in the houre of death we may be found
(By its preſcience) ready for the hand
That ſhall conduct vs to the *Holy-land.*
When thoſe, from whom that houre conceal'd is, may
Euen in their height of Sinne be tane away.
Beſides, to vs *Iuſtice* a friend is knowne,
Which neither lets vs dye nor liue alone.

That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;
" Who feares not Death, denies to be compell'd."
O that thou wert no *Actor* in this Play,
My ſweeteſt *Cælia!* or diuorc'd away
From me in this: ô Nature! I confeſſe
I cannot looke vpon her heauineſſe
Without betraying that infirmitie
Which at my birth thy hand beſtow'd on me.
Would I had dide when I receiu'd my birth!
Or knowne the graue before I knew the earth!
Heauens! I but one life did receiue from you,
And muſt ſo ſhort a loane be paid with two?
Cannot I dye but like that brutiſh ſtem
Which haue their beſt belou'd to dye with them?
O let her liue! ſome bleſt powre heare my cry!
Let *Cælia* liue and I contented dye.
My *Philocel* (quoth ſhe) neglect theſe throes!
Aſke not for me, nor adde not to my woes!
Can there be any life when thou art gone?
Nay, can there be but deſolation?
Art thou ſo cruell as to wiſh my ſtay,
To wait a paſſage at an vnknowne day?
Or haue me dwell within this Vale of woe
Excluded from thoſe ioyes which thou ſhalt know?
Enuie not me that bliſſe! I will aſſay it,
My loue deſerues it, and thou canſt not ſtay it.
Iuſtice! then take thy doome; for we intend,
Except both liue, no life: one loue, one end.
Thus with embraces and exhorting other:
With teare-dew'd kiſſes that had powre to ſmother
Their ſoft and ruddy lips cloſe ioyn'd with either,
That in their deaths their ſoules might meet together:
With prayers as hopefull as ſincerely good,
Expecting death they on the Cliffes edge ſtood,
And laſtly were (by one oft forcing breath)
Throwne from the Rocke into the armes of death.

Faire *Thetis* whoſe command the waues obey,
Loathing the loſſe of ſo much worth as they,
Was gone before their fall; and by her powre
The Billowes (mercileſſe, vs'd to deuoure,
And not to ſaue) ſhe made to ſwell vp high,
Euen at the inſtant when the tragedy
Of thoſe kinde ſoules ſhould end: ſo to receiue them,
And keepe what crueltie would faine bereaue them.
Her heſt was ſoone perform'd: and now they lay
Imbracing on the ſurface of the Sea,
Void of all ſenſe; a ſpectacle ſo ſad
That *Thetis*, nor no *Nymph* which there ſhe had,
Touch'd with their woes, could for a while refraine,
But from their heauenly eyes did ſadly raine
Such ſhowres of teares (ſo powrefull, ſince diuine)
That euer ſince the *Sea* doth taſte of *Bryne*.
With teares, thus to make good her firſt intent,
She both the *Louers* to her Chariot hent:
Recalling *Life* that had not cleerely tane
Full leaue of his or her more curious *Phane*,
And with her praiſe ſung by theſe thankfull paire
Steer'd on her Courſers (ſwift as fleeting ayre)
Towards her Pallace built beneath the Seas,
Proud of her iourney, but more proud of theſe.
By that time *Night* had newly ſpred her *robe*
Ouer our halfe-part of this maſſie *Globe*,
She won that famous *Ile* which *Ioue* did pleaſe
To honour with the holy *Druydes*.
And as the Weſterne ſide ſhe ſtript along,
Heard (and ſo ſtaid to heare) this heauy Song:

O *Heauen! what may I* hope *for in this* Caue?
A Graue.
But who to me this laſt of helpes *ſhall retch?*
A Wretch.
Shall none be by pittying *ſo ſad a wight?*
Yes: Night.

Small comfort can befall in heauy plight
To me poore Maid, in whoſe diſtreſſes be
Nor hope, *nor* helpe, *nor* one to pittie *me*,
But a cold Graue, *a* Wretch, *and darkſome* Night.

To digge that Graue *what fatall thing appeares?*
Thy Teares.
What Bell ſhall ring *me to that bed of eaſe?*
Rough Seas.
And who for Mourners *hath my* Fate *aſſign'd?*
Each Winde.
Can any be debarr'd from ſuch I finde?
When to my laſt Rites Gods no other ſend
To make my Graue, *for* Knell, *or* mourning *friend*,
Then mine own Teares, *rough* Seas, *& guſts of* Wind.

Teares *muſt my* graue dig: *but who bringeth thoſe?*
Thy Woes.
What Monument *will Heauen my body ſpare?*
The Ayre.
And what the Epitaph *when I am gone?*
Obliuion.
Moſt miſerable I, and like me none
Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent
Nor Spade, *nor* Epitaph, *nor* Monument,
Excepting Woes, Ayre *and* Obliuion.

The end of this gaue life vnto a grone,
As if her *life* and it had beene but one;
Yet ſhe as careleſſe of reſeruing either,
If poſſible would leaue them both together.
It was the faire *Marina*, almoſt ſpent
With griefe and feare of future famiſhment.
For (hapleſſe chance) but the laſt roſie morne
The willing *Redbreſt* flying through a Thorne,
Againſt a prickle gor'd his tender ſide,
And in an inſtant ſo, poore creature, dyde.

Thetis much mou'd with thoſe ſad notes ſhe heard,
Her freeing thence to *Triton* ſoone referr'd;
Who found the Caue as ſoone as ſet on ſhore.
And by his ſtrength remouing from the doore
A weighty ſtone, brought forth the fearefull Maid,
Which kindly led where his faire *Miſtreſſe* ſtaid
Was entertain'd as well became her ſort,
And with the reſt ſteer'd on to *Thetis Court*,
For whoſe releaſe from imminent decay
My *Muſe* awhile will here keepe *Holy-day*.

The end of the Second Booke.

BRITANNIA'S

PASTORALS.

The third Booke.

HORAT.

Carmine Dij ſuperi placantur, carmine
Manes.

[The preſent text of the Third Book of *Britannia's Paſtorals* is taken from the Percy Society's edition, 1852. A few collations from Lanſdowne MS. 777 are added. The text of 1852 was collated in proof with the old MS. in the Library of Saliſbury Cathedral by Mr. J. O. Halliwell.]

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

THE FIRST SONG.[1]

THRICE had the pale fac'd *Cinthia* fill'd her hornes,
And through the circling zodiaque, which adornes
Heaven's goodly frame, the horſes of the ſun
A fourth parte of their race had fiercely run,
Since faire *Marina* lefte her gentle flocke;
Whoſe too untymely loſſe, the watchfull cock
Noe oftner gave a ſummons to the daye,
Then ſome kinde ſhepheard on the fertill ley

[1] The Argument appears to be wanting.

Tooke a ſadd ſeate, and, with a drowned eye,
Bemoan'd in heart farre more then elegie.

Heere ſitts a ſhepheard, whoſe mellifluous tongue,
On ſhaded bancks of rivers whilome ſung
Many ſweet layes to her harmonious eare;
Recounting former joyes, when ſhe liv'd there,
With preſent woes, and every pleaſure gone
Tells with a hundred teares, and, thoſe dropps done,
A thowſand ſighes enſue, and gives not o're
Untill he faints, and ſoe can ſighe noe more.
Yonder, another, on ſome ſwelling hill,
Records her ſweet prayſe to a gentle rill
Which, in requitall, takes noe little payne
To roule her ſilver ſands up to the ſwayne;
And almoſt wept that tyme would not permitt
That beautious mayde to bathe herſelfe in it;
Whoſe touch made ſtreames, and men, and plants more prowde,
Then he that claſp'd the *Juno*-ſeeming clowde.
Amongſt the reſt (that ere the ſun did ſhyne
Sought the thick groves) neglectfull *Celadyne*
Was come abroade; and underneath a tree,
Dead as his joyes, and from all moyſture free
As were the fountaynes of his lovely eyes,
With laviſh weeping, diſcontented lyes.
Now, like a prodigall, he myndes in vayne
What he hath loſt, and cannot loſe againe.
Now thinckes he on her eyes, like ſome ſadd wight,
Which newe ſtrooke blynde bemones the want of light.
Her cheekes, her lipps, to mynde he doth recall,
As one in exile cleane bereav'd of all.
Her modeſt graces, her affection more,
That wounds him moſt which onely can reſtore.
And laſtly, to his pipe (which woods nor playnes
Acquainted not, but with the ſaddeſt ſtraynes,

Yet he more ſadd then ſong or places can)
Vary'd his playntes, and thus anewe began :—

MARINA'S *gone, and nowe ſitt I,*
As Philomela (*on a thorne,*
Turn'd out of nature's livery),
Mirthles, alone, and all forlorne :
Onely ſhe ſings not, while my ſorrowes can
Breathe forth ſuch notes as fitt a dyeing ſwan.

Soe ſhutts the marigold her leaves
At the departure of the ſun ;
Soe from the hony-ſuckle ſheaves
The bee goes when the day is done ;
So ſitts the turtle when ſhe is but one,
And ſoe all woe, as I, ſince ſhe is gone.

To ſome fewe birds, kinde Nature hath
Made all the ſummer as one daye ;
Which once enjoy'd, colde winter's wrath,
As night, they ſleeping paſſe away.
Thoſe happy creatures are, that knowe not yet
The payne to be depriv'd or to forgett.

I ofte have heard men ſaye there be
Some, that with confidence profeſſe
The helpfull Art of Memorie ;
But could they teach forgetfulneſſe,
I'de learne, and try what further art coulde doe,
To make me love her and forgett her too.

Sadd melancholy, that perſwades
Men from themſelves, to thincke they be
Headleſſe, or other bodyes ſhades,
Hath long and bootles dwelt with me ;
For coulde I thincke ſhe ſome idea weare,
I ſtill might love, forgett, and have her heere.

But ſuch ſhe is not: nor would I,
For twice as many torments more,
As her bereaved companye
Hath brought to thoſe I felt before,
For then noe future tyme might hap to knowe
That ſhe deſerv'd, or I did love her ſoe.

Yee houres, then, but as minutes be!
(Though ſoe I ſhall be ſooner olde)
Till I thoſe lovely graces ſee,
Which, but in her, can none beholde;
Then be an age! that we maye never trye
More griefe in parting, but growe olde and dye.

Heere ceaſ'd the ſhepheard's ſong, but not his woe;
Griefe never ends ytſelfe. And he doth knowe
Nothing but tyme or wiſdome to allaye yt;
Tyme could not then; the other ſhould not ſtay yt.

Thus ſitts the haples ſwayne: now ſighes, now ſings:
Sings, ſighes, and weepes at once. Then from the ſprings
Of pitty beggs his pardon. Then his eye
(Wronging his oraizons) ſome place hard by
Informes his intellect, where he hath ſeen
His miſtris feed her flock, or on the green
Dance to the merry pype: this drives him thence
As one, diſtracted with the violence
Of ſome hote fever, caſts his clothes awaye,
Longs for the thing he loath'd but yeſterdaye,
And fondly thincking 'twill his fitts appeaſe,
Changeth his bedd, but keepes ſtill the diſeaſe.
Quitting the playnes to ſeeke the gloomy ſprings,
He, like a ſwan that on *Meander* ſings,
Takes congey of his mates with ling'ring haſte,
To finde ſome ſtreame where he maye ſing his laſt.

Soe haue I lefte my *Tavy's* flow'ry ſhore,
Farre-flowing *Thamiſis*, and many more
Attractive pleaſures which ſweet *England* yeelds,
Her peopled cittyes and her fertill fields,
For *Amphitrite's* playnes; thoſe hath myne eye
Chang'd for our whilome fields of *Normandy;*
For *Seyne* thoſe have I lefte; for *Loyre*, the *Seyne;*
And for the *Thoüé* changed *Loyre* againe;
Where to the nymphes of *Poictou* now I ſing
A ſtranger note (yet ſuch as ev'ry ſpring
Roules ſmiling to attend): for none of thoſe
Yet have I leſſen'd or exchang'd my woes.
Deere, deareſt iſle, from the[e] I paſſ'd awaye
But as a ſhadowe, when the eye of daye
Shynes otherwhere; for ſhe whoſe I have been,
By her declining makes me live unſeen.
Nor doe I hope that any other light
Can make me her's; the pallid queen of night
And *Venus* (or ſome erre) maye with their rayes
Force an obſerving ſhade; but none of theſe
(*Meteors* to my ſett ſun) can ever have
That powre thou hadst. Sweet ſoule, thy ſilent grave
I give my beſt verſe, if a ſhepheard's witt
Can make a dead hand capable of yt.
Chaſte were our loves, as mutuall; nor did we
Hardly dreame otherwiſe; our ſecrecye
Such as I thincke the world hath never knowne
I had a miſtris, till that I had none.
Poore *Celadyne* and I (but happyer he)
Onely in dreames meet our felicitie;
Our joyes but ſhadowes are; our conſtant woes
The daye ſhewes reall; O, unhappy thoſe,
Thrice, thrice unhappy, whoe are ever taking
Their joyes in ſleepe, but are moſt wretched waking!

Seated at laſt neere *Tavy's* ſiluer ſtreame,
Sleepe ſeiſ'd our ſhepheard; and in ſleepe a dreame

Shew'd him *Marina* all bedew'd with teares:
Pale as the lilly of the field appeares,
When the unkiſt morne from the mountaynes topps
Sees the ſweet flowres diſtill their ſilver dropps.
She ſeem'd to take him by the hand and ſaye:
O *Celadyne*, this, this is not the waye
To recompence the wrong which thou haſt done
And I have pardon'd, ſince yt was begun
To exerciſe my virtue; I am thine
More then I wiſh'd, or thou canſt now devine.
Seeke out the aged *Lama*, by whoſe ſkill
Thou mayſt our fortunes know, and what the will
Of fate is in thy future. This ſhe ſpoke,
And ſeem'd to kiſſe him, wherewith he awoke,—
And miſſing what (in thought) his ſleepe had gayn'd,
He muſ'd, ſigh'd, wept, and laſtly thus complaynde:
Vaine dreames, forbeare! yee but deceavers be,
For as in flattring glaſſes woemen ſee
More beauty then poſſeſt: ſoe I in you
Have all I can deſire, but nothing true.
Whoe would be rich, to be ſoe but an howre,
Eates a ſweet fruite to relliſhe more the ſowre.
If but to loſe againe we things poſſeſſe,
Nere to be happy is a happineſſe.
Men walking in the pitchy ſhades of night
Can keepe their certayne way; but if a light
O'retake and leave them, they are blynded more,
And doubtfull goe that went ſecure before.
For this (though hardly) I have ofte forborne
To ſee her face, faire as the roſy morne;
Yet myne owne thoughts in night ſuch traytors be,
That they betraye me to that miſery.
Then thincke noe more of her—as ſoone I maye
Commande the ſun to robbe us of a daye,
Or with a nett repell a liquidd ſtreame,
As loſe ſuch thoughts, or hinder but a dreame.

The lightſome ayre as eas'ly hinder can
A glaſſe to take the forme of any man
That ſtands before yt, as or tyme or place
Can drawe a veyle between me and her face.
Yet, by ſuch thoughts my torments hourely thrive;
For (as a priſ'ner by his perſpective)
By them I am inform'd of what I want;
I envy nowe none but the ignorant.
Hee that ne'er ſawe her (O, too happy wight)
Is one borne blynde that knowes noe want of light;
He that nere kiſt her lipps, yet ſees her eyes,
Lives, while he lives ſoe, ſtill in paradiſe;
But if he taſte thoſe ſweets as haples I,
He knowes his want, and meets his miſerye.
An *Indian* rude that never heard one ſing
A heav'nly ſonnet to a ſilver ſtring,
Nor other ſounds, but what confuſed heards
In pathles deſerts make, or brookes or birds,
Should he heare one the ſweet *Pandora* touch,
And loſe his hearing ſtreight; he would as much
Lament his knowledge as doe I my chance,
And wiſh he ſtill had liv'd in ignorance.
I am that *Indian;* and my ſoothing dreames
In thirſt have brought me but to painted ſtreames,
Which not allaye, but more increaſe deſire:
A man, neer frozen with *December's* ire,
Hath, from a heape of glowormes, as much eaſe
As I can ever have by dreames as theſe.
O leave me then! and ſtrongeſt memorie
Keepe ſtill with thoſe that promiſe-breakers be;
Goe; bidd the debter mynde his payment daye;
Or helpe the ignorant devoute to ſaye
Prayers they underſtand not; leade the blynde,
And bidd ingratefull wretches call to mynde
Their benefactors; and if vertue be
(As ſtill ſhe is) trode on by miſerie,

Shewe her the rich, that they maye free her want,
And leave to nurſe the fawning ſycophant;
Or, if thou ſee faire honor careles lye,
Without a tombe for after memorye,
Dwell by the grave, and teach all thoſe that paſſe
To ymitate, by ſheweing who yt was.
This waye, *Remembrance*, thou mayſt doe ſome good,
And have due thanckes; but he that underſtood
The throes thou bringſt on me, would ſaye I miſſe
The ſleepe of him that did the pale moone kiſſe,
And that yt were a bleſſing throwne on me,
Sometymes to have the hated lethargie.
Then, darke forgetfulnes, that onely art
The friend of lunatikes, ſeize on that part
Of memorie which hourely ſhewes her me!
Or ſuffer ſtill her waking fantaſie,
Even at the inſtant when I dreame of her,
To dreame the like of me! ſoe ſhall we erre
In pleaſures endles maze without offence,
And both connex as ſoules in innocence.

His ſorrowe this waye yet had further gone,
For now his ſoule, all in confuſion,
Diſcharg'd her paſſions on all things ſhe mett,
And (rather then on none) on counterfett.
For in her ſuff'rings ſhe will ſooner frame
Subjects fantaſticall, formes without name,
Deceave ytſelfe againſt her owne conceite,
Then want to worke on ſomwhat thought of weight.
Hence comes yt, thoſe affections which are tyde
To an inforced bedd, a worthles bride,
(Wanting a lawfull hold) our loving parte
To ſubjects of leſſe worth doth ſoone convert
Her exerciſe, which ſhould be nobly free,
Rather on doggs, or dice, then idle be.
Thus on his memory, poor ſoule, he caſt
His exclamations; and the daye had paſt

With him as ſadly as his ſighes were true,
And on this ſubject. When (as if he flewe)
Leap'd from a neere grove (as he thought) a man,
And to th' adjoyning wood as quickly ran;
This ſtayde his thoughts. And whilſt the other fledd,
He roſe, ſcarce knowing why, and followed.
It was a gentle ſwayne, on whoſe ſweet youth
Fortune had throwne her worſt, and all men's ruth;
Whoe, like a *Satyre* now, from men's aboade
The uncouth pathes of gloomy deſerts trode;
Deepe, ſullen vales, that never mercy wonne,
To have a kinde looke from the powrefull ſun;
But mantled up in ſhades as fearefull night,
Could merry hearts with awfull terror ſmyte.
Sadd nookes and dreadfull clefts of mighty rocks
That knewe noe gueſte within their careles locks,
But banefull ſerpents, hated beaſts of prey,
And fatall fowle, that from the bleſſed daye
Hidd their abhorred heads; theſe, only theſe,
Were his companyons and his cottages.
Wayfaring man, for aftertymes y-bore,
Who-ere thou be, that on the pleaſant ſhore
Of my deare *Tavy* hapſt to treade along,
When *Willy* ſings noe more his rurall ſong,
But long diſſolv'd to duſt, ſhall hardly have
A teare or verſe beſtow'd upon his grave—
Thincke on that hapleſs ladd, for all his meed,
Whoe firſt this laye tun'd to an oaten reed;
Then aſke the ſwaynes who, in the valleys deepe,
Sing layes of love and feed their harmles ſheepe,
Aſke them for *Ramſham* (late a gallant wood
Whoſe gaudye nymphes, tripping beſide the floode,
Allur'd the ſea gods from their brackiſh ſtrands
To courte the beautyes of the upper lands).
And neere to yt, halfwaye, a high-brow'd hill,
Whoſe mayden ſydes nere felt a coulter's ill,

Thou mayſt beholde, and (if thou liſt) admire
An arched cave cutt in a rock intire,
Deepe, hollowe, hideous, overgrowne with graſſe,
With thornes and bryers, and ſadd mandragoras :
Poppy and henbane therby grewe ſo thicke,
That had the earth been thrice as lunaticke
As learn'd *Copernicus* in ſport would frame her,
We there had ſleepy ſimples founde to tame her.
The entrance to yt was of brick and ſtone,
Brought from the ruyn'd towre of *Babilon.*
On either ſyde the doore a pillar ſtood,
Whereon of yore, before the generall flood,
Induſtrious *Seth* in characters did ſcore
The mathematicks ſoule-inticing lore.
Cheeke-ſwolne *Lyæus* neere one pillar ſtoode,
And from each hand a bunche, full with the blood
Of the care-killing vyne, he cruſhed out,
Like to an artificial water-ſpout ;
But of what kinde yt was, the writers vary :
Some ſay 'twas clarett, others ſweare canary.
On th' other ſyde, a ſtatue ſtrangely fram'd,
And never till *Columbus* voyage nam'd,
The genius of *America* blewe forth
A fume that hath bewitched all the north.
A noyſe of ballad makers, rymers, drinckers,
Like a madd crewe of uncontrolled tinkers,
Laye there, and druncke, and ſung, and ſuck'd, and writt
Verſe without meaſure, volumes without witt ;
Complaints and ſonnetts, vowes to yong *Cupido,*
May be in ſuch a manner as now I doe.
He that in ſome faire daye of ſommer ſees
A little comonwealth of thrifty bees
Send out a pritty colony, to thrive
Another where, from their too-peopled hyve,
And markes the yong adventurers with payne
Fly off and on, and forth, and backe againe,

Maye well conceave with how much labour theſe
Druncke, writt, and wrongd the learnde *Pierides*;
Yet tyme, as ſoone as ere their workes were done,
Threwe them and yt into oblivion.
Into this cave the forlorne ſhepheard enters,
And *Celadyn* purſues; yet ere he venters
On ſuch an obſcure place, knowing the danger
Which ofte betided there the careles ſtranger,
Moly or ſuch preſervative he takes,
And thus aſſur'd, breakes through the tangling brakes;
Searcheth each nooke to fynde the haples ſwayne,
And calls him ofte, yet ſeekes and calls in vayne.
At laſt, by glimring of ſome glowormes there,
He findes a darke hole and a wynding ſtayre;
Uncouth and hideous the deſcent appeares,
Yet (unappalld with future chance or feares)
Eſſays the firſt ſtepp, and goes boldly on;
Peeces of rotten wood on each ſide ſhone,
Which, rather then to guide his vent'rous pace,
With a more dreadfull horror fill'd the place.
Still he deſcends. And many a ſtepp doth make,
As one whoſe naked foote treads on a ſnake:
The ſtayres ſo worne, he feareth in a trice
To meet ſome deepe and deadly precipice.
Thus came he downe into a narrow vaulte,
Whoſe rocky ſides (free from the ſmalleſt faulte,
Inforc'd by age or weather) and the roofe
Stood firmely ſtrong and almoſt thunder-proofe.
'Twas long; and at the farre-off further end
A little lampe he ſpyes, as he had kend
One of the fixed ſtarres; the light was ſmall,
And diſtance made yt almoſt nought at all.
Tow'rds it he came, and (from the ſwayne which fledd)
Theſe verſes falne tooke up, went neere and read:

Liſten! yee gentle wyndes, to my ſadd mone;
And, mutt'ring brooks, attend my heavy plaints.

Yee melodiſts, which in the lowe groves ſing,
Strive with your fellowes for ſweet ſkill no more,
But wayle with me! and if my ſong yee paſſe
For drery notes, match with the nightingale.
Henceforward with the ruefull nightingale
Noe other but ſadd groves ſhall heare my mone,
And night beare witnes of my dolefull plaints.
Sweet ſongs of love let others quaintly ſing,
For fate decrees I ſhall be knowne noe more
But by my woes. All pleaſures from me paſſe,
As gliding torrents to the ocean paſſe,
Nere to come back. The all-voice nightingale
Comforts her fellowes, and makes deare her mone;
But (where I would) regardles are my plaints,
And but for eccho ſhould unanſweer'd ſing;
Can there in others be affection more
Then is in me, yet be neglected more?
Then ſuch neglect and love ſhall no man paſſe.
For voyce ſhe well may mate the nightingale,
And from her ſyrens ſong I learnt to mone;
Yet ſhe, as moſt imperfect deemes my plaints,
Though too-too long I them have us'd to ſing,
Yet to noe happyer key ſhe letts me ſing.
Shall I then change? O there are others more
(As I heare ſhepheards wayling, when I paſſe
In deſerts wilde to heare the nightingale)
Whoſe eares receive noe ſounde of any mone,
But heare their praiſes rather then our plaints.
Then ſince to flynt I ſtill addreſſe my plaints,
And my ſadd numbers to a deafe eare ſing,
My cryes ſhall beate the ſubtill ayre noe more,
But all my woes impriſon; and ſoe paſſe
The poore reſt of my dayes. Noe nightingale
Shal be diſturb'd in forreſts with my mone.
And when through inpent mone I hyde my plaints,
And what I ſhould ſing makes me live noe more,

Tell her my woes did paſſe the nightingale.

Sadd ſwayne (quoth *Celadyne*), who ere thou be,
I grieve not at my paines to followe thee;
Thou art a fitt companyon for my woe,
Which hearts ſuncke into miſery ſhould knowe.
O, if thou heare me, ſpeake; take to thy home!
Receave into this diſmall living tombe
A ſorrowe-loaden wretch! one that would dye
And treade the gloomy ſhades of deſtinye
Onely to meet a ſoule that coulde relate
A ſtorye true as his and paſſionate!
By this a ſadd and heavy ſounde began
To fill the cave. And by degrees he wan
Soe neere, he heard a well accorded lute,
Touch'd by a hand had ſtrooke the *Thracian* mute.
Had yt been heard when ſweet *Amphion's* tones
Gave motion to the dull and ſenceles ſtones;
When, at the notes his ſkillfull fingers warble,
The pibble tooke the flynte, the flynte the marble;
And rouling from the quarry juſtly fall,
And maſon-leſſe built *Cadmus* towne a wall.
Each one each other to this labour woo,
And were the workemen and materialls too.
Had this man playde when tother touch'd his lyre,
Thoſe ſtones had from the wall been ſeen retyre;
Or ſtopp'd halfe waye to heare him ſtriking thus,
Thoughe each had been a ſtone of *Siſyphus*.
Naye, the muſitian had his ſkill approv'd,
And been as raviſh'd as the rocks he mov'd.
Celadyne liſt'ned; and the arched ſkyes
Myght wiſh themſelves as many eares as eyes,
That they might teach the ſtarre-beſtudded ſpheares
A muſicke newe, and more devyne than theirs.
To theſe ſadd-ſweet ſtrings, as ere woe befriended,
This verſe was marry'd:—

Yet one dayes reſt for all my cryes! [1]
One howre amongſt ſoe many!
Springs have their ſabaoths; my poore eyes
Yet never mett with any.

He that doth but one woe miſſe,
O Death, *to make him thyne;*
I would to God *that I had his,*
Or elſe that he had myne!

By this ſadd wiſh wee two ſhould have
A fortune and a wife;
For I ſhould wedd a peacefull grave,
And he a happy lyfe.

Yet lett that man whoſe fortunes ſwym
Soe hye by my ſadd woe,
Forbeare to treade a ſtepp on him
That dy'de to make them ſoe.

Onely to acquitt my foes,
Write this where I am layne:
Heere lyes the man whome others woes
And thoſe he lov'd have ſlaine.

———Heere the muſicke ended.
But *Celadyne* leaves not his pious gueſt:
For, as an artiſt curiouſly addreſt
To ſome concluſion, having haply founde
A ſmall incouragement on his firſt grounde,
Goes cheerefull on; nor from it can be wonne,
Till he have perfected what he begun;

[1] The firſt and ſecond ſtanzas of this ſong are likewiſe in Lanſdowne MS. 777. Both texts are exactly the ſame. The remainder of the ſong is preſerved apparently in the Saliſbury Cathedral MS. alone.

Soe he purſues, and labours all he can
(Since he had heard the voice) to fynde the man.
A little dore, at laſt, he in the ſyde
Of the long ſtretched entry had deſcryde,
And coming to it with the lampe, he ſpyes
Theſe lynes upon a table writt:—

LOVE! when I mett her firſt whoſe ſlave I am,[1]
To make her myne, why had I not thy flame?
Or els thy blyndnes not to ſee that daye?
Or if I needs muſt looke on her rare parts,
Love! why to wounde her had I not thy darts,
Since I had not thy wings to fly away?

Winter was gone; and by the lovely ſpring
Each pleaſant grove a merry quire became,
Where day and night the careleſſe birds did ſing,
Love, when I mett her firſt whoſe ſlave I am.

She ſate and liſtned (for ſhe lov'd his ſtrayne
To one whoſe ſongs coulde make a tiger tame;[2]
Which made me ſighe, and crye, O happy ſwayne!
To make her myne, why had I not thy flame?

I vainely ſought my paſſion to controule:
And therefore (ſince ſhe loves the learned laye),
Homer, I ſhould have brought with me thy ſoule,
Or elſe thy blyndneſſe, nott to ſee that daye!

[1] This ſong alſo occurs, with verbal variations, in Lanſdowne MS., 777. On the whole, the readings of the copy found in the Third Book ſeem to be preferable.

[2] "She ſate & liſtned, for ſhe loves the ſtrayne
Of one whoſe ſongs would make a Tyger tame."
—*Lanſd. MS.*

Yet would I not (myne eyes) my dayes outrun
In gazing (coulde I helpe it, or the arts),
Like him that dyde with looking on the ſun;
Or if I needs muſt, looke on her rare parts!

Thoſe, ſeen of one who every herbe would try,
And what the blood of elephants imparts
To coole his flame, yet would he (forced) cry,
Love! why to wounde her had I not thy darts?

O Dedalus! the labrinth fram'd by thee
Was not ſoe intricate as where I ſtraye:
There have I loſt my deareſt libertie,
Since I had not thy wings to flye awaye.

———His eyes,
And ſtill attentive eares, doe now diſcover
Sufficient cauſe to thincke ſome haples lover
Inhabited this darke and ſullen cell,
Where none but ſhame or diſmall griefe would dwell.
As I have ſeen a fowler, by the floods
In winter tyme, or by the fleeced woods,
Steale ſoftly, and his ſtepps full often vary,
As heere and there flutters the wiſhed quarry;
Now with his heele, now with his toe he treads,
Fearing the crackling of the frozen meades;
Avoydes each rotten ſticke neere to his foote,
And creepes, and labours thus, to gett a ſhoote:
Soe *Celadyne* approaches neere the dore,
Where ſighes amaz'd him as the lute before;
Sighes fetchd ſo deepe, they ſeemd of powre to carry
A ſoule fitt for eternitye to marrye.
Had *Dido* ſtood upon her cliffs and ſeen
Ilium's *Æneas* ſtealing from a queen,
And ſpent her ſighes as powrefull as were theſe,
She had inforc'd the faire *Nereides*

To anſwere hers; thoſe had the *Nayads* wonne,
To drive his winged *Pyne* rounde with the ſun,
And long ere *Drake* (without a fearfull wrack)
Girdled the world, and brought the wandrer back.
Celadyne gently ſomewhat op'd the dore,
And by a glimmring lampe upon the floore
Deſcryde a pritty curious rocky cell;
A ſpoute of water in one corner fell
Out of the rocke upon a little wheele,
Which ſpeedy as it coulde the water feele
Did, by the helpe of other engines lent,
Sett ſoone on worke a curious inſtrument,
Whoſe ſounde was like the hollowe, heavy flute,
Joyn'de with a deepe, ſadd, ſullen, cornemute.
This had the unknowne ſhepheard ſett to playe
Such a ſoule-thrilling note, that if that day
Celadyne had not ſeen this uncouth youth
Deſcend the cave, he would have ſworne for truth
That great *Apollo*, ſlidd down from his ſpheare,
Did uſe to practiſe all his leſſons there.
Upon a couche the muſick's maſter laye;
And whilſt the handleſſe inſtrument did playe
Sadd heavy accents to his woes as deepe,
To wooe him to an everlaſting ſleepe,
Stretch'd careleſly upon his little bedd,
His eyes fixt on the floore, his carefull head
Leaning upon his palme, his voice but fainte,
Thus to the ſullen cave made his complaynte:

Fate! yet at laſt be mercifull. Have done!
Thou canſt aſke nothing but confuſion;
Take then thy fill! ſtrike till thyne edge be dull!
Thy cruelty will ſoe be pittifull.
He that at once hath loſt his hopes and feares
Lives not, but onely tarryes for more yeares!
(Much like an aged tree which moiſture lacks,

And onely ſtandeth to attend the axe.)
So have, and ſoe doe I: I truely knowe
How men are borne, and whither they ſhall goe;
I knowe that like to ſilkewormes of one yeare,
Or like a kinde and wronged lover's teare,
Or on the pathles waves a rudders dint,
Or like the little ſparkles of a flynt,
Or like to thinne rounde cakes with coſt perfum'd,
Or fireworkes, onely made to be conſum'd;
I knowe that ſuch is man, and all that truſt
In that weake peece of animated duſt.
The ſilkeworme droopes, the lovers teares ſoone ſhedd,
The ſhipps waye quickly loſt, the ſparkle dead;
The cake burnes out in haſt, the fireworke's done,
And man as ſoone as theſe as quickly gone.
Daye hath her night; millions of yeares ſhal be
Bounded at laſt by long eternitie.
The roſes have their ſpring, they have their fall,
Soe have the trees, beaſts, fowle, and ſoe have all;
The rivers run and end: ſtarres riſe and ſett;
There is a heate, a colde, a dry, a wett;
There is a heaven, a hell, an earth, a ſkye;
Or teach me ſomething newe, or lett me dye!
Deere fate, be mercifull by prayers wonne,
Teach me once what Death is, and all is done!
Thou mayſt object; there's ſomewhat elſe to learne;
O doe not bring me backe unto the querne
To grynde for honours, when I cannot tell
What will be ſayde in the next chronicle!
Lett my vnblemiſh'd name meet with a tombe
Deſervedly unſpurn'd at, and at home!
I knowe there are poſſeſſions to inheritt;
But ſince the gate is ſtopp'd up to all merritt,
Some haples ſoules, as I, doe well obſerve it,
The waye to loſe a place is to deſerve it.
I am not ignorant beſides of this,

Each man the workeman of his fortune is;
But to apply and temper well his tooles,
He followe muſt th' advice of babes and fooles:
Thoughe virtue and reward be the extreames,
Of fortunes lyne, yet there are other beames,
Some ſpriggs of bribery imp'd in the lyne;
Pandriſme or flatt'ry from the *Florentine*,
Which whoe ſoe catches, comes home crown'd with baye,
Ere he that runs the right lyne runs halfe waye.
What love and beauty is (thou know'ſt, O fate!)
I have read over; and, alas! but late;
Their woundes yet bleed, and yet noe helpe is nye;
Then teach me ſomething newe, or lett me dye!

Honors and places, riches, pleaſures be
Beyonde my ſtarre, and not ordayn'd for me;
Or ſure the waye is loſt, and thoſe we holde
For true, are counterfaits to thoſe of olde.
How ſprout they elſe ſoe ſoon, like ozyer topps,
Which one ſpring breeds and which next autumne lopps?
Why are they elſe ſoe fading: ſoe poſſeſt
With guilt and feare, they dare not ſtand the teſt?
Had virtue and true merritt been the baſis,
Whereon were rays'd their honors and hye places,
They had been ſtronger ſeated, and had ſtood
To after ages, as our antient blood,
Whoſe very names, and courages well ſteel'd,
Made up an armye, and could crowne a field.
Open the waye to merritt and to love!
That we may teach a *Cato* and a *Dove*
To heart a cauſe and weighe affection deare,
And I will thincke we live, not tarry heere.

Further his plainte had gone (if needed more),
But *Celadyne*, now widing more the dore,
Made a ſmall noyſe, which ſtartling up the man,

He ſtreight deſcryde him, and anewe began:
What ſorrowe, or what curioſitie,
Saye (if thou be a man), conducted thee
Into theſe darke and unfrequented cells,
Where nought but I and dreadfull horror dwells?
Or if thou be a ghoſt, for pitty ſaye
What powre, what chance, hath ledd thee to this way?
If ſoe thou be a man, there can nought come
From them to me, unleſſe yt be a tombe,
And that I holde already. See! I have
Sufficient too to lend a king a grave,
A bleſt one too, within theſe hollowe vaults;
Earth hydes but bodyes, but oblivion, faults.
Or if thou be a ghoſt ſent from above,
Saye, is not bleſſed virtue and faire love,
Faith and juſt gratitude, rewarded there?
Alas! I knowe they be: I knowe they weare
Crownes of ſuch glory, that their ſmalleſt ray
Can make us lend th' *Antipodes* a daye:
Nay, change our ſpheare, and need noe more the ſun
Then thoſe that have that light whence all begun.
Staye further inquiſition, quoth the ſwayne,
And knowe I am a man, and of that trayne
Which neer the weſterne rivers feed their flocks.
I need not make me knowne; for if the rocks
Can holde a ſculpture, or the powre of verſe
Preſerve a name, the laſt-borne maye reherſe
Me and my fortunes. Curioſitie
Lead me not hither: chance, in ſeeing thee,
Gave me the thread, and by it I am come
To finde a living man within a tombe.
Thy plaints I have oreheard; and lett it be
Noe wrong to them that they were heard of me.
Maye be that heavens great providence hath ledd
Me to theſe horrid caves of night and dread,
That, as in phiſicke by ſome ſignature

Nature herſelfe doth pointe us out a cure:
The liverwort is by induſtrious art
Knowne phiſicall and ſoveraigne for that part
Which it reſembles; and if we applye
The eye-bright by the like unto the eye,
Why mayſt not thou (diſconſolate) as well
From me receave a cure, ſince in me dwell
All thoſe ſadd wrongs the world hath throwne on thee;
Which wrought ſoe much on my proclivitie,
That I have entertayn'd them, and th' are growne
And ſoe incorporated, and myne owne,
That griefe, elixir like, hath turn'd me all
Into itſelfe; and therefore phiſicall?
For if in herbes there lye this miſterie,
Saye, why in other bodyes maye not we
Promiſe ourſelves the like? why ſhouldſt not thou
Expect the like from me this inſtant now?
And more, ſince heaven hath made me for thy cure
Both the phiſitian and the ſignature.
Ah! *Celadyne*, quoth he, and thinck't not ſtrange
I call thee by thy name; thoughe tymes now change
Makes thee forgett what myne is, with my voyce
I have recorded thyne: and if the choice
Of all our ſwaynes, which by the weſterne rills
Feed their white flocks and tune their oaten quills,
Were with me now, thou onely art the man
Whome I woulde chuſe for my phiſitian.
The others I would thancke and wiſhe awaye.
There needs but one ſun to bring in the daye,
Nor but one *Celadyne* to cleere my night
Of diſcontent, if any humane wight
Can reach that poſſibilitye: but know
My griefes admitt noe parallax; they goe,
Like to the fixed ſtarres, in ſuch a ſpheare,
Soe hye from meaner woes and cōmon care
That thou canſt never any diſtance take

'Twixt myne and others woes; and till thou make
And knowe a diff'rence in my ſaddeſt fate,
The cauſe, the ſtation and the ling'ring date,
From other men which are in griefe oregone
(Since it is beſt read by compariſon),
Thou never canſt attayne the leaſt degree
Of hope to worke a remedye on me.
I knowe to whome I ſpeake. On *Iſis* banckes,
And melancholy *Charwell*, neere the rancks
Of ſhading willowes, often have we layne
And heard the muſes and *Apollos* ſtrayne
In heavenly raptures, as the powres on highe
Had there been lecturers of poeſye,
And natures ſearcher, deepe philoſophy;
Yet neither theſe, nor any other art
Can yeeld a meanes to cure my wounded heart.
Staye then from loſing longer tyme on me,
And in theſe deepe caves of obſcuritie
Spend ſome fewe howres to ſee what is not knowne
Above; but on the wings of rumor blowne.
Heere is the faeries' court (if ſoe they be)
(With that he roſe); come neere, and thou ſhalt ſee
Whoe are my neighbours. And with that he leadd
(With ſuch a pace as lovers uſe to treade
Neere ſleeping parents) by the hand the ſwayne
Unto a pritty ſeate, neer which theſe twayne
By a rounde little hole had ſoone deſcryde
A trim feate roome, about a fathome wide,
As much in height, and twice as much in length,
Out of the mayne rocke cutt by artfull ſtrength.
The two-leav'd doore was of the mother pearle,
Hinged and nayl'd with golde. Full many a girle,
Of the ſweet faierye ligne, wrought in the loome
That fitted thoſe rich hangings cladd the roome.
In them was wrought the love of their great king,
His triumphs, dances, ſports, and revelling:

And learned *Spenſer*, on a little hill
Curiouſly wroughte, laye, as he tun'de his quill;
The floore could of reſpect complayne noe loſſe,
But neatly cover'd with diſcolour'd moſſe,
Woven into ſtoryes, might for ſuch a peece
Vye with the richeſt carpetts brought from *Greece*.
A little muſhrome (that was now growne thinner,
By being one tyme ſhaven for the dinner
Of one of *Spaines* grave grandis, and that daye
Out of his greatneſſe larder ſtolne awaye,
By a more nimble elfe then are their witts,
Whoe practice truth as ſeldom as their ſpitts)—
This muſhrome (on a frame of waxe y-pight,
Wherein was wrought the ſtrange and cruell fight
Betwixt the troublous comonwealth of flyes,
And the flye spider with induſtrious thighes)
Serv'd for a table; then a little elfe
(If poſſible, far leſſer then itſelfe),
Brought in the covering made of white roſe leaves,
And (wrought together with the ſpinners ſleaves)
Mett in the tables middle in right angles;
The trenchers were of little ſilver ſpangles:
The ſalt the ſmall bone of a fiſhes backe,
Whereon in little was expreſt the wracke
Of that deplored mouſe, from whence hath ſprung
That furious battle *Homer* whilome ſung,
Betwixt the frogs and mice: ſoe neately wrought
Yet coulde not worke it leſſer in a thought.
Then on the table, for their bread, was put
The milke-white kernells of the hazell nutt;
The cupboord, ſuteable to all the reſt,
Was as the table with like cov'ring dreſt.
The ewre and baſon were, as fitting well,
A perriwinckle and a cockle-ſhell:
The glaſſes pure, and thinner then we can
See from the ſea-betroth'd *Venetian*,

Were all of ice not made to overlaſt
One ſupper, and betwixt two cow-ſlipps caſt:
A prittyer faſhion hath not yet been tolde,
Soe neate the glaſſe was, and ſo feate the molde.
A little ſpruce elfe then (juſt of the ſett
Of the *French* dancer or ſuch marionett)
Cladd in a ſute of ruſh, woven like a matt,
A monkeſhood flowre then ſerving for a hatt;
Under a cloake made of the ſpiders loome:
This faiery (with them helde a luſty groome)
Brought in his bottles; neater were there none,
And every bottle was a cherryſtone.
To each a ſeed pearle ſerved for a ſcrewe,
And moſt of them were fill'd with early dewe.
Some choicer ones, as for the king moſt meet,
Held mel-dewe and the hony-ſuckles ſweet.
All things thus fitted; ſtreightways follow'd in
A caſe of ſmall muſitians, with a dynne
Of little hautboys, whereon each one ſtrives
To ſhewe his ſkill; they all were made of ſyves,
Excepting one, which pufte the players face,
And was a chibole, ſerving for the baſe.
Then came the ſervice. The firſt diſhes were
In white brothe boylde, a crammed graſhopper;
A piſmire roaſted whole; five crayfiſh eggs;
The udder of a mouſe; two hornetts leggs;
In ſteed of olyves, cleanly pickl'd ſloes;
Then of a batt were ſerv'd the petty-toes;
Three fleas in ſouſe; a criquet from the bryne;
And of a dormouſe, laſt, a luſty chyne.
Tell me, thou grandi, *Spaines* magnifico,
Could'ſt thou ere intertayne a monarch ſoe,
Without exhauſting moſt thy rents and fees,
Tolde by a hundred thowſand marvedies,
That bragging poore accompt? If we ſhould heere
Some one relate his incomes every yeare

To be five hundred thouſand farthings tolde,
Coulde yee refrayne from laughter? coulde yee holde?
Or ſee a miſer ſitting downe to dyne
On ſome poore ſpratt new ſqueeſed from the bryne,
Take out his ſpectakles, and with them eate,
To make his diſh ſeeme larger and more greate.
Or elſe to make his golde its worth ſurpaſſe,
Woulde ſee it throughe a multiplying glaſſe:
Such are there auditts; ſuch their highe eſteemes;
A *Spanyard* is ſtill leſſe then what he ſeemes:
Leſſe wiſe, leſs potent; rich, but glorious;
Prouder then any and more treacherous.
But lett us leave the bragadochio heere,
And turne to better company and cheere.
The firſt courſe thus ſerv'd in, next follow'd on
The faierye nobles, uſhering *Oberon*,
Their mighty king, a prince of ſubtill powre,
Cladd in a ſute of ſpeckled gilliflowre.
His hatt by ſome choice maſter in the trade
Was (like a helmett) of a lilly made.
His ruffe a daizie was, ſoe neately trimme,
As if of purpoſe it had growne for him.
His points were of the lady-graſſe, in ſtreakes,
And all were tagg'd, as fitt, with titmouſe beakes.
His girdle, not three tymes as broade as thinne,
Was of a little trouts ſelfe-ſpangled ſkinne.
His bootes (for he was booted at that tyde),
Were fittly made of halfe a ſquirrells hyde.
His cloake was of the velvett flowres, and lynde
With flowre-de-lices of the choiceſt kinde.
Downe ſate the king; his nobles did attend;
And after ſome repaſte he gan commend
Their hawkes and ſporte. This in a brave place flewe:
That bird too ſoone was taken from the mewe:
This came well throughe the fowle, and quick againe
Made a brave point ſtreight up upon her trayne.

Another for a driver none came nye ;
And ſuch a hawke truſs'd well the butterfly.
That was the quarry which their paſtime crownde ;
Their hawkes were wagtayles, moſt of them mew'd rounde.
Then of their courſers' ſpeed, ſure-footing pace,
Their next diſcourſe was ; as that famous race,
Ingend'red by the wynde, coulde not compare
With theirs, noe more then coulde a *Flemiſh* mare
With thoſe fleet ſteeds that are ſo quickly hurl'd,
And make but one dayes journey rounde the world.
Naye, in their praiſes, ſome one durſt to run
Soe farre to ſay, that if the glorious ſun
Should lame a horſe, he muſt come from the ſpheares
And furniſh up his teame with one of theirs.
Thoſe that did heare them vaunte their excellence
Beyonde all value with ſuch confidence,
Stoode wond'ring how ſuch little elfes as theſe
Durſt venture on ſoe greate hyperboles ;
But more upon ſuch horſes. But it ceaſt
(I mean the wonder) when each nam'd his beaſte.
My nimble ſquirrell (quoth the king), and then
Pinching his hatt is but a minutes ken.
The earth ran ſpeedy from him, and I dare
Saye, if it have a motion circular,
I coulde have run it rounde ere ſhe had done
The halfe of her circumvolution.
Her motion, lik'd with myne, ſhould almoſt be
As *Saturnes*, myne the primum mobile.
Then, looking on the faieryes moſt accounted,
I grante, quoth he, ſome others were well mounted,
And praiſe your choice ; I doe acknowledge that
Your weeſell ran well too ; ſoe did your ratt ;
And were his tayle cutt ſhorter to the faſhion,
You in his ſpeed woulde finde an alteration.
Anothers ſtoate had paſs'd the ſwifteſt teggs,

If ſomewhat ſooner he had founde his leggs;
His hare was winded well; ſoe had indeed
Anothers rabbett tolerable ſpeed.
Your catt (quoth he) would many a courſer baffle;
But ſure he reynes not halfe well in a ſnaffle.
I knowe her well; 'twas *Tybert* that begatt her,
But ſhe is flewe, and never will be fatter:
The vare was laſtly prais'd, and all the kinde,
But on their paſternes they went weake behynde.
What brave diſcourſe was this! now tell me, you
That talke of kings and ſtates, and what they doe;
Or gravely ſilent with a *Cato's* face,
Chewe ignorance untill the later grace;
Or ſuch, whoe (with diſcretion then at jarre)
Dare checke brave *Grinvill* and ſuch ſonnes of warre,
With whome they durſt as ſoone have meaſur'd ſwords,
(How ere their pens fight or wine-prompted words)
As not have lefte him all with blood beſmear'd,
Or tane an angry lion by the beard.
Forbeare that honor'd name! you, that in ſpight
Take paines to cenſure, more then he to fight,
Trample not on the dead! thoſe wrongly laye
The not-ſucceſſe, whoe ſooneſt ran awaye.
Kill not againe whome *Spaine* would have repreev'd!
Had ten of you been *Grinvills*, he had liv'd.
Were it not better that you did apply
Your meate, unlaught at of the ſtanders by?
Or (like the faierye king) talke of your horſe,
Or ſuch as you, for want of ſomething worſe.
Lett that deare name for ever ſacred be:
Cæſar had enemyes, and ſoe had he;
But *Grinvill* did that *Romans* fate tranſcend,
And fought an enemy into a friend.
Thus with ſmall things I doe compoſe the greate.
Now comes the king of faieries ſecond meate;
The firſt diſh was a ſmall ſpawn'd fiſh and fryde,

Had it been leſſer, it had not been ſpyde;
The next, a dozen larded mytes; the third,
A goodly pye fill'd with a lady-bird.
Two roaſted flyes, then of a dace the poule,
And of a millers-thumbe a mighty joule;
A butterfly which they had kill'd that daye,
A brace of ferne-webbs pickled the laſt *Maye.*
A well-fedd hornet taken from the ſouſe,
A larkes tongue dryde, to make him to carowſe.
As when a luſty ſawyer, well preparde,
His breakefaſt eaten, and his timber ſquarde,
About to rayſe up as he thincketh fitt
A good ſound tree above his ſawing pitt,
His neighbours call'd; each one a luſty heaver,
Some ſteere the rouler, others ply the leaver;
Heave heere, ſayes one; another calls, ſhove thither;
Heave, roule, and ſhove! cry all, and altogether;
Looke to your foote, ſir, and take better heed,
Cryes a by-ſtander, noe more haſt then need;
Lifte up that ende there; bring it gently on;
And now thruſt all at once, or all is gone;
Holde there a little; ſofte; now uſe your ſtrength
And with this ſtirre, the tree lyes fitt at length.
Juſt ſuch a noyſe was heard when came the laſt
Of *Oberons* ſecond meſſe. One cryde, holde faſt;
Put five more of the guard to't, of the beſt;
Looke to your footing; ſtoppe awhile and reſt;
One would have thought with ſoe much ſtrength and dyn
They ſurely would have brought *Behemoth* in,
That mighty oxe which (as the *Rabbins* ſaye)
Shall feaſte the *Jewes* upon the latter daye.
But at the laſt, with all this noyſe and cry,
Ten of the guard brought in a minowe-pye.
The mountaynes labour'd and brought forth a mouſe,
And why not in this mighty princes houſe
As any others? Well, the pye was plac'd,

And then the muſicke ſtrooke, and all things grac'd.
It was a conſort of the choiceſt ſett
That never ſtood to tune, or right a frett;
For *Nature* to this king ſuch muſike ſent,
Moſt were both players and the inſtrument.
Noe famous ſenſualiſt, what ere he be,
Whoe in the brazen leaves of hiſtorie
Hath his name regiſtred, for vaſt expence
In ſtriving how to pleaſe his hearing ſence,
Had ever harmony choſe for his eare
Soe fitt as for this king; and theſe they were.
The trebble was a three-mouth'd graſhopper,
Well tutor'd by a ſkillfull quiriſter:
An antient maſter, that did uſe to playe
The friſkins which the lambs doe dance in *Maye;*
And long tyme was the chiefeſt call'd to ſing,
When on the playnes the faieryes made a ring;
Then a field-criquett, with a note full cleare,
Sweet and unforc'd and ſoftly ſung the meane,
To whoſe accord, and with noe mickle labor,
A pritty faiery playde upon a tabor:
The caſe was of a haſell nutt, the heads
A batt's-wing dreſſ'd, the ſnares were ſilver thredds;
A little ſtiffned lamprey's ſkin did ſute
All the reſt well, and ſerv'd them for a flute;
And to all theſe a deepe well breſted gnatt,
That had good ſides, knewe well his ſharpe and flatt,
Sung a good compaſſe, making noe wry face,—
Was there as fitteſt for a chamber baſe.
Theſe choice muſitians to their merry king
Gave all the pleaſure which their art coulde bring;
At laſt he aſk'd a ſong: but ere I fall
To ſing it over in my paſtorall,
Give me ſome reſpitt; now the daye growes olde,
And 'tis full tyme that I had pitch'd my folde;
When next ſweet morning calls us from our bedds

With harmeleſſe thoughts and with untroubled heads,
Meet we in *Rowden* meadowes, where the flood
Kiſſes the banckes, and courts the ſhady wood;
A wood wherein ſome of theſe layes were dreſt,
And often ſung by *Willy* of the weſt:
Upon whoſe trees the name of *Licea* ſtands,
Licea more fleeting then my *Tavyes* ſands.
Growe olde, ye ryndes! and ſhedd awaye that name;
But O what hand ſhall wipe awaye her ſhame?
There lett us meet. And if my younger quill
Bring not ſuch raptures from the ſacred hill
With others, to whome heaven infuſed breath
When raignd our glorious deare *Elizabeth*,
(The nurſe of learning and the bleſſed arts,
The center of *Spaines* envy and our hearts),
If that the *Muſes* fayle me not, I ſhall
Perfect the little faieries feſtivall,
And charme your eares ſoe with that princes ſong,
That thoſe faire nymphes which dayly tread along
The weſterne rivers and ſurvaye the fountaynes,
And thoſe which haunte the woods, and ſky-kiſs'd mountaynes,
Shall learne and ſing it to enſuing tymes
When I am duſt. And, *Tavy*, in my rimes
Challenge a due; lett it thy glorye be,
That famous *Drake* and I were borne by thee!

THE END OF THE FIRST SONG OF
THE THIRD BOOKE.

The Second Song.

The Argument.

Goode daye to all yee merry weſterne ſwaynes,
And ev'ry gentle ſhepherdeſſe that deignes
A kinde attentive eare to what I ſing.
Come, ſitt you rounde about me in a ring;
My reed is fitted, and I meane to playe
The faieryes ſong I promis'd yeſterdaye;
And thoughe for length I have it over-run,
This was the matter, thus the elfe begun.

OF royall parents in a country rich
Were borne three daughters, with all beautyes crownde
That coulde the eyes of men or gods bewitch,
Or poets ſacred verſe did ever ſounde;
But *Natures* favour flewe a higher pitch,
When with the yongeſt ſhe enrich'd this round,
Thoughe her firſt worke for prayſe much right might holde,
Her laſt outwent yt, and ſhe broke the molde.

From countryes farre remote, wing'd with deſire,
Strangers paſs'd gladly o're a tedious waye

To ſee if fame would now be founde a lyer,
Whoe ſaid another ſun brought in the daye;
Poore men! yee come too neere to ſuch a fire,
And for a looke your lives at hazard laye.
Staye, ſtaye at home, reade of her beauty there,
And make not thoſe ſweet eyes your murderer.

The curious ſtatuaryes, painters quainte,
From their greate monarks come, from ev'ry land,
That what the cheſill coulde or penſill painte,
Might in her portraict have the ſkillfull'ſt hand;
But, ſeely men, they meet a ſadd reſtrainte,
And they themſelves as turn'd to ſtatues ſtand:
Soe many graces in her feature lurke,
They turne all eye and have noe hands to worke.

The altars of the gods ſtood nowe forlorne;
Their mirrhe and frankincenſe was kept awaye,
And faireſt *Cytherea* (that was borne
Out of the white froth of the working ſea)
Wanted her votaryes; nay, ſome in ſcorne
Durſte wante, while they the ſacrifice delaye;
This was a deity, indeed, for whome
The gods themſelves might be a hecatombe.

Divers beleev'd, whoe, raviſh'd with the ſight,
Stood gazing, as amaz'd, at her faire eyes,
That *Nature* had produc'd another light,
Newe kinde of ſtarre, and in a newer guize;
And from the earth, not from the ſea, ſhould riſe
A *Venus* worthyer to unlength the night;
And thoughe the firſt be for a goddeſſe plac'd,
This was more heavenly faire, more truely chaſte.

Hence came it *Paphos* and *Cythera* nowe,
Gnidus and *Amathus*, could ſee noe more

The ſhipps, the parent of their goddeſſe plowe,
Nor pilgrims land on their forſaken ſhore.
Noe man a guifte coulde to her ſhryne allowe,
Nor roſe nor mirtle crowne her image wore;
The bedds contemn'd, harth fireleſs and unfitt,
And mens devotions were as colde as it.

Anger and rage poſſeſt the queen of love
To ſee a fairer queen of love then ſhe;
And that a mortall with the powers above
Came in divyne rytes to a like degree;
Nay, that the raviſh'd people alwayes ſtrove
That this none other coulde then *Venus* be;
Impatient ought on earth deſerv'd her name;
Thus murmur'd ſhe, and ſcorne ſtill fedd the flame.

Have I, quoth ſhe, the moſt confus'd abiſſe,
The chaos rude unwounde, the vault of heaven
Compos'd, and ſettled all that order is?
The name of nurſing mother to me given,
And all regardleſs? muſt I, after this,
Be from my temples and myne altars driven?
And ſhe that is the ſourſe of humane things
Paye, as a vaſſall, tribute to her ſprings?

Noe; 'tis a competition too-too lowe,
To ſtand with one compos'd of elements
Which their originall to me doe owe;
Shall fading creatures proſecute intents
With us that all eternity doe knowe?
And the like victimes have and ſacred ſents?
Or ſhare with me in any rites of myne,
And mingle mortall honors with divine?

What bootes it then that men me rightly call
The daughter of the mighty thunderer?

And that I can aſcend up to my ſtall
Along the milky waye by many a ſtarre?
And where I come, the powers celeſtiall
Riſe more to mee then any goddeſſe farre?
And all thoſe contryes by bright *Phœbus* ſeen
Doe homage and acknowledge me their queen.

Shall I then leave the prize I whilome wonne
On ſtately *Ida* (for my beautyes charmes),
Given me by *Paris*, *Priams* fatall ſonne,
From ſtately *Juno* and the *Maide of Armes?*
By which old *Symois* long with blood did run.
If ſuch ambition her proude boſome warmes,
I muſt deſcend: ſhe fly to heaven, and there
Sitt in my glorious orbe, and guide my ſpheare.

Noe! this uſurping maide ſhall feele the powre
Of an incenſed deity, and ſee
Thoſe cheekes of redd and white, that living flowre,
And thoſe her limms of trueſt ſymetrie,
Want winning eloquence to ſcape the ſhowre
Of due revenge muſt fall on her from me.
She ſhall repent thoſe beautyes, and confeſſe
She had been happyer in deformednes.

She ſaid noe more: but full of ire aſcends,
Her chariott drawne by white enamour'd doves;
Her paſſion to their ſpeed more ſwiftnes lends.
And now to ſearch her ſonne (that various loves
Worketh each where) ſhe ſtudiouſly intends:
She ſought him long among th' *Elizian* groves,
But miſſing him, to earth-ward bent her reynes,
And with a ſhepheard founde him on the playnes.

It was a ſhepheard that was borne by-weſt,
And well of *Tityrus* had learnt to ſing;

Little knewe he, poore ladd, of loves unreſt,
But by his fellowe ſhepheards ſonnetting;
A ſpeculative knowledge with the beſt
He had, but never felt the golden ſting;
And to comply with thoſe his fellowe ſwaynes,
He ſung of love and never felt the paines.

The little *Cupid* lov'd him for his verſe,
Thoughe lowe and tuned to an oaten reed;
And that he might the fitter have commerce
With thoſe that ſung of love and lovers deed,
Strooke (O but had *Death* ſtrooke her to a herſe)
Thoſe woundes had not been ope which freſhly bleed—
Strooke a faire maide and made her love this ladd,
From whence his ſorrowes their beginnings had.

Long tyme ſhe lov'd: and *Cupid* did ſoe deare
Affect the ſhepheard, that he woulde not try
A golden dart to wounde him, out of feare
(That they might not be ſtrooken equally)
But turned orator, and coming there
Where this yong paſtor did his flocks apply,
He wooes him for the laſſe ſicke of his hand,
And beggs, whoe might imperiouſly command:

Shall that ſweet paradiſe neglected lye
('Twas ſoe, and had a ſerpent in it too),
Shall thoſe ſweet lipps, that pitty-begging eye
Begett noe flame, when common beautyes doe?
Thoſe breſts of ſnowe, bedds of felicitye,
Made to inforce a man of ire to woo,
Make nought for her, in whoſe ſoule-melting flaſhes
A *Salamander* might conſume to aſhes?

Pitty her ſighes, fond ſwayne! beleeve her teares;
What hearte of marble woulde not rend to ſee her

Languiſh for love? poore ſoule, her tender yeares
Have flame to feed her fire, not words to free her.
Bad orators are yonger loves and feares.
Thus *Cupid* wooes, and coulde a mortall flee her?
But *Venus* coming, *Cupid* threwe a dart
To make all ſure, and left it in his heart.

Thus to the winged archer *Venus* came,
Whoe, thoughe by *Nature* quick ynoughe inclynde
To all requeſts made by the *Cyprian* dame,
She lefte noe grace of looke or worde behynde
That might rayſe up that fire which none can tame:
Revenge, that ſweet betrayer of the mynde,
That cunning, turbulent, impatient gueſt,
Which ſleepes in blood, and but in death hath reſt.

Into her charyott ſhe him quickly takes,
And ſwifte as tyme, cutting the yeelding ayre,
Her diſcontent ſhe tells him, as ſhe makes
Towards *Pſyches* ſweet aboade a ſadd repaire.
Pſyche the lady hight that nowe awakes
Faire *Venus* furye; looke, quoth ſhe, and there
Beholde my griefe; O *Cupid*, ſhutt thyne eyne,
Or that which now is hers will ſoone be thyne.

See yonder girle, quoth ſhe, for whome my ſhryne
Is lefte neglected and of all forlorne;
Hearke how the poets court the ſacred *Nyne*
To give them raptures full and highly borne
That maye befitt a beauty ſoe divyne,
And from the threſhold of the roſy morne
To *Phœbus* weſterne inne, fill by their layes
All hearts with love of her, all tongues with praiſe.

By that maternall rightfull powre, my ſonne,
Which I have with thee, and may juſtly claime:

By thoſe golde darts which I for thee have wonne,
  By thoſe ſweet wounds they make without a mayme:
By thy kinde fire which hath ſuch wonders donne,
  And all faire eyes from whence thou takeſt ayme:
By theſe and by this kiſſe, this and this other,
Right a wronged goddeſſe and revenge thy mother.

And this waye doe it: make that glorious mayde
  Slave in affection to a wretch as rude
As ever yet deformitie arayde
  Or all the vices of the multitude.
Lett him love money! and a friend betrayde
  Proclayme with how much witt he is indude;
Lett not ſweet ſleepe but ſicknes make his bedd!
And to the grave bring home her maidenhead.

When the bleſs'd day calls others from their ſleepe,
  And birds ſweet layes rejoyce all creatures waking,
Lett her lame huſbands grones and ſighing deepe
  Affright her from that reſt which ſhe is taking!
And (ſpight of all her care) when ſhe doth weepe,
  Lett him miſtruſt her teares and faithes forſaking!
In briefe, lett her affect (thus I importune)
One wrong'd as much as *Nature* coulde or *Fortune*.

Thus ſpoke ſhe, and a winning kiſſe ſhe gave,
  A long one with a free and yeelding lipp,
Unto the God; and on the brackiſh wave
  (Leaving her ſonne aſhore) doth nimbly tripp.
Two dolphins with a charryot richly brave
  Wayted, and with her unto *Cyprus* tripp;
The little *Cupid* ſhe had lefte behinde,
And gave him ſight then when he ſhoulde be blynde.

Cupid, to worke his wyles that can applye
  Himſelfe, like *Proteus*, to what forme he liſt,

Fierce as a lyon, nimble as an eye,
As glorious as the ſun, darke as a miſte,
Hiding himſelfe within a ladyes eye,
Or in a ſilken hayres inſnaring twiſt;
And thoſe within whoſe breſts he ofte doth fall,
And feele him moſte, doe knowe him leaſte of all.

The God now us'd his powre, and him addreſt
Unto a fitting ſtand, where he might ſee
All that kinde *Nature* ever yet expreſt
Of colour, feature, or due ſymetrie:
It ſeem'd heaven was come downe to make earth bleſt.
Noe wonder then if there this god ſhould be;
Noe; wonder more which waye he can be driven,
To leave this ſight for thoſe he knewe in heaven.

Her cheekes the wonder of what eye beheld
Begott betwixt a lilly and a roſe,
In gentle riſing plaines devinely ſwell'd,
Where all the graces and the loves repoſe.
Nature in this peece all her workes excell'd,
Yet ſhewd her ſelfe imperfect in the cloſe,
For ſhe forgott (when ſhe ſoe faire did rayſe her)
To give the world a witt might duely prayſe her.

Her ſweet and ruddy lipps, full of the fyre
Which once *Prometheus* ſtole awaye from heaven,
Coulde by their kiſſes rayſe a like deſire
To that by which *Alcides* once was driven
To fifty bedds, and in one night entyre
To fifty maides the name of mother given;
But had he mett this dame firſt, all the other
Had reſted maides: ſhe fifty tymes a mother!

When that ſhe ſpoake, as at a voice from heaven
On her ſweet words all eares and hearts attended;

When that ſhe ſung, they thought the planetts ſeaven
By her ſweet voice might well their tunes have mended;
When ſhe did ſighe, all were of joye bereaven;
And when ſhe ſmyld, heaven had them all befriended.
If that her voice, ſighes, ſmiles, ſoe many thrilld,
O, had ſhe kiſs'd, how many had ſhe kill'd!

Her hayre was flaxen, ſmall, and full and long,
Wherewith the ſofte enamour'd ayre did playe,
And heere and there with pearles was quaintly ſtrung;
When they were ſpredd (like to *Apollos* raye)
They made the breſts of the *Olimpicque* throng
To feele their flames, as we the flame of daye;
And to eternize what they ſawe ſoe fayre,
They made a conſtellation of her hayre.

Her ſlender fingers (neate and worthy made
To be the ſervants to ſoe much perfection)
Joyn'd to a palme, whoſe touch woulde ſtreight invade
And bring a ſturdy heart to lowe ſubjection.
Her ſlender wriſts two diamond braceletts lade,
Made richer by ſoe ſweet a ſoules election.
O happy braceletts! but more happy he
To whom thoſe armes ſhall as a bracelett be!

Nature, when ſhe made woemens breſts, was then
In doubt of what to make them, or how ſtayned;
If that ſhe made them ſofte, ſhe knewe that men
Woulde ſeeke for reſt there, where none coulde be gayned:
If that ſhe made them ſnow-like, they agen
Woulde ſeeke for colde where loves hote flamings reigned;
She made them both, and men deceaved ſoe,
Finde wakefullnes in downe, and fyre in ſnowe.

Such were faire *Pſyches* lillyed bedds of love,
Or rather two new worlds where men would faine
Diſcover wonders by her ſtarres above,
If any guide coulde bring them back againe.
But who ſhall on thoſe azure riveretts move,
Is loſt, and wanders in an endles mayne;
Soe many graces, pleaſures, there apply them,
That man ſhould need the worlds age to deſcry them.

As when a woodman on the greeny lawnes,
Where daylie chants the ſadd-ſweet nightingale,
Woulde counte his heard, more bucks, more pricketts, fawnes
Ruſh from the copps and put him from his tale;
Or ſome wayfaring man, when morning dawnes,
Woulde tell the ſweet notes in a joyſome vale,
At ev'ry foote a newe bird lights and ſings,
And makes him leave to counte their ſonnettings.

Soe when my willing muſe would gladly dreſſe
Her ſeverall graces in immortall lines,
Plenty impoores her; ev'ry golden treſſe,
Each little dimple, every glance that ſhynes
As radyant as *Apollo*, I confeſſe
My ſkill too weake for ſoe admirde deſignes;
For whilſt one beauty I am cloſe about,
Millions doe newly riſe and put me out.

Never was mayde to varyous nature bounde
In greater bonds of thanckfullnes then ſhe,
As all eyes judg'd; nor on the maſſy round
For all perfections coulde another be
Upon whoſe any limme was to be founde
Ought, that on hers coulde vante of maſterie;
Yet thoughe all eyes had been a wiſhfull feaſte,
Whoe ſawe nought but her body ſawe her leaſte.

Bleſt was the wombe that bore ſoe faire a birth ;
  Bleſt was the birth for bleſſing of the wombe ;
Bleſt was the hand that tooke her to the earth ;
  Bleſt ev'ry ſhady arbour, every roome ;
Bleſt were the deſerts roughe where zephir ſtirr'th ;
  Bleſt ev'ry craggy rock and ruſhy coombe :
All things that held, touchd, ſawe her, ſtill confeſſed
To tymes laſt periodd they were ever bleſſed.

My faireſt *Cœlia*, when thyne eyes ſhall viewe
  Theſe, and all other lynes ere writt by me,
Wherein all beautyes are deſcrib'd, and true,
  Thincke your devoted ſhepheards fantazie,
Rapt by thoſe heavenly graces are in you,
  Had thence all matter fitt for elogie.
Your bleſt endowments are my verſes mothers,
For by your ſweetneſſe I deſcribe all others.

End of Britannia's Paſtorals.

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

Του ποίμην φόρμιγγη καὶ ὀρχηθμῷ καὶ ἀοιδη.

LONDON

Printed by *N. O.* for *George Norton*, and are to be ſold at his Shop without Temple-barre. 1614.

To the truely Vertuous,

and worthy of all Honour, the

Right Honourable EDVVARD,
Lord ZOVCH, Saint MAVRE
and CANTELVPE, and one of
his Mᵗⁱᵉˢ. moſt Honourable
Priuy Councell.

BE pleas'd (great Lord) whẽ vnderneath the ſhades
Of your delightfull *Bramſ-hill*, (where the ſpring
Her flowers for gentle blaſts with *Zephire* trades)
Once more to heare a ſilly Shepheard ſing.
Yours be the pleaſure, mine the Sonneting;
Eu'n that hath his delight; nor ſhall I need
To ſeeke applauſe amongſt the common ſtore
It is enough if this mine oaten Reed
Pleaſe but the eare it ſhould; I aſke no more:
Nor ſhall thoſe rurall notes which heretofore
Your true attention grac'd and wing'd for fame
Imperfect lye; *Obliuion* ſhall not gaine
Ought on your worth, but ſung ſhall be your name
So long as *England* yeelds or ſong or Swaine.
Free are my lines, though dreſt in lowly ſtate,
And ſcorne to flatter but the men I hate.

Your Honours.

W. BROVVNE.

Of his Friend Maiſter
William Browne.

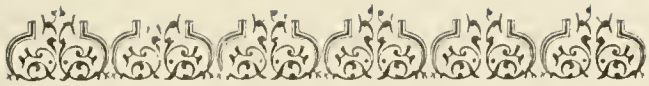
Poets borne, not made: No wonder then
Though Spencer, Sidney (*miracles of men,*
Sole Engliſh Makers, whoſe eu'n names ſo hie
Expreſſe by implication Poeſy)
Were long vnparaleld: For nature, bold
In their creation, ſpent that precious mould,
That Nobly better earth, that purer ſpirit
Which Poets, as their Birth-rights, claime t'inherite:
And in their great production Prodigall,
Careleſſe of futures, well-nye ſpent her all.
Veiwing her work: conſcious ſh'had ſuffred wracke,
Hath caus'd our Countrymen ere ſince to lacke
That better earth and forme: Long thrifty growne
Who truely might beare Poets, brought forth none:
Till now of late, ſeeing her ſtockes new full
(*By Time and Thrift*) *of matter beautifull,*
And quint-eſſence of formes; what ſeuerall
Our elder Poets graces had, thoſe all
Shee now determin'd to vnite in one;
So to ſurpaſſe her ſelfe; and call'd him Browne.
That beggard by his birth, ſhee's now ſo poore
That of true Maker[s] ſhee can make no more.
Heereof accus'd; anſwer'd, ſhee meant that hee
A ſpecies *ſhould, no* indiuiduum, *bee.*

That (Phœnix-like) *Hee in himſelfe ſhould find*
Of Poeſy contain'd each ſeuerall kind.
And from this Phœnix's *vrne, thought ſhee could take*
Whereof all following-Poets well to make.
For of ſome former ſhee had, now made knowne
They were her errours whilſt ſh'intented *Browne.*

In libellum, inſcriptionemq;.

Not Æglogues your, but Eclogues: To compare:
Virgil's *ſelected, yours elected are.*
Hee Imitates, you Make: and this your creature
Expreſſeth well your Name, and theirs, their Nature.

E. Iohnson
Int. Temp.



To his better beloued, then

knowne friend, Mr. Brovvne.

SVch is the fate of ſome (*write*) *now a daies*
Thinking to win and weare, they breake the Bayes,
As a ſlow Foote-man ſtriuing neere to come
A ſwifter that before him farre doth runne,
Puft with the hope of Honours gole to winne
Runnes out of Breath yet furtheſt of from him.
So do our moſt of Poets *whoſe Muſe flies*
About for honour, catch poore Butterflies.
But thou, faire freind, not rankt ſhall be 'mongſt thoſe
That makes a Mountaine where a Mole-hill growes;
Thou whoſe ſweete ſinging Pen ſuch layes hath writ
That in an old way teacheth vs new wit:
Thou that wert borne and bred to bee the man
To turne Apollos *glory into* Pan,
And when thou liſts of Shepheards leaue to write,
To great Apollo *adde againe his light*
For neuer yet like Shepheards forth haue come
Whoſe Pipes ſo ſweetely play as thine haue done.
Faire Muſe of Browne, *whoſe beauty is as pure*
As women Browne that faire and long'ſt endure,
Still may'ſt thou as thou doſt a louer moue,
And as thou doſt each mouer may thee loue,
Whilſt I my ſelfe in loue with thee muſt fall,
Brownes *Muſe the faire Browne woman ſtill will call.*

Iohn Onley.
Int. Temp.

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The firſt Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Roget *and* Willy *both ymet,*
Vpon a greeny Ley,
With Rondelayes and Tales are ſet.
To ſpend the length of day.

WILLIE. ROGET.

Willie.

ROGET, droope not, ſee the ſpring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on euery Tree
Greete this morne with melody:
Hearke, how yonder Thruſtle chants it,
And her mate as proudly vants it;

See how euery ſtreame is dreſt
By her Margine with the beſt
Of *Flora's* gifts, ſhe ſeemes glad
For ſuch Brookes ſuch flowres ſhe had.
All the trees are quaintly tyred
With greene buds, of all deſired;
And the Hauthorne euery day
Spreads ſome little ſhew of May:
See the Prim-roſe ſweetely ſet
By the much-lou'd Violet
All the Bankes doe ſweetly couer,
As they would inuite a Louer
With his Laſſe to ſee their dreſſing
And to grace them by their preſſing:
Yet in all this merry tyde
When all cares are laid aſide,
Roget ſits as if his bloud
Had not felt the quickning good
Of the Sun, nor cares to play,
Or with ſongs to paſſe the day
As he wont: Fye, *Roget*, flye,
Raiſe thy head, and merrily
Tune vs ſomewhat to thy reed:
See our Flockes do freely feed,
Heere we may together ſit,
And for Muſicke very fit
Is this place; from yonder wood
Comes an Eccho ſhrill and good,
Twice full perfectly it will
Anſwere to thine Oaten quill.
Roget, droope not then, but ſing
Some kind welcome to the Spring.

Roget.

AH *Willie*, *Willy*, why ſhould I
Sound my notes of iollity?

Since no ſooner can I play
Any pleaſing Roundelay,
But ſome one or other ſtill
'Gins to deſcant on my Quill;
And will ſay, by this he me
Meaneth in his Minſtralſie.
If I chance to name an Aſſe
In my ſong, it comes to paſſe,
One or other ſure will take it
As his proper name, and make it
Fit to tell his nature too.
Thus what e're I chance to do
Happens to my loſſe, and brings
To my name the venom'd ſtings
Of ill report: How ſhould I
Sound then notes of iollity?

Willie.

TIs true indeed, we ſay all
Rub a gal'd horſe on the gall,
Kicke he wil, ſtorme and bite,
But the horſe of ſounder plight
Gently feeles his Maiſters hand.
In the water thruſt a brand
Kindled in the fire, 'twill hiſſe,
When a ſticke that taken is
From the Hedge, in water thruſt,
Neuer rokes as would the firſt,
But endures the waters touch:
Roget, ſo it fares with ſuch
Whoſe owne guilt hath them enflam'd,
Rage when e're their vice is blam'd.
But who in himſelfe is free
From all ſpots, as Lillies be,
Neuer ſtirres, do what thou can.
If thou ſlander ſuch a man

Yet he's quiet, for he knowes
With him no ſuch vices cloſe.
Onely he that is indeed
Spotted with the leprous ſeed
Of corrupted thoughts, and hath
An vlcerous ſoule in the path
Of reproofe, he ſtraight will brall
If you rub him on the gall.
But in vaine then ſhall I keepe
Theſe my harmleſſe flocke of ſheepe.
And though all the day I tend them,
And from Wolues & Foxes ſhend them.
Wicked Swaines that beare mee ſpight,
In the gloomy vaile of night,
Of my fold will draw the pegges,
Or elſe breake my Lambkins legges:
Or vnhang my Weathers bell,
Or bring bryers from the dell,
And them in my fold by peeces
Caſt, to tangle all their fleeces.
Welladay! ſuch churliſh Swaynes
Now and then lurke on our plaines:
That I feare a time ere long
Shall not heare a Sheepheards ſong,
Nor a Swayne ſhall take in taſke
Any wrong, nor once vnmaſke
Such as do with vices rife
Soyle the Sheepheards happy life:
Except he meanes his Sheepe ſhall bee
A prey to all their iniury.
This cauſeth mee I do no more
Chant ſo as I wont of yore:
Since in vaine then ſhould I keepe
Theſe my harmleſſe flocke of Sheepe.

Willie.

YEt if ſuch thou wilt not ſing,
Make the Woods and Vallies ring
With ſome other kind of lore,
Roget hath enough in ſtore,
Sing of loue, or tell ſome tale,
Praiſe the flowers, the Hils, the Vale:
Let vs not heere idle be;
Next day I will ſing to thee.
Hearke on knap of yonder Hill
Some ſweet Sheepheard tunes his quill;
And the Maidens in a round
Sit (to heare him) on the ground.
And if thou begin, ſhall wee
Grac'd be with like company.
And to gird thy Temples bring
Garlands for ſuch fingering.
Then raiſe thee *Roget*—

Roget.

Gentle Swaine
Whom I honour for thy ſtraine,
Though it would beſeeme me more
To attend thee and thy lore:
Yet leaſt thou might'ſt find in me
A neglect of courteſie,
I will ſing what I did leere
Long agon in Ianiueere
Of a ſkilfull aged Sire,
As we toſted by the fire.

Willy.

SIng it out, it needs muſt be
Very good what comes from thee.

Roget.

WHilome an Emperour prudent and wiſe,
Raigned in Rome, and had ſonnes three
Which he had in great chiertee & great priſe,
And when it ſhop ſo, that th'infirmitee
Of death, which no wight may eſchew or flee,
Him threw downe in his bed, hee let do call
His ſonnes, and before him they came all.

And to the firſt he ſaid in this maneere,
All th'eritage which at the dying
Of my fadir, he me left, all in feere
Leaue I thee: And all that of my buying
Was with my peny, all my purchaſing,
My ſecond ſonne bequeath I to thee,
And to the third ſonne thus ſaid hee:

Vnmoueable good right none withouten oath
Thee giue I may; but I to thee deuiſe
Iewels three, a Ring, a Brooch and a Cloth:
With which, and thou bee guied as the wiſe,
Thou maiſt get all that ought thee ſuffice;
Who ſo that the Ring vſeth ſtill to weare
Of all folkes the loue hee ſhall conquere.

And who ſo the Broch beareth on his breaſt,
It is eke of ſuch vertue and ſuch kind,
That thinke vpon what thing him liketh beſt,
And he as bliue ſhall it haue and finde.
My words, ſonne, imprint well in mind:
The Cloth eke hath a meruailous nature,
Which that ſhall be committed to thy cure.

Who ſo ſit on it, if he wiſh where
In all the world to beene, he ſuddenly
Without more labour ſhall be there.

Sonne, thoſe three Iewels bequeath I
To thee, vnto this effect certainely
That to ſtudy of the Vniuerſitee
Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee.

When he had thus ſaid, the vexation
Of death ſo haſted him, that his ſpirit
Anon forſooke his habitation
In his body: death would no reſpyte
Him yeue at all: he was of his life quitte.
And buried was with ſuch ſolemnity,
As fell to his Imperiall dignity.

Of the yongeſt ſonne I tell ſhall,
And ſpeake no more of his brethren two,
For with them haue I not to do at all.
Thus ſpake the mother *Ionathas* vnto:
Sin God hath his will of thy father do,
To thy fathers Will, would I me conforme,
And truly all his Teſtament performe.

He three Iewels, as thou knoweſt well:
A Ring, a Brooch, and a Cloth thee bequeath,
Whoſe vertues he thee told euery deal,
Or that he paſt hence and yalde vp the breath:
O good God, his departing, his death
Full grieuouſly ſticketh vnto mine heart,
But ſuffered mot been, all how ſore it ſmart.

In that caſe women haue ſuch heauineſſe,
That it not lyeth in my cunning aright
You tell of ſo great ſorrow the exceſſe;
But wiſe women can take it light,
And in ſhort while put vnto the flight
All ſorrow & woe, and catch againe comfort:
Now to my tale make I my reſort.

Thy fathers will, my ſonne, as I ſaid ere,
Will I performe; haue heere the ring and go
To ſtudy anon, and when that thou art there,
As thy father thee bade, do euen ſo,
And as thou wilt my bleſſing haue alſo.
Shee vnto him as ſwythe tooke the Ring
And bad him keepe it well for any thing.

Hee went vnto the ſtudy generall
Where he gat loue enough, and acquaintance
Right good and friendly, the ring cauſing all,
And on a day to him befell this chance
With a woman, a morſell of pleaſance,
By the ſtreetes of the Vniuerſity
As he was in his walking, met he.

And right as bliue he had with her a tale,
And therewithall ſore in her loue he brent;
Gay, freſh and piked was ſhe to the ſale,
For to that end and to that intent
She thither came, and both forth they went,
And he a piſtle rowned in her eare,
Nat wot I what, for I ne came nat there.

She was his Paramour, ſhortly to ſey:
This man to folkes all was ſo leefe,
That they him gaue aboundance of money,
He feaſted folke, and ſtood at high boncheefe:
Of the lacke of good hee felt no griefe,
All whiles the ring he with him had;
But fayling it his friendſhip gan ſad.

His Paramour, which that ycalled was
Fellicula, maruailed right greatly
Of the diſpences of this *Ionathas*,
Sin ſhe no peny at all with him ſy,

And on a night as there ſhe lay him by
In the bed, thus ſhe to him ſpake and ſaid,
And this petition aſſoile him praid:

O reuerent ſir, vnto whom, quoth ſhe,
Obey I would ay with hearts humbleneſſe,
Since that ye han had my virginitie,
You I beſeech of your high gentleneſſe,
Tellith me whence comth the good and richeſſe
That yee with feaſten folke, and han no ſtore,
By ought I ſee can, ne gold, ne treſore.

If I tell it, quoth he, par auenture
Thou wilt diſcouer it, and out it publiſh;
Such is womans inconſtant nature,
They cannot keep Councell worth a riſh:
Better is my tongue keepe than to wiſh
That I had kept cloſe that is gone at large,
And repentance is thing that I mote charge.

Nay, good ſir, quoth ſhe, holdeth me not ſuſpect,
Doubteth nothing, I can be right ſecree,
Well worthy were it me to been abiect
From all good company, if I, quoth ſhe,
Vnto you ſhould ſo miſtake me.
Be not adread your councell me to ſhew.
Well, ſaid he, thus it is at words few:

My father the ring, which that thou maiſt ſee
On my finger, me at his dying day
Bequeath'd, which this vertue and propertee
Hath, that the loue of men he ſhall haue aye
That weareth it, and there ſhall be no nay
Of what thing that him liketh aſke and craue,
But with good will he ſhall as bliue it haue.

Through the rings vertuous excellence
Thus am I rich, and haue euer ynow.
Now, Sir, yet a word by your licence
Suffreth me to ſay, and to ſpeake now:
Is it wiſedome, as that it ſeemeth you,
Weare it on your finger continually?
What woldſt thou meane, quoth he, therby?

What perill thereof might there befall?
Right great, quoth ſhe, as yee in company
Walke often, fro your finger might it fall,
Or plucked off been in a ragery
And ſo be loſt, and that were folly:
Take it me, let me been of it wardeine,
For as my life keepe it would I certeine.

This *Ionathas*, this innocent yong man,
Giuing vnto her words full credence,
As youth not auiſed beſt be can:
The Ring her tooke of his inſipience.
When this was done, the heat & the feruence
Of loue which he beforne had purchaſed,
Was quench'd, and loues knot was vnlaced.

Men of their gifts to ſtint began.
Ah, thought he, for the ring I not ne beare,
Faileth my loue; fetch me, woman
(Said he) my Ring, anon I will it weare.
She roſe, and into chamber dreſſeth her,
And when ſhe therein had been a while,
Alaſſe (quoth ſhe), out on falſhood and gyle,

The cheſt is broken, and the Ring take out.
And when he heard her complaint and cry,
He was aſtonied ſore, and made a ſhout,
And ſaid: Curſed be the day that I

Thee met firſt, or with mine eyne ſy.
She wept and ſhewed outward cheere of wo,
But in her heart was it nothing ſo.

The ring was ſafe enough, and in her Cheſt
It was; all that ſhe ſaid was leaſing,
As ſome woman other while at beſt
Can lye and weepe when is her liking.
This man ſaw her woe, and ſayd: Dearling,
Weep no more, Gods helpe is nye,
To him vnwiſte how falſe ſhe was and flye.

He twyned thence, and home to his countree
Vnto his mother the ſtreight way he went,
And when ſhe ſaw thither comen was he,
My ſonne, quoth ſhe, what was thine intent
Thee fro the ſchoole now to abſent?
What cauſed thee fro ſchoole hither to hye?
Mother, right this, ſaid he, nat would I lye.

Forſooth, mother, my ring is a goe,
My Paramour to keepe I betooke it,
And it is loſt, for which I am full woe,
Sorrowfully vnto mine heart it ſit.
Sonne, often haue I warned thee, and yet
For thy profit I warne thee, my ſonne,
Vnhoneſt women thou hereafter ſhunne.

Thy brooch anon right woll I to thee fet,
She brought it him, and charged him full deep
When he it tooke, and on his breaſt it ſet,
Bet than his ring he ſhould it keepe,
Leſt he the loſſe bewaile ſhould and weepe.
To the vniuerſity, ſhortly to ſeyne,
In what he could, he haſted him ageine.

And when he comen was, his Paramour
Him met anon, and vnto her him tooke,
As that he did erſt, this yong reuelour;
Her company he nat a deale forſooke,
Though he cauſe had, but as with the hooke
Of her ſleight he beforne was caught and hent,
Right ſo he was deceiued oft and blent.

And as through vertue of the Ring before
Of good he had abundance and plentee,
While it was with him, or he had it lore:
Right ſo through vertue of the brooch had hee
What good him liſt; ſhe thought, how may this be?
Some priuy thing now cauſeth this richeſſe,
As did the Ring herebefore, I geſſe.

Wondring hereon ſhe praid him, and beſought
Beſily night and day, that tell he would
The cauſe of this; but he another thought:
He meant it cloſe for him it kept be ſhould,
And a long time it was or he it told.
She wept aye too and too, and ſaid: alaſſe,
The time and houre that euer I borne was!

Truſt ye not on me, Sir? ſhe ſeid,
Leuer me were be ſlaine in this place
By that good Lord that for vs all deid,
Then purpoſe againe you any fallace;
Vnto you would I be my liues ſpace
As true as any woman in earth is
Vnto a man; doubteth nothing of this.

Small may ſhe doe, that cannot well byheet,
Though not performed be ſuch a promeſſe.
This *Ionathas* thought her words ſo ſweet,
That he was drunke of the pleaſant ſweetneſſe

Of them, and of his fooliſh tenderneſſe.
Thus vnto her he ſpake and ſaid tho:
Be of good comfort, why weepeſt thou ſo?

And ſhe thereto anſwered thus ſobbing:
Sir, quoth ſhe, my heauineſſe and dreed
Is this; I am adread of the leeſing
Of your brooch, as Almighty God forbeed
It happen ſo. Now what ſo God thee ſpeed,
Said he, wouldeſt thou in this caſe counſaile?
Quoth ſhe, that I keep it might ſans faile.

He ſaid: I haue a feare and dread algate,
If I ſo did thou wouldſt it leeſe
As thou loſteſt my ring, now gon but late.
Firſt God pray I, quoth ſhe, that I not cheeſe,
But that my heart as the cold froſt may freeze,
Or elſe be it brent with wild fire:
Nay, ſurely it to keepe is my deſire.

To her words credence he gaue pleneere,
And the brooch tooke her, and after anone,
Whereas he was beforne full leefe and cheere
To folke, and had good, all was gone.
Good & frendſhip him lacked, there was none.
Woman, me fetch the brooch, quoth he; ſwythee
Into thy chamber for it goe; hye thee.

She into chamber went, as then he bad,
But ſhe not brought that he ſent her fore;
She meant it nat; but as ſhe had be mad
Her clothes hath ſhe all to rent and tore,
And cryd, alaſſe, the brooch away is bore.
For which I wole anon right with my knife
My ſelfe ſlay: I am weary of my life.

This noice he heard, and bliue he to her ran,
Weening ſhe would han done as ſhe ſpake,
And the knife in all haſte that he can
From her tooke, and threw it behind his back,
And ſaid: ne for the loſſe, ne for the lacke
Of the brooch, ſorrow not, I forgiue all,
I truſt in God, that yet vs helpe he ſhall.

To th'Empereſſe his mother this yong man
Againe him dreſſeth: he went her vnto,
And when ſhe ſaw him, ſhe to wonder gan;
She thought, now ſomewhat there is miſdoe,
And ſaid, I dread thy Iewels two
Been loſt now, percaſe the brooch with the ring.
Mother, he ſaid, yea, by heauen King.

Sonne, thou wotſt well no iewell is left
Vnto thee now, but the cloath pretious
Which I thee take ſhall, thee charging eft
The company of women riotous
Thou flee, leaſt it be to thee ſo grieuous
That thou it nat ſuſtaine ſhalt ne beare;
Such company on my bleſſing forbeare.

The cloth ſhe fet, and it hath him take,
And of his Lady his mother his leaue
He tooke; but firſt this forward gan he make:
Mother, ſaid he, truſteth this weel and leeue,
That I ſhall ſeyn, for ſooth ye ſhall it preeue,
If I leeſe this cloth, neuer I your face
Henceforth ſee wole, ne you pray of grace.

With Gods helpe I ſhall do well ynow.
Her bleſſing he tooke, and to ſtudy is go,
And as beforne told haue I vnto you,
His Paramour his priuy mortall foe

Was wont to meet him, right euen ſo
She did than, & made him pleaſant cheere.
They clip and kiſſe and walke homeward in feere.

When they were entred in the houſe, he ſprad
This cloth vpon the ground, and thereon ſit,
And bad his Paramour, this woman bad,
To ſit alſo by him adowne on it.
She doth as he commandeth and bit;
Had ſhe this thought and vertue of the cloth
Wiſt, to han ſet on it had ſhe been loth.

She for a while was full ſore affeſed.
This *Ionathas* wiſh in his heart gan:
Would God that I might thus been eaſed,
That as on this cloth I and this woman
Sit heare, as farre were, as that neuer man
Or this came: & vnneth had he ſo thought,
But they with the cloth thither weren brought.

Right to the worlds end, as that it were.
When apparceiued had ſhe this, ſhe cry'd
As thogh ſhe through girt had be with a ſpere.
Harrow! alaſſe! that euer ſhope this tide!
How came we hither? Nay, he ſaid, abide,
Worſe is coming; here ſole wole I thee leaue,
Wild beaſts ſhallen thee deuoure or eaue.

For thou my *Ring* & *Brooch* haſt fro me holden.
O reuerent Sir! haue vpon me pittee,
Quoth ſhe, if yee this grace do me wolden,
As bring me home againe to the Cittee
Where as I this day was, but if that yee
Them haue againe, of foule death do me dye:
Your bountee on me kythe, I mercy cry,

This *Ionathas* could nothing beware,
Ne take enſample of the deceites tweine
That ſhe did him beforne, but feith him bare,
And her he commanded on deaths peine
Fro ſuch offences thenceforth her reſtreine.
She ſwore, and made thereto foreward;
But herkneth how ſhe bore her afterward.

Whan ſhe ſaw and knew that the wrath and ire
That he to her had borne, was gone and paſt,
And all was well: ſhe thought him eft to fire,
In her malice aye ſtood ſhe ſtedfaſt,
And to enquire of him was not agaſt
In ſo ſhort time how that it might be
That they came thither out of her contree.

Such vertue hath this cloth on which we ſit,
Said he, that where in this world vs be liſt
Sodeinly with the thought ſhallen thither flit,
And how thither come vnto vs vnwiſt:
As thing fro farre vnknowne in the miſt.
And therwith to this woman fraudulent,
To ſleep, he ſaid, haue I good talent.

Let ſee, quoth he, ſtretch out anon thy lap,
In which wole I my head downe lay and reſt.
So was it done, and he anon gan nap,
Nap? nay, he ſlept right well at beſt.
What doth this woman, one the fickleſt
Of women all, but that cloth that lay
Vnder him, ſhe drew lyte and lyte away.

Whan ſhe it had all: would God, quoth ſhe,
I were as I was this day morning!
And therewith this root of iniquitee
Had her wiſh, and ſole left him there ſleeping.

O *Ionathas!* like to thy periſhing
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd;
Whan thou wakeſt, cauſe haſt thou to be ferd.

But thou ſhalt do full well; thou ſhalt obteene
Victory on her; thou haſt done ſome deed
Pleaſant to thy mother, well can I weene,
For which our Lord quite ſhall thy meed,
And thee deliuer out of thy wofull dreed.
The child whom that the mother vſeth bleſſe,
Full often ſythe is eaſed in diſtreſſe.

Whan he awoke, and neither he ne fond
Woman ne Cloth, he wept bitterly,
And ſaid, Alaſſe! now is there in no lond
Man worſe I know begon then am I
On euery ſide his looke he caſt, and ſy
Nothing but birds in the aire flying,
And wild beaſts about him renning.

Of whoſe ſight he full ſore was agryſed.
He thought, all this well deſerued I haue,
What ayled me to be ſo euill auiſed,
That my counſell could I nat keepe and ſaue?
Who can foole play? who can mad and raue?
But he that to a woman his ſecree
Diſcouereth: the ſmart cleaueth now on me.

He thus departeth as God would harmleſſe,
And forth of auenture his way is went,
But whitherward he draw, he conceitleſſe
Was, he nat knew to what place he was bent.
He paſt a water which was ſo feruent
That fleſh vpon his feet left it him none,
All cleane was departed from the bone.

It ſhope ſo that hee had a little glaſſe,
Which with that water anon filled he,
And whan he further in his way gone was,
Before him he beheld and ſaw a tree
That faire fruit bore, and in great plentee:
He eate thereof, the taſte him liked well,
But he there-through became a foule meſel.

For which vnto the ground for ſorrow and wo
He fell, and ſaid, curſed be that day
That I was borne, and time and houre alſo
That my mother conceiued me, for ay
Now am I loſt, alaſſe and well away!
And when ſome deel ſlaked his heauineſſe,
He roſe, and on his way he gan him dreſſe.

Another water before him he ſye,
Which ſore to comen in he was adrad:
But natheleſſe, ſince thereby other way
Ne about it there could none be had,
He thought, ſo ſtreitly am I beſtad,
That though it ſore me affeſe or gaſt,
Aſſoile it wole I; and through it he paſt.

And right as the firſt water his fleſh
Departed from his feet, ſo the ſecownd
Reſtored it, and made all whole and freſh:
And glad was he, and ioyfull that ſtownd,
Whan he felt his feet whole were and ſound:
A violl of the water of that brooke
He fild, and fruit of the tree with him tooke.

Forth his iourney this *Ionathas* held,
And as he his looke about him caſt,
Another tree from a farre he beheld,
To which he haſted, and him hied faſt.

Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thraſt
Into his mouth, and eate of it ſadly,
And of the lepry he purged was thereby.

Of that fruit more he raught, & thence is gone;
And a faire Caſtle from a farre ſaw he
In compaſſe of which heads many one
Of men there hung, as he might well ſee,
But not for that he ſhun would or flee;
He thither him dreſſeth the ſtreight way
In that euer that he can or may.

Walking ſo, two men came him ageine,
And ſaiden thus: deere friend, we you pray
What man be ye? Sirs, quoth he, certeine
A leech I am, and though my ſelfe it ſay,
Can for the health of ſicke folkes well puruay.
They ſaid him: of yonder caſtle the King
A leper is, and can whole be for nothing.

With him there hath bin many a ſundry leech
That vndertooke him well to cure and heale
On paine of their heads, but all to ſeech
Their Art was; 'ware that thou not with him deale,
But if thou canſt the charter of health enſeale;
Leaſt that thou leeſe thy head, as didden they,
But thou be wiſe: thou finde it ſhall no pley.

Sirs, ſaid he, you thanke I of your reed,
For gently ye han you to me quit:
But I nat dread to looſe mine heed,
By Gods helpe full ſafe keepe I will it;
God of his grace ſuch cunning and wit
Hath lent me, that I hope I ſhall him cure.
Full well dare I me put in auenture.

They to the kings preſence han him lad,
And him of the fruit of the ſecond tree
He gaue to eate, and bad him to be glad,
And ſaid: anon your health han ſhall yee;
Eke of the ſecond water him gaue he
To drinke, & whan he thoſe two had receiued,
His Lepry from him voided was and weiued.

The King (as vnto his high dignity
Conuenient was) gaue him largely,
And to him ſaid: If that it like thee,
Abiden here, I more habundantly
Thee giue wole. My Lord, ſickerly,
Quoth he, faine would I your pleaſure fulfill,
And in your high preſence abide ſtill.

But I no while may with you abide,
So mochill haue I to done elſewhere.
Ionathas euery day to the ſea ſide
Which was nye, went to look and enquere
If any ſhip drawing hither were
Which him home to his country lead might,
And on a day of ſhips had he ſight

Well a thirty toward the Caſtle draw,
And at time of Euenſong they all
Arriueden, of which he was full faw,
And to the ſhipmen cry he gan and call,
And ſaid: if it ſo hap might and fall,
That ſome of you me home to my countree
Me bring would, well quit ſhould he bee.

And told them whither that they ſhoulden go.
One of the ſhipmen forth ſtart at laſt,
And to him ſaid: my ſhip and no moe
Of them that here been, doth ſhope and caſt

Thither to wend; let ſee, tell on faſt,
Quoth the ſhipman, that thou for my trauaile
Me giue wilt, if that I thither faile.

They were accorded; *Ionathas* forth goeth
Vnto the King to aſke him licence
To twine thence, to which the king was loth,
And nathleſſe with his beneuolence,
This *Ionathas* from his magnificence
Departed is, and forth to the ſhipman
His way he taketh, as ſwyth as he can.

Into the ſhip he entreth, and as bliue
As winde and wether good ſhope to be,
Thither as he purpoſed him arriue
They ſailed forth, and came to the Cittee
In which this Serpentine woman was, ſhee
That had him terned with falſe deceitis,
But where no remedy followeth, ſtreit is.

Turnes been quit, all be they good or bad
Sometime, though they put been in delay.
But to my purpoſe: ſhe deemed he had
Been deuoured with beaſts many a day
Gone, ſhe thought he deliuered was for ay.
Folke of the Citty knew not *Ionathas*,
So many a yeare was paſt, that he there was.

Miſliking and thought changed eke his face,
Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling
In the Cittie, he hired him a place,
And therein exerciſed his cunning
Of Phyſicke, to whom weren repairing
Many a ſicke wight, and all were healed,
Well was the ſick man that with him dealed.

Now ſhope it thus that this *Fellicula*,
(The well of deceiuable doubleneſſe,

Follower of the ſteps of *Dallida*)
Was than exalted vnto high richeſſe,
But ſhe was fallen into great ſickneſſe
And heard ſeine, for not might it been hid
How maſterfull a leech he had him kid.

Meſſages ſolemne to him ſhe ſent,
Praying him to do ſo mochill labour
As come and ſee her; and he thither went.
Whan he her ſaw, that ſhe his Paramour
Had been he well knew, and for that dettour
To her he was, her he thought to quite
Or he went, and no longer it reſpite.

But what that he was, ſhe ne wiſt nat:
He ſaw her vrine, and eke felt her pous,
And ſaid, the ſooth is this plaine and flat,
A ſickneſſe han yee ſtrange and meruailous,
Which to auoid is wonder dangerous:
To heale you there is no way but one,
Leech in this world other can finde none.

Auiſeth you whether you liſt it take
Or not, for I told haue you my wit.
Ah ſir, ſaid ſhe, for Gods ſake,
That way me ſhew, and I ſhall follow it,
What euer it be: for this ſickneſſe ſit
So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how
Me to demene: tell on, I pray yow.

Lady, yee muſt openly you confeſſe,
And if againſt good conſcience and right,
Any good han ye take more or leſſe,
Beforne this houre, of any manner wight,
Yeeld it anon; elſe not in the might
Of man is it, to giue a medicine
That you may heale of your ſicknes & pine.

If any ſuch thing be, tell out thy reed,
And yee ſhall been all whole I you beheet;
Elſe mine Art is naught, withouten dreed.
O Lord, ſhe thought, health is a thing ful ſweet:
Therewith deſire I ſouerainly to meet:
Since I it by confeſſion may recouer,
A foole am I but I my guilt diſcouer.

How falſely to the ſonne of th'Emperour
Ionathas, had ſhe done, before them all
As yee han heard aboue, all that errour
By knew ſhe; ô *Fellicula* thee call
Well may I ſo, for of the bitter gall
Thou takeſt the beginning of thy name,
Thou root of malice and mirrour of ſhame.

Than ſaid *Ionathas:* where are thoſe three
Iewels, that thee fro the Clerke with-drew?
Sir, in a Coffer at my beds feet yee
Shall finde them; open it, and ſo pray I you.
He thought not to make it queint and tow,
And ſay nay, and ſtreine courteſie,
But with right good will thither he gan hye.

The Coffer he opened, and them there fond.
Who was a glad man but *Ionathas?* who
The ring vpon a finger of his hond
He put, and the brooch on his breaſt alſo,
The cloth eke vnder his arme held he tho;
And to her him dreſſeth to done his cure.
Cure mortall, way to her ſepulture.

He thought rue ſhe ſhould, and fore-thinke
That ſhe her had vnto him mis bore.
And of that water her he gaue to drinke,
Which that his fleſh from his bones before

Had twined, wherethrough he was almoſt lore,
Nad he relieued been, as ye aboue
Han heard, and this he did eke for her loue.

Of the fruit of the tree he gaue her ete,
Which that him made into the Leper ſtert,
And as bliue in her wombe gan they fret
And gnaw ſo, that change gan her hert,
Now harkneth how it her made ſmert.
Her wombe opened, & out fell each intraile
That in her was, thus it is ſaid, ſans faile.

Thus wretchedly (lo) this guile-man dyde,
And *Ionathas* with iewels three
No lenger there thought to abide,
But home to the Empreſſe his mother haſteth he,
Whereas in ioy and in proſperitee
His life led he to his dying day,
And ſo God vs grant that we doe may.

Willy.

By my hooke this is a Tale
Would befit our Whitſon-ale:
Better cannot be, I wiſt,
Deſcant on it he that liſt.
And full gladly giue I wold
The beſt Coſſet in my fold
And a Mazor for a fee,
If this ſong thou'lt teachen me.
Tis ſo quaint and fine a lay,
That vpon our reuell day
If I ſung it, I might chance
(For my paines) be tooke to dance
With our Lady of the May.

Roget.

Roget will not ſay thee nay,
If thou deem'ſt it worth thy paines.
Tis a ſong, not many Swaines

Singen can, and though it be
Not ſo deckt with nycetee
Of ſweet words full neatly chuſed
As are now by Shepheards vſed:
Yet if well you ſound the ſence,
And the Morals excellence,
You ſhall finde it quit the while,
And excuſe the homely ſtile.
Well I wot, the man that firſt
Sung this Lay, did quench his thirſt,
Deeply as did euer one
In the Muſes *Helicon*.
Many times he hath been ſeen
With the Fairies on the greene,
And to them his Pipe did ſound,
Whilſt they danced in a round.
Mickle ſolace would they make him,
And at mid-night often wake him,
And convey him from his roome
To a field of yellow broome;
Or into the Medowes where
Mints perfume the gentle Aire,
And where *Flora* ſpends her treaſure:
There they would begin their meaſure.
If it chanc'd nights ſable ſhrowds
Muffled *Cinthia* vp in clowds,
Safely home they then would ſee him,
And from brakes and quagmires free him.
There are few ſuch ſwaines as he
Now adayes for harmony.

Willie.

What was he thou praiſeſt thus?

Roget.

Scholler vnto *Tityrus*:
Tityrus the braueſt Swaine

Euer liued on the plaine,
Taught him how to feed his Lambes,
How to cure them, and their Dams:
How to pitch the fold, and then
How he ſhould remoue agen:
Taught him when the Corne was ripe,
How to make an Oaten Pipe,
How to ioyne them, how to cut them,
When to open, when to ſhut them,
And with all the ſkill he had
Did inſtruct this willing lad.

Willie.

Happy ſurely was that Swaine!
And he was not taught in vaine:
Many a one that prouder is,
Han not ſuch a ſong as this,
And haue garlands for their meed,
That but iarre as *Skeltons* reed.

Roget.

Tis too true: But ſee the Sunne
Hath his iourney fully run;
And his horſes all in ſweate
In the Ocean coole their heate;
Seuer we our ſheepe and fold them,
T'will be night ere we haue told them.

THOMAS OCCLEEVE, *one of the priuy Seale, compoſed firſt this tale, and was neuer till now imprinted. As this ſhall pleaſe, I may be drawne to publiſh the reſt of his workes, being all perfect in my hands. Hee wrote in* CHAVCERS *time.*

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The ſecond Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Two Shepheards here complaine the wrong
Done by a ſwiniſh Lout,
That brings his Hogges their Sheepe among,
And ſpoyles the Plaine throughout.

WILLIE. IOCKIE.

Willie.

IOCKIE, ſay: what might he be
That ſits on yonder hill?
And tooteth out his notes of glee
So vncouth and ſo ſhril?

Iockie.

Notes of glee? bad ones I trow,
I haue not heard beforne

One ſo miſtooke as *Willie* now,
Tis ſome Sow-gelders horne.
And well thou aſken mightſt if I
Do know him, or from whence
He comes, that to his Minſtralſie
Requires ſuch patience.
He is a Swinward, but I thinke
No Swinward of the beſt.
For much he reketh of his ſwinke,
And carketh for his reſt.

Willie.

Harme take the Swine! What makes he heere?
What luckleſſe planets frownes
Haue drawne him and his Hogges in feere
To root our daiſied downes.
Ill mote hee thriue! and may his Hogges
And all that ere they breed
Be euer worried by our Dogges,
For ſo preſumptuous deed.
Why kept hee not among the Fennes,
Or in the Copſes by,
Or in the Woods and braky glennes,
Where Hawes and Acornes lye?
About the Ditches of the Towne,
Or Hedge-rowes hee might bring them.

Iockie.

But then ſome pence 'twould coſt the Clowne
To yoke and eke to ring them;
And well I weene he loues no coſt
But what is for his backe:
To goe full gay him pleaſeth moſt,
And lets his belly lacke.
Two ſutes he hath, the one of blew,
The other home-ſpun gray:

And yet he meanes to make a new
Againſt next reuell day;
And though our May-lord at the feaſt
Seem'd very trimly clad,
In cloth by his owne mother dreſt,
Yet comes not neere this lad.
His bonnet neatly on his head,
With button on the top,
His ſhooes with ſtrings of leather red,
And ſtocking to his ſlop.
And yet for all it comes to paſſe,
He not our gybing ſcapes:
Some like him to a trimmed Aſſe,
And ſome to Iacke-an-Apes.

Willie.

It ſeemeth then by what is ſaid,
That *Iockie* knowes the Boore;
I would my ſcrip and hooke haue laid
Thou knewſt him not before.

Iockie.

Sike lothed chance by fortune fell
(If fortune ought can doe):
Not kend nim? Yes. I ken him well
And ſometime paid for't too.

Willie.

Would *Iockie* euer ſtoope ſo low,
As coniſſance to take
Of ſike a Churle? Full well I know
No Nymph of ſpring or lake,
No Heardeſſe, nor no ſhepheards gerle
But faine would ſit by thee,
And Sea-nymphs offer ſhells of perle
For thy ſweet melodie.

The Satyrs bring thee from the woods
The Straw-berrie for hire,
And all the firſt fruites of the budds
To wooe thee to their quire.
Siluanus ſongſters learne thy ſtraine,
For by a neighbour ſpring
The Nightingale records againe
What thou doſt primely ſing.
Nor canſt thou tune a Madrigall,
Or any drery mone,
But Nymphs, or Swaines, or Birds, or all
Permit thee not alone.
And yet (as though deuoid of theſe)
Canſt thou ſo low decline,
As leaue the louely *Naides*
For one that keepeth Swine?
But how befell it?

Iockie.

Tother day
As to the field I ſet me,
Neere to the May-pole on the way
This ſluggiſh Swinward met me.
And ſeeing *Weptol* with him there,
Our fellow-ſwaine and friend,
I bad, good day, ſo on did fare
To my prepoſed end.
But as backe from my wintring ground
I came the way before,
This rude groome all alone I found
Stand by the Ale-houſe dore.
There was no nay, but I muſt in
And taſte a cuppe of Ale;
Where on his pot he did begin
To ſtammer out a tale.
He told me how he much deſir'd

Th' acquaintance of vs Swaines,
And from the forreſt was retir'd
To graze vpon our plaines:
But for what cauſe I cannot tell,
He can nor pipe nor ſing,
Nor knowes he how to digge a well,
Nor neatly dreſſe a ſpring:
Nor knowes a trappe nor ſnare to till,
He ſits as in a dreame;
Nor ſcarce hath ſo much whiſtling ſkill
Will hearten-on a teame.
Well, we ſo long together were,
I gan to haſte away,
He licenc'd me to leaue him there,
And gaue me leaue to pay.

Willie.

Done like a Swinward! may you all
That cloſe with ſuch as he,
Be vſed ſo! that gladly fall
Into like company.
But if I faile not in mine Art,
Ile ſend him to his yerd,
And make him from our plaines depart
With all his durty herd.
I wonder he hath ſuffred been
Vpon our Common heere,
His Hogges doe root our yonger trees
And ſpoyle the ſmelling breere.
Our pureſt welles they wallow in,
All ouer-ſpred with durt,
Nor will they from our Arbours lin,
But all our pleaſures hurt.
Our curious benches that we build
Beneath a ſhady tree,
Shall be orethrowne, or ſo defilde

As we would loath to ſee.
Then ioyne we, *Iockie;* for the reſt
Of all our fellow Swaines,
I am aſſur'd, will doe their beſt
To rid him fro our plaines.

Iockie.

What is in me ſhall neuer faile
To forward ſuch a deed.
And ſure I thinke wee might preuaile
By ſome Satyricke reed.

Willie.

If that will doe, I know a lad
Can hit the maiſter-vaine.
But let vs home, the ſkyes are ſad,
And clouds diſtill in raine.

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The Third Eglogve.

The Argvment.

Old Neddy's *pouertie they mone,*
Who whilome was a Swaine
That had more Sheepe himſelfe alone,
Then ten vpon the plaine.

Piers. Thomalin.

Thomalin.

WHere is euery piping lad
That the fields are not yclad
With their milk-white ſheep?
Tell me: Is it Holy-day,
Or if in the Month of May
Vſe they long to ſleepe?

Piers.

Thomalin, 'tis not too late,
For the *Turtle* and her mate
Sitten yet in neſt:
And the *Thruſtle* hath not been
Gath'ring worms yet on the green
But attends her reſt.
Not a bird hath taught her yong,
Nor her mornings leſſon ſung
In the ſhady groue:
But the Nightingale in darke
Singing woke the mounting *Larke:*
She records her loue.
Not the *Sun* hath with his beames
Guilded yet our chriſtall ſtreames,
Riſing from the Sea,
Miſts do crowne the mountaines tops,
And each pretty mirtle drops:
Tis but newly day.
Yet ſee, yonder (though vnwiſt)
Some man commeth in the miſt;
Haſt thou him beheld?
See he croſſeth or'e the land
With a dogg and ſtaffe in hand,
Limping for his eld.

Thomalin.

Yes, I ſee him, and doe know him,
And we all do reu'rence owe him,
Tis the aged Sire
NEDDY, that was wont to make
Such great feaſting at the wake,
And the * bleſſing-fire.
Good old man! ſee how he walkes
Painfull and among the balkes
Picking lockes of wull!

* *The Mid-ſummer fires are tearmed ſo in the Weſt parts of England.*

I haue knowne the day when he
Had as much as any three,
When their lofts were full.
Vnderneath yond hanging rockes
All the valley with his Flockes
Was whilome ouer-ſpread:
Hee had milch-goates without peeres,
Well-hung kine, and fatned ſteeres
Many hundred head.
WILKINS cote his Dairy was,
For a dwelling it may paſſe
With the beſt in towne.
Curds and Creame with other cheare
Haue I had there in the yeare
For a greeny gowne.
Laſſes kept it, as againe
Were not fitted on the plaine
For a luſty dance:
And at parting, home would take vs,
Flawnes or Sillibubs to make vs
For our iouiſance.
And though ſome in ſpight would tell,
Yet old NEDDY tooke it well;
Bidding vs againe
Neuer at his Cote be ſtrange:
Vnto him that wrought this change,
Mickle be the paine!

Piers.

What diſaſter, THOMALIN
This miſchance hath cloth'd him in,
Quickly tellen me?
Rue I doe his ſtate the more,
That hee clipped heretofore
Some felicity.
Han by night accurſed theeues

Slaine his Lambs, or ſtolne his Beeues,
Or conſuming fire
Brent his ſhearing-houſe, or ſtall;
Or a deluge drowned all,
Tell me it intire?
Haue the Winters been ſo ſet
To raine and ſnow, they haue wet
All his drieſt Laire:
By which meanes his ſheepe haue got
Such a deadly cureleſſe rot,
That none liuing are?

Thomalin.

Neither waues, nor theeues, nor fire,
Not haue rots impoor'd this Sire,
Suretiſhip, nor yet
Was the vſurer helping on
With his damn'd extortion,
Nor the chaines of debt.
But deceit that euer lies
Strongeſt arm'd for treacheries
In a boſom'd friend:
That (and onely that) hath brought it:
Curſed be the head that wrought it,
And the baſeſt end!
Groomes he had, and he did ſend them
With his heards a-field, to tend them,
Had they further been;
Sluggiſh, lazy, thriftleſſe elues,
Sheep had better kept themſelues
From the Foxes teen.
Some would kill their ſheepe, and then
Bring their maiſter home agen
Nothing but the ſkin;
Telling him, how in the morne
In the fold they found them torne,

And nere lying lin.
If they went vnto the faire
With a ſcore of fatned ware,
And did chance to ſell:
If old NEDDY had againe
Halfe his owne, I dare well ſaine,
That but ſeldome fell.
They at their returne would ſay,
Such a man or ſuch would pay,
Well knowne of your Hyne.
Alas poore man! that ſubtill knaue
Vndid him, and vaunts it braue,
Though his Maiſter pine.
Of his maiſter he would begg
Such a lambe that broke his legg,
And if there were none:
To the fold by night hee'd hye,
And them hurt full rufully
Or with ſtaffe or ſtone.
Hee would haue petitions new,
And for deſp'rate debts would ſue
NEDDY had forgot:
He would grant: the other then
Tares from poore and aged men:
Or in Iayles they rot.
NEDDY lately rich in ſtore,
Giuing much, deceiued more,
On a ſudden fell;
Then the Steward lent him gold,
Yet no more then might bee told
Worth his maiſters Cell.
That is gone, and all beſide
(Well-a-day, alacke the tide):
In a hollow den
Vnderneath yond gloomy wood
Wons he now, and wails the brood

Of ingrateful men.

Piers.

But alas! now hee is old,
Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,
What is left him?
Or to ſuccour, or releeue him,
Or from wants oft to repreeue him.

Thomalin.

Al's bereft him,
Saue he hath a little crowd,
(Hee in youth was of it prowd)
And a dogge to dance:
With them he on holy-dayes
In the Farmers houſes playes
For his ſuſtenance.

Piers.

See; he's neere, let's riſe and meet him,
And with dues to old age greet him,
It is fitting ſo.

Thomalin.

Tis a motion good and ſage,
Honour ſtill is due to age:
Vp, and let vs go.

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The Fovrth Eglogve.[1]

The Argvment.

In this the Author bewailes the death of one whom he ſhadoweth vnder the name of Philarete, *compounded of the Greeke words* φίλος *and* ἀρετή, *a louer of vertue, a name well befitting him to whoſe memory theſe lines are conſecrated, being ſometime his truly loued (and now as much lamented) friend* Mr Thomas Manvvood *ſonne to the worthy Sir* Peter Manvvood *Knight.*

VNDER an aged Oke was Willy laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rockes
To ring with ioy, whilſt on his pipe he plaid,
And from their maiſters wood the neighbring flockes:
But now o're-come with dolors deepe
That nye his heart-ſtrings rent,

[1] This Elegy is alſo found among the poems by Browne and others in Lanſd. MS. 777. The more important variations are noted at the foot of the page.

Ne car'd he for his ſilly ſheepe,
Ne car'd for merriment.
But chang'd his wonted walkes
For vncouth paths vnknowne,
Where none but trees might heare his plaints,
And eccho rue his mone.

Autumne it was, when droop't the ſweeteſt floures,
And Riuers (ſwolne with pride) orelook'd the bankes;
Poore grew the day of *Summers* golden houres,
And void of ſapp ſtood *Ida's* Cedar-rankes,[1]
The pleaſant meadows ſadly lay
In chill and cooling ſweats
By riſing fountaines, or as they
Fear'd Winters waſtfull threats.
Againſt the broad-ſpred Oke,[2]
Each winde in fury beares;
Yet fell their leaues not halfe ſo faſt
As did the Shepheards teares.

As was his ſeate, ſo was his gentle heart,
Meeke and deiected, but his thoughts as hye
As thoſe aye-wandring lights, who both impart
Their beames on vs, and heauen ſtill beautifie.
Sad was his looke, (ô heauy Fate!
That Swaine ſhould be ſo ſad
Whoſe merry notes the forlorne mate
With greateſt pleaſure clad.)
Broke was[3] his tunefull pipe
That charm'd the Chriſtall Floods,
And thus his griefe tooke airie wings
And flew about the woods.

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[1] And mighty forreſts ſtood with ſaples flanks.—*Lanſd. MS.*
[2] Oakes.—*Ib.* [3] Lay.—*Ib.*

Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And night too ſparing of a wiſhed ſtay,
Yee wandring lampes, ô be ye fixt a ſpace!
Some other *Hemiſphere* grace with your ray.
Great *Phœbus! Daphne* is not heere,
Nor *Hyacinthus* faire;
Phœbe! Endimion and thy deere
Hath long ſince cleft the aire.
But yee haue ſurely ſeene
(Whom we in ſorrow miſſe)
A Swaine whom *Phœbe* thought her loue,
And *Titan* deemed his.

But he is gone; then inwards turne your light,
Behold him there: here neuer ſhall you more;
O're-hang this ſad plaine with eternall night!
Or change the gaudy green ſhe whilome wore
To fenny blacke. HYPERION great
To aſhy paleneſſe turne her!
Greene well befits a louers heate
But blacke beſeemes a mourner.
Yet neither this thou canſt,
Nor ſee his ſecond birth,
His brightneſſe blindes thine eye more now,
Then thine did his on earth.

Let not a ſhepheard on our hapleſſe plaines
Tune notes of glee, as vſed were of yore!
For PHILARET is dead, let mirthfull ſtraines
With PHILARETE ceaſe for euermore!
And if a fellow ſwaine doe liue
A niggard of his teares,
The *Shepheardeſſes* all will giue
To ſtore him part of theirs.
Or I would lend him ſome,
But that the ſtore I haue

Will all be ſpent before I pay
The debt I owe his graue.

O what is left can make me leaue to mone,
Or what remains but doth increaſe it more?
Looke on his ſheepe: alas! their maſters gone.
Looke on the place where we two heretofore
With locked arms haue vowd our loue,
(Our loue which time ſhall ſee
In ſhepheards ſongs for euer moue,
And grace their harmony)
It ſolitary ſeemes.
Behold our flowrie beds;
Their beauties fade, and Violets
For ſorrow hang their heads.

Tis not a Cypreſſe bough, a count'nance ſad,
A mourning garment, wailing Elegie,
A ſtanding herſe in ſable veſture clad,
A Toombe built to his names eternitie,
Although the ſhepheards all ſhould ſtriue[1]
By yearly obſequies,
And vow to keepe thy fame aliue
In ſpight of deſtinies
That can ſuppreſſe my griefe:
All theſe and more may be,
Yet all in vaine to recompence
My[2] greateſt loſſe of thee.

Cypreſſe may fade, the countenance bee changed,
A garment rot, an Elegie forgotten,
A herſe 'mongſt irreligious rites bee ranged,
A toombe pluckt down, or elſe through age[3] be rotten:

[1] Though we poore ſhepherds all ſhould ſtriue.—*Lanſd. MS.*
[2] Our.—*Ib.* [3] Time.—*Ib.*

All things th'vnpartiall hand of Fate
Can raze out with a thought,
Theſe haue a ſeu'rall fixed date
Which ended, turne to nought.
Yet ſhall my[1] trueſt cauſe
Of ſorrow firmly ſtay,
When theſe effects the wings of Time
Shall fanne and ſweepe away.

Looke as a ſweet Roſe fairely budding forth
Bewrayes her beauties to th' enamour'd morne,
Vntill ſome keene blaſt from the enuious North
Killes the ſweet budd that was but newly borne ;
Or elſe her rareſt ſmels delighting
Make her her ſelfe betray,
Some white and curious hand inuiting
To plucke her thence away.
So ſtands my[1] mournfull caſe,
For had he beene leſſe good,
He yet (vncropt) had kept the ſtocke
Whereon he fairely ſtood.

Yet though ſo long hee liu'd not as hee might,
Hee had the time appointed to him giuen.
Who liueth but the ſpace of one poore night,
His birth, his youth, his age is in that *Eeuen*.
Who euer doth the period ſee
Of dayes by heau'n forth plotted,
Dyes full of age, as well as hee
That had more yeares alotted.
In ſad Tones then my verſe
Shall with inceſſant teares
Bemoane my[1] hapleſſe loſſe of him,
And not his want of yeares.

[1] Our.—*Lanſd. MS.*

In deepeſt paſſions of my griefe-ſwolne breaſt
(Sweete ſoule!) this onely comfort ſeizeth me,
That ſo few yeares did[1] make thee ſo much bleſt,
And gaue ſuch wings to reach ETERNITY.
Is this to dye? No: as a ſhippe
Well built with eaſie winde
A lazy hulke doth farre out-ſtrippe,
And ſooneſt harbour finde:
So PHILARETE fled,[2]
Quicke was his paſſage giuen,
When[3] others muſt haue longer time
To make them fit for heauen.

Then not for thee theſe briny teares are ſpent,
But as the Nightingale againſt the breere
Tis for my ſelfe I moane, and doe[4] lament
Not that thou left'ſt the world, but left'ſt mee heere:
Heere, where without thee all delights
Faile of their pleaſing powre,
All glorious dayes ſeeme vgly nights;
Me thinkes no Aprill ſhowre
Embroder ſhould the earth,
But[5] briny teares diſtill,
Since FLORA's beauties ſhall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.

And yee his ſheepe (in token of his lacke),
Whilome the faireſt flocke on all the plaine,
Yeane neuer Lambe, but bee it cloath'd in blacke.
Yee ſhady *Sicamours*, when any Swaine

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[1] Should.—*Sheph. P.*
[2] So fled dear Philaret.—*Lanſd. MS.*
[3] While.—*Ib.*
[4] I.—*Ib.*
[5] No bird his ditty mõue,
No pretty ſpring ſmile on the vales,
No ſhepherd on his love.—*Ib.*

To carue his name vpon your rinde
Doth come, where his doth ſtand,
Shedde droppes, if he be ſo vnkinde
To raze it with his hand.
And[1] thou, my loued *Muſe*,
No more ſhould'ſt numbers moue,
But that his name ſhould euer liue,
And after death my loue.

This ſaid, he ſigh'd, and with o're-drowned eyes
Gaz'd on the heauens for what he miſt on earth,
Then from the earth full ſadly gan ariſe
As farre from future hope as preſent mirth;
Vnto his Cote with heauy pace
As euer ſorrow[2] trode
He went with minde no more to trace,
Where mirthfull Swaines abode,
And as he ſpent the day,
The night he paſt alone,
Was neuer *Shepheard* lou'd more deere,
Nor made a truer mone.

[1] Yee Nimphes of mightye woods,
With flowres his graue betrym,
And humbly pray the Earth he hath
Would gently couer him.—*Lanſd. MS.*

[2] Shepherd.—*Ib.*

TO THE VERTVOVS and much lamenting Sifters of my euer admired friend, Mr THOMAS MANVVOOD.

To me more known then you, is your ſad chance,
Oh! had I ſtill enjoy'd ſuch ignorance;
Then I by theſe ſpent teares had not bin known,
Nor left anothers griefe to ſing mine owne.
Yet ſince his fate hath wrought theſe throes
Permit a Partner in your woes:
The cauſe doth yeeld, and ſtill may do
Ynough for YOV, *and others too*
But if ſuch plaints for YOV *are kept,*
Yet may I grieue ſince you haue wept.
For hee more perfect growes to bee
That feeles anothers MISERIE.
And thogh theſe drops wch mourning run,
From ſeuerall Fountaines firſt begun:
And ſome farre off, ſome neerer fleete,
They will (at laſt) in one ſtreame meete.
Mine ſhal with yours, yours mix wth mine
And make one Offring at his Shrine:
For whoſe ETERNITIE on earth, my Muſe
To build this ALTAR, did her beſt ſkill vſe;
And that you, I, and all that held him deere,
Our teares and ſighes might freely offer heere.[1]

[1] This addreſs is wanting in the copy of the Fourth Eclogue in Lanſd. MS.

THE

SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

THE FIFTH EGLOGVE.

To his ingenious friend Mr. CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

WILLY *incites his friend to write*
Things of a higher fame
Then ſilly Shephards vſe endite
Vaild in a Shepheards name.

WILLY and CVTTY.

MORNE had got the ſtart of night,
Lab'ring men were ready dight
With their ſhouels and their ſpades
For the field, and (as their trades)
Or at hedging wrought or ditching
For their food more then enritching.
When the ſhepheards from the fold

All their bleating charges told,
And (full carefull) ſearch'd if one
Of all their flocke were hurt or gone,
Or (if in the night-time cul'd)
Any had their fleeces pul'd:
'Mongſt the reſt (not leaſt in care)
Cvtty to his fold gan fare,
And yong Willy (that had giuen
To his flocke the lateſt euen
Neighbourhood with Cvtty's ſheep)
Shaking off refreſhing ſleepe,
Hy'd him to his charge that blet;
Where he (buſied) Cvtty met.
Both their ſheepe told, and none miſt
Of their number; then they bliſt
Pan and all the Gods of plaines
For reſpecting of their traines
Of ſilly ſheepe, and in a ſong
Praiſe gaue to that holy throng.
Thus they draue their flockes to graze,
Whoſe white fleeces did amaze
All the Lillies, as they paſſe
Where their vſuall feeding was.
Lillies angry that a creature
Of no more eye-pleaſing feature
Then a ſheepe, by natures duty
Should be crownd with far more beauty
Then a Lilly, and the powre
Of white in ſheepe outgoe a flowre,
From the middle of their ſprout
(Like a Furies ſting) thruſt out
Dart-like forks in death to ſteep them;
But great Pan did ſafely keepe them,
And affoorded kinde repaire
To their dry and wonted laire,
Where their maiſters (that did eye them)

Vnderneath a *Haw-thorne* by them,
On their pipes thus gan to play,
And with rimes weare out the day.

Willie.

Ceaſe, CVTTY, ceaſe, to feed theſe ſimple Flockes,
And for a Trumpet change thine Oaten-reeds;
O're-looke the vallies as aſpiring rockes,
And rather march in ſteele then ſhepheards weeds.
Beleeue me, CVTTY! for heroicke deeds
Thy verſe is fit, not for the liues of Swaines,
(Though both thou canſt do well) and none proceeds
To leaue high pitches for the lowly plaines:
Take thou a Harpe in hand, ſtriue with APOLLO;
Thy Muſe was made to lead, then ſcorne to follow.

Cuttie.

WILLY, to follow ſheepe I ne're ſhall ſcorne,
Much leſſe to follow any Deity;
Who 'gainſt the Sun (though weakned by the morne)
Would vie with lookes, needeth an Eagles eye,
I dare not ſearch the hidden miſtery
Of tragicke Scenes; nor in a buſkin'd ſtile
Through death and horror march, nor their height fly
Whoſe pens were fed with blood of this faire Ile.
It ſhall content me on theſe happy downes
To ſing the ſtrife for garlands, not for crownes.

Willie.

O who would not aſpire, and by his wing
Keep ſtroke with fame, and of an earthly iarre
Another leſſon teach the Spheres to ſing?
Who would a ſhepheard that might be a ſtar?

See, learned *Cutty*, on yond mountaines are
Cleere ſprings ariſing, and the climbing goat,
That can get vp, hath water cleerer farre
Then when the ſtreames do in the vallies float.
What mad-man would a race by torch-light run
That might his ſteps haue vſher'd by the Sunne?

We Shepheards tune our layes of Shepheards loues,
Or in the praiſe of ſhady groues or ſprings;
We ſeldome heare of CITHEREA'S Doues,
Except when ſome more learned Shepheard ſings;
And equall meed haue to our ſonetings:
A Belt, a ſheep-hooke, or a wreath of flowres,
Is all we ſeeke, and all our verſing brings;
And more deſerts then theſe are ſeldome ours.
But thou whoſe muſe a falcons pitch can ſore
Maiſt ſhare the bayes euen with a *Conqueror*.

Cuttie.

Why doth not WILLY then produce ſuch lines
Of men and armes as might accord with theſe?

Willie.

'Cauſe *Cutties* ſpirit not in *Willy* ſhines,
Pan cannot weild the Club of *Hercules*,
Nor dare a *Merlin* on a *Heron* ſeiſe.
Scarce know I how to fit a ſhepheards eare:
Farre more vnable ſhall I be to pleaſe
In ought, which none but ſemi-gods muſt heare.
When by thy verſe (more able) time ſhall ſee,
Thou canſt giue more to kings then kings to thee.

Cuttie.

But (wel-a-day) who loues the muſes now,
Or helpes the climber of the ſacred hill?

None leane to them, but ſtriue to diſalow
All heauenly dewes the goddeſſes diſtill.

Willie.

Let earthly mindes baſe mucke for euer fill,
Whoſe muſicke onely is the chime of gold,
Deafe be their eares to each harmonious quil!
As they of learning thinke, ſo of them hold.
And if ther's none deſerues what thou canſt doe,
Be then the Poet and the Patron too.

I tell thee, *Cuttie*, had I all the ſheepe,
With thrice as many moe, as on theſe plaines
Or ſhepheard or faire maiden ſits to keepe,
I would them all forgoe, ſo I thy ſtraines
Could equalize. O how our neateſt ſwaines
Do trim themſelues, when on a holy-day
They haſt to heare thee ſing, knowing the traines
Of faireſt Nymphs wil come to learne thy lay.
Well may they run and wiſh a parting neuer,
So thy ſweet tongue might charme their eares for euer.

Cuttie.

Theſe attributes (my lad) are not for me,
Beſtow them where true merit hath aſſign'd—

Willie.

And do I not, beſtowing them on thee?
Beleeue me, *Cuttie*, I doe beare this minde,
That whereſo'ere we true deſeruing finde,
To giue a ſilent praiſe is to detract;
Obſcure thy verſes (more then moſt refin'd)
From any one of dulneſſe ſo compact.
And rather ſing to trees then to ſuch men,
Who know not how to crowne a Poets pen.

Cuttie.

WILLY, by thy incitement I'le aſſay
To raiſe my ſubiect higher than tofore,
And ſing it to our Swaines next holy-day,
Which (as approu'd) ſhall fill them with the ſtore
Of ſuch rare accents; if diſlik'd, no more
Will I a higher ſtraine then ſhepheards vſe,
But ſing of Woods and Riuers, as before.

Willie.

Thou wilt be euer happy in thy Muſe.
But ſee, the radiant Sun is gotten hye,
Let's ſeeke for ſhadow in the groue hereby.

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The Sixth Eglogve.

The Argvment.

Philos *of his Dogge doth bragge*
For hauing many feates;
The while the Curre vndoes his bagge,
And all his dinner eates.

Willy. Iockie. Philos.

Willy.

Stay, Iockie, let vs reſt here by this ſpring,
And Philos too, ſince we ſo well are met;
This ſpreading Oke will yeeld vs ſhadowing
Till *Phæbus* ſteeds be in the Ocean wet.

Iockie.

Gladly (kind ſwaine) I yeeld, ſo thou wilt play,
And make vs merry with a Roundelay.

Philos.

No, *Iockie*, rather wend we to the wood,
The time is fit, and Filberds waxen ripe,
Let's go and fray the Squirrell from his food;
We will another time heare *Willie* pipe.

Willie.

But who ſhall keepe our flockes when we are gone?
I dare not go, and let them feed alone.

Iockie.

Nor I: ſince but the other day it fell,
Leauing my ſheep to graze on yonder plaine,
I went to fill my bottle at the well,
And ere I could return two lambs were ſlaine.

Philos.

Then was thy dogg ill taught, or elſe a ſleepe;
Such Curres as thoſe ſhall neuer watch my ſheepe.

Willie.

Yet *Philos* hath a dogg not of the beſt:
He ſeemes too lazy, and will take no paines,
More fit to lye at home and take his reſt,
Then catch a wandring ſheep vpon the plains.

Iockie.

Tis true indeed: and *Philos*, wot ye what?
I thinke he playes the Fox, he growes ſo fat!

Philos.

Yet hath not *Iockie* nor yet *Willie* ſeene
A dogge more nimble then is this of mine,
Nor any of the Fox more heedfull beene,
When in the ſhade I ſlept, or liſt to dine.

And though I ſay't, hath better tricks in ſtore
Then both of yours, or twenty couple more.

How often haue the maidens ſtroue to take him,
When he hath croſt the plaine to barke at Crowes?
How many Laſſes haue I knowne to make him
Garlands to gird his necke, with which he goes
Vaunting along the lands ſo wondrous trim,
That not a dog of yours durſt barke at him.

And when I liſt (as often-times I vſe)
To tune a *Horne-pipe* or a *Morris-dance*,
The dogge (as hee by nature could not chuſe)
Seeming aſleepe before, will leap and dance.

Willie.

Belike your dog came of a *Pedlers* brood,
Or *Philos* muſicke is exceeding good.

Philos.

I boaſt not of his kin, nor of my Reed,
(Though of my reed and him I wel may boaſt)
Yet if you will aduenture that ſome meed
Shall be to him that is in action moſt,
As for a Coller of ſhrill ſounding bels
My dog ſhall ſtriue with yours, or any's els.

Iockie.

Philos, in truth I muſt confeſſe your *Wagge*
(For ſo you call him) hath of trickes good ſtore,
To ſteale the vittailes from his maiſters bagge
More cunningly I nere ſaw dogge before.
See, Willy, ſee! I prithee, Philos, note
How faſt thy bread & cheeſe goes down his throte.

Willie.

Now, Philos, ſee how mannerly your Curre,

Your well-taught dog, that hath ſo many trickes,
Deuoures your Dinner.

Philos.

I wiſh 'twere a burre
To choke the Mungrell!

Iockie.

See how cleane he lickes
Your Butter-boxe; by *Pan*, I doe not meanly
Loue *Philos* dog that loues to be ſo cleanly.

Philos.

Well flouted, Iockie.

Willie.

Philos! run amaine,
For in your ſcrip hee now hath thruſt his head
So farre, he cannot get it forth againe;
See how he blind-fold ſtrags along the mead,
And at your ſcrip your bottle hangs, I thinke.
He loues your meat, but cares not for your drinke.

Iockie.

I, ſo it ſeemes: and Philos now may goe
Vnto the wood, or home for other cheere.

Philos.

Twere better he had neuer ſeru'd me ſo:
Sweet meat, ſowre ſauce, he ſhal abye it deere.
What, muſt he be aforehand with his maiſter?

Willie.

Onely in kindneſſe hee would be your taſter.

Philos.

Well, *Willy*, you may laugh, and vrge my ſpleen;
But by my hooke I ſweare he ſhall it rue,
And had far'd better had hee faſting been.
But I muſt home for my allowance new.
So farewell, lads. Looke to my fleeced traine
Till my returne.

Iockie.

We will.

Willie.

Make haſte againe.

THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.

The Seventh Eglogve.

The Argvment.

Palinode intreates his friend
To leaue a wanton Laſſe;
Yet hee purſues her to his end
And lets all Counſell paſſe.

Palinode. Hobbinol.

WHITHER wends *Hobbinoll* ſo early day?
What, be thy Lamkins broken from the fold,
And on the plaines all night haue run aſtray?
Or are thy ſheepe and ſheep-walkes both yſold?
What miſter-chance hath brought thee to the field
Without thy ſheepe? thou wert not wont to yeeld

To idle ſport,
But didſt reſort
As early to thy charge from drowzy bed
As any ſhepheard that his flocke hath fed
Vpon theſe downes.

Hobbinoll.

Such heauy frownes
Fortune for others keepes; but bends on me
Smiles would befit the ſeat of maieſtie.
Hath *Palinode*
Made his abode
Vpon our plaines, or in ſome vncouth Cell,
That heares not what to *Hobbinoll* befell?
Phillis the faire, and fairer is there none,
To morrow muſt be linkt in marriage bands,
Tis I that muſt vndo her virgin Zone:
Behold the man, behold the happy hands.

Palinode.

Behold the man! Nay then the woman too:
Though both of them are very ſmal beholding
To any powre that ſet them on to wooe.
Ah *Hobbinoll!* it is not worth vnfolding
What ſhepheards ſay of her; thou canſt not chuſe
But heare what language all of *Phillis* vſe;
Yet, then ſuch tongues
To her belongs
More men to ſate her luſt. Vnhappy elfe!
That wilt be bound to her to looſe thy ſelfe.
Forſake her firſt.

Hobinoll.

Thou moſt accurſt!
Durſt thou to ſlander thus the innocent,
The graces patterne, Vertues preſident?

She in whoſe eye
Shines modeſty:
Vpon whoſe brow luſt neuer lookes with hope?
Venus rul'd not in *Phillis* Horoſcope.
Tis not the vapour of a Hemblocke ſtem
Can ſpoile the perfume of ſweet Cynnamon;
Nor vile aſperſions, or by thee or them
Caſt on her name, can ſtay my going on.

Palinode.

On maiſt thou goe, but not with ſuch a one,
Whom (I dare ſweare) thou knowſt is not a maid:
Remember, when I met her laſt alone,
As wee to yonder Groue for filberds ſtraid,
Like to a new-ſtrook *Doe* from out the buſhes
Lacing herſelfe, and red with gameſome bluſhes
Made towards the greene,
Loth to be ſeene:
And after in the groue the goatheard met:
What ſaidſt thou then? If this preuaile not, yet
I'le tell thee moe.
Not long agoe
Too long I lou'd her, and as thou doſt now,
Would ſweare *Diana* was leſſe chaſte then ſhe,
That *Iupiter* would court her, knew he how
To finde a ſhape might tempt ſuch chaſtity:
And that her thoughts were pure as new-falne ſnow,
Or ſiluer ſwans that trace the bankes of *Poe*,
And free within
From ſpot of ſin:
Yet like the flinte her luſt-ſwolne breaſt conceal'd
A hidden fire; and thus it was reueal'd:
Cladon, the Lad
Who whilome had
The Garland giuen for throwing beſt the barre,
I know not by what chance or lucky ſtar,

Was choſen late
To bee the mate
Vnto our Lady of the gleeſome May,
And was the firſt that danc'd each holyday.
None would hee take but *Phillis* forth to dance,
Nor any could with *Phillis* dance but hee,
On *Palinode* ſhee thenceforth not a glance
Beſtowes, but hates him and his pouerty,
Cladon had ſheepe and lims for ſtronger lode
Then ere ſhee ſaw in ſimple *Palinode;*
Hee was the man
Muſt clip her than;
For him ſhee wreathes of flowers and chaplets made,
To ſtrawberries inuites him in the ſhade
In ſheering time:
And in the prime
Would helpe to clip his ſheepe and gard his lambs,
And at a need lend him her choiceſt rams;
And on each ſtocke
Worke ſuch a clocke
With twiſted couloured thred, as not a Swaine
On all theſe downes could ſhew the like againe.
But as it ſeemes, the Well grew dry at laſt,
Her fire vnquench'd; and ſhee hath *Cladon* left.
Nor was I ſorry; nor do wiſh to taſte
The fleſh whereto ſo many flyes haue cleft.
Oh *Hobbinoll!* Canſt thou imagine ſhee
That hath ſo oft beene tryde, ſo oft miſdone,
Can from all other men bee true to thee?
Thou knowſt with mee, with *Cladon*, ſhee hath gone
Beyond the limites that a maiden may,
And can the name of wife thoſe rouings ſtay?
Shee hath not ought
That's hid, vnſought:
Theſe eyes, theſe hands, ſo much know of that woman
As more thou canſt not; can that pleaſe that's cōmon?

No: ſhould I wed,
My marriage bed
And all that it containes ſhould as my heart
Be knowne but to my ſelfe; if wee impart
What golden rings
The Fairie brings,
Wee looſe the Iem: nor will they giue vs more.
Wiues looſe their value, if once knowne before.
Behold this Violet that cropped lyes,
I know not by what hand, firſt from the ſtem,
With what I plucke my ſelfe ſhall I it priſe?
I ſcorne the offals of a Diadem.
A Virgins bed hath millions of delights,
If then good parents pleaſe ſhee know no more:
Nor hath her ſeruants nor her fauorites
That waite her huſbands iſſuing at dore.
Shee that is free both from the act and eye
Onely deſerues the due of Chaſtitie.
But *Phillis* is
As farre from this,
As are the Poles in diſtance from each other:
Shee well beſeemes the daughter of her mother.
Is there a brake
By Hill or Lake
In all our plaines that hath not guilty beene
In keeping cloſe her ſtealths; the Paphian Queene
Ne're vſ'd her ſkill
To win her will
Of yong *Adonis* with more heart then ſhee
Hath her allurements ſpent to work on mee.
Leaue, leaue her, *Hobinol;* ſhee is ſo ill
That any one is good that's nought of her,
Though ſhe be faire, the ground which oft we till
Growes with his burden old and barrenner.

Hobbinoll.

With much ado, and with no little paine

Haue I out-heard thy railing 'gainſt my loue:
But it is common, what wee cannot gaine
Wee oft diſualew; ſooner ſhalt thou moue
Yond lofty Mountain from the place it ſtands,
Or count the Medowes flowers, or *Iſis* ſands,
Then ſtirre one thought
In mee, that ought
Can be in *Phillis* which *Diana* faire
And all the Goddeſſes would not wiſh their.
Fond man, then ceaſe
To croſſe that peace
Which *Phillis* vertue and this heart of mine
Haue well begun; and for thoſe words of thine
I do forgiue,
If thou wilt liue
Heereafter free from ſuch reproaches moe,
Since goodneſſe neuer was without her foe.

Palinode.

Beleeue mee, *Hobinoll*, what I haue ſaid
Was more in loue to thee then hate to her:
Thinke on thy liberty; let that bee weigh'd;
Great good may oft betide, if wee deferre,
And vſe ſome ſhort delayes ere marriage rites;
Wedlocke hath daies of toile as ioyſome nights.
Canſt thou bee free
From iealouſy?
Oh no: that plague will ſo infect thy braine
That onely death muſt worke thy peace againe.
Thou canſt not dwell
One minute well
From whence thou leau'ſt her; locke on her thy gate,
Yet will her minde bee ſtill adulterate.
Not *Argos* eyes
Nor ten ſuch ſpies
Can make her onely thine; for ſhee will do
With thoſe that ſhall make thee miſtruſt them too.

Hobbinoll.

Wilt thou not leaue to taint a virgines name?

Palinode.

A virgine? yes: as ſure as is her mother.
Doſt thou not heare her good report by fame.

Hobbinoll.

Fame is a lyer, and was neuer other.

Palinode.

Nay, if ſhee euer ſpoke true, now ſhee did:
And thou wilt once confeſſe what I foretold:
The fire will bee diſc[l]os'd that now lies hid,
Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.
Yet may ſhee (if that poſſible can fall)
Bee true to thee, that hath beene falſe to all.

Hobbinoll.

So pierce the rockes
A Red-breaſts knockes
As the beleefe of ought thou tell'ſt mee now.
Yet bee my gueſt to morrow.

Pallinode.

Speed your plough.
I feare ere long
You'le ſing a ſong
Like that was ſung heereby not long ago:
Where there is carrion neuer wants a crow.

Hobinoll.

Ill tutor'd Swaine,
If on[1] the plaine

[1] Old edit. has *one*.

Thy ſheep hence-forward come where mine do feed,
They ſhall bee ſure to ſmart for thy miſdeed.

Palinode.

Such are the thankes a friends fore-warning brings.
Now by the loue I euer bore thee, ſtay!
Meete not miſhaps! themſelues haue ſpeedy wings.

Hobbinoll.

It is in vaine. Farewell. I muſt away.

Finis. W. B.

THE

INNER TEMPLE

MASQUE.

p'ſented by the gentlemen there. Jan. 13. 1614.

WRITTEN BY W. BROWNE.

OVID. AD PISONEM.

——— *Non ſemper Gnoſius arcus*
Deſtinat, exemplo ſed laxat cornua nervo.

To the Honourable Society of the
Inner Temple.

Gentlemen,

I GIVE you but your owne: If you refuſe to foſter it I knowe not who will: By yo^e^ meanes it may live. If it degenerate in kinde from thoſe other y^e^ ſociety hath produced, blame yo^e^ ſelves for not ſeeking to a happier muſe. I knowe it is not without faultes, yet ſuch as yo^e^ loves, or at leaſt Poetica Licentia (the common ſalve) will make tollerable: What is good in it, y^t^ is yo^es^; what bad, myne; what indifferent, both; & y^t^ will ſuffice, ſince it was done to pleaſe ourſelves in private by him that is

All yours,

W. Browne.

THE

INNER TEMPLE MASQUE.

The Description of THE FIRSTE SCENE.

On one ſide the hall towardes the lower end was diſcovered a cliffe of the ſea done over in parte white accordinge to that of Virgill, lib. 5.

Jamq; adeo ſcopulos Syrenum advecta ſubibat
Difficiles quondam multorumq; oſſibus albos.

Upon y^t were ſeated two Syrens as they are deſcribed by Hyginus *&* Servius *w^th their upper parts like woemen to the navell and the reſt like a hen. One of theeſe at the firſte diſcouery of the ſcene (a ſea being done in perſpective on one ſide the cliffe) began to ſinge this ſonge, beinge as laſciuious pper to them & beginninge as that of theirs in* Hom. *lib.* μ. Οδ. Δευρ' ἄγ ἴων πάλυαιν Ὀδυσεῦ μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιων.

STEERE hither, ſteere, your winged pines,
All beaten mariners,
Here lye Loves undiſcovred mynes,
A prey to paſſengers;
Perfumes farre ſweeter than the beſt
Which make y^e Phœnix urne and neſt.

Fear not your ſhips,
Nor any to oppoſe you ſave our lips,
But come on ſhore,
Where no joy dyes till love hath gotten more.

The laſt two lines were repeated as from a groue nere by a full Chorus, & y^e^ Syren about to ſing againe, Triton (in all parts as Apollonius, *lib.* 4. *Argonautis. ſhewes him) was ſeene interruptinge her thus:*

TRITON.

Leaue, leaue, alluring Syren, w^th^ thy ſong
To haſten w^t^ y^e^ Fates would faine p̃long:
Your ſweeteſt tunes but grones of Mandrakes be;
He his owne traytore is y^t^ heareth thee.
Tethys commaunds, nor is it fit y^t^ you
Should ever glory you did him ſubdue
By wyles whoſe pollicyes were never ſpread
'Till Flaming Troy gave light to haue y^m^ read.
Ulyſſes now furrowes y^e^ liquid plaine
Doubtfull of ſeeing Ithaca againe,
For in his way more ſtops are thruſt by time,
Then in y^e^ path where vertue comes to climbe:
She y^t^ w^th^ ſilver ſprings for ever fills
The ſhady groues, ſweet meddowes, and y^e^ hills,
From whoſe continuall ſtore ſuch pooles are fed
As in y^e^ land for ſeas are famoſed.
'Tis ſhe whoſe favo^e^ to this Grecian tends
And to remove his ruine Triton ſends.

SYREN.

But 'tis not Tethys, nor a greater powre,
Cynthia, that rules the waues; ſcearce he (each howre)
That weilds the thunderboltes, can thinges begun
By mighty Circe (daughter to the Sun)
Checke or controule; ſhe y^t^ by charmes can make

The ſcalled fiſh to leaue the brinye lake,
And on the ſeas walke as on land ſhe were;
She that can pull y^e^ pale moone from her ſpheare,
And at mid-day the worlds all glorious eye
Muffle w^th^ cloudes in longe obſcuritie;
She that can cold December ſet on fire,
And from the graue bodyes w^th^ life inſpire;
She that can cleaue the center, & w^th^ eaſe
A proſpect make to our Antipodes;
Whoſe myſtique ſpelles haue fearfull thunders made,
And forc't braue riuers to run retrograde.
She w^th^out ſtormes that ſturdy oakes can tare
And turne their rootes where late their curl'd toppes were.
She that can w^th^ the winter ſolſtice bringe
All Flora's daintyes, Circe: bids me ſinge;
And till ſome greater hand her power can ſtaye,
Who'ere commaunde, I none but her obaye.

TRITON.

Then[1] Nereus daughter thus you'le haue me telle.

SYREN.

You maye.

TRITON.

Thinke on her wrath.

SIREN.

I ſhall. Triton! farewelle.

SIREN.

Vaine was thy meſſage, vaine her haſte, for I
Muſte tune againe my wanton Melodye.

---

[1] Hom: Αλλά ἐ Νηρηος Θυγατηρ. &c.

Here ſhe went on w^th^ her SONGE thus:

For ſwellinge waues, our panting breſtes
Where neuer ſtormes ariſe
Exchange; and be awhile our gueſtes:
For ſtarres gaze on our eyes.
The compaſſe loue ſhall hourely ſinge,
And as he goes aboute the ringe,
We will not miſſe
To telle each pointe he nameth w^th^ a kiſſe.

CHORUS.

Then come on ſhore,
Where no ioye dyes till loue hath gotten more.

At y^e^ end of this ſonge Circe *was ſeene upon the rocke, quaintly attyr'd, her haire looſe about her ſhoulders, an Anadem of flowers on her head, w^th^ a wand in her hand, & then makinge towardes the Syrens, cald them thence w^th^ this ſpeech:*

Sirens, ynouk; ceaſe; Circe hath prevayld,
The Greeks w^ch^ on y^e^ dauncinge billowes ſayld,
About whoſe ſhippes a hundred Dolphins clunge
Wrapt w^th^ the muſicke of Ulyſſes tongue
Haue w^th^ their guide by powrfull Circes hand
Caſt their hookd anchors on Æœa's ſtrand.
Yonde ſtandes a hille crown'd w^th^ high wauinge trees
Whoſe gallant toppes each neighb'ringe countrye ſees,
Under whoſe ſhade an hundred Syluans playe,
W^th^ Gaudy Nymphes farre fairer then y^e^ daye;
Where euerlaſtinge Springe w^th^ ſilver ſhowres,
Sweet roſes doth encreaſe to grace our bowres;
Where lauiſh Fflora prodigall in pride
Spendes what might well enrich all earth beſide,
And to adorne this place ſhee loues ſo deare,
Stays in ſome clymats ſcearcely halfe y^e^ yeare.

When would ſhee to the world indifferent bee,
They ſhould continuall Aprill haue as wee.
Midway y^e^ wood and from y^e^ leueld lands
A ſpatious yet a curious arbor ſtandes,
Wherein ſhould Phœbus once to pry beginne,
I would benight him 'ere he gette his inne,
Or turne his ſteedes awrye, ſo drawe him on
To burne all landes but this like Phaeton.
Ulyſſes neare his mates by my ſtronge charmes
Lyes there till my returne in ſleepes ſoft armes:
Then, Syrens, quickly wend we to the bowre
To fitte their well-come, & ſhew Circes powre.

SIREN.

What all the elements doe owe to thee
In their obedience is perform'd in mee.

CIRCE.

Circe drinkes not of Lethe: then awaye
To helpe y^e^ Nymphes who now begin their laye.

THE SECONDE SCENE.

While Circe *was ſpeakinge her firſt ſpeech, & at theſe words,* 'Yond ſtandes a hill, &c.' *a trauers was drawne at y^t^ lower end of the hall, & gaue way for the diſcouery of an artificiall wood ſo nere imitatinge nature y^t^ I thinke had there been a grove like y^t^ in y^t^ open plaine, birds would have been faſter drawne to that than to Zeuxis grapes. Y^e^ trees ſtood at the climbinge of an hill, & lefte at their feete a little plaine, w^ch^ they circled like a creſcente. In this ſpace vpon hillockes were ſeen eight muſitians in crimſen taffity robes w^th^ chaplets of lawrell on their heades their lutes by them, w^ch^ beinge by them toucht as a warninge to y^t^ Nymphes of y^t^ wood, from amonge the trees was heard this ſonge. . . . . .*

THE SONGE IN THE WOOD.

WHAT ſinge the ſweete birdes in each grove?
Nought but loue.
What found our Ecchos day and night?
All delighte.
What doth each wynd breath vs that fleetes?
Endleſſe ſweets.

CHORUS.

Is there a place on earth this Iſle excelles,
Or any Nymphes more happy liue than wee.
When all our ſonges, our ſoundes, & breathinges bee,
That here all Loue, Delighte, and Sweetenes dwells.

By this time Circe *& y^e^ Syrens being come into y^e^ wood,* Vlyſſes *was ſeene lyeing as aſleepe, und^r^ y^e^ couverte of a fair tree, towards whom* Circe *coming beſpake thus:—*

CIRCE.

Yet holdes ſoft ſleepe his courſe. Now Ithacus
Aiax would offer Hecatombes to vs,
And Iliums rauiſh'd wifes, & childleſſe ſires,
W^th^ incenſe dym y^e^ bright æthereall fires,
To haue thee bounde in chaynes of ſleepe as heere;
But y^t^ [thoſe] mayſt behold, & knowe how deare
Thou art to Circe, w^th^ my magicke deepe
And powerfull verſes thus I baniſh ſleepe.

THE CHARME.

Sonne of Erebus & Nighte,
Hye away; and aime thy flighte,
Where conſorte none other fowle
Than the batte & ſullen owle;
Where upon thy lymber graſſe
Poppy & Mandragoras

W^th^ like ſimples not a few
Hange for euer droppes of dewe.
Where flowes Lethe w^th^out coyle
Softly like a ſtreame of oyle.
Hye thee thither, gentle Sleepe:
W^th^ this Greeke no longer keepe.
Thrice I charge thee by my wand,
Thrice w^th^ Moly from my hand;
Doe I to touch Vlyſſes eyes,
And w^th^ the Jaſpis: Then ariſe,
Sageſt Greeke. . . . . .

Vlyſſes (*as by y^e^ power of* Circe) *awakinge thus began:*

ULYSSES.

. . . . . Thou more than mortalle mayde
Who when thou liſtes canſt make (as if afraide)
The mountaines tremble & w^th^ terrour ſhake
The ſeate of Dis; & from Avernus lake
Grim Hecate w^th^ all the Furyes bringe
To worke reuenge; or to thy queſtioninge
Diſcloſe the ſecretes of th' infernall ſhades
Or raiſe the ghoſtes y^t^ walke the vnder-glades.
To thee, whom all obey, Ulyſſes bendes,
But may I aſke (greate Circe) whereto tendes
Thy neuer-failinge handes? Shall we be free?
Or muſt thyne anger cruſh my mates and mee?

CIRCE.

Neyther, Laertes' ſonne w^th^ winges of loue
To thee, & none but thee, my actions moue.
My arte went w^th^ thee & thou me mayſt thanke
In winninge Rheſus horſes, e're they dranke
Of Xanthus ſtreame; & when w^th^ human gore
Cleare Hebrus channell was all ſtayned 'ore;

When ſome braue Greekes, companions then w^th^ thee,
Forgot their country through the Lotos tree;
I tyn'd the firebrande that (beſide thy flight)
Left Polyphemus in eternall nighte;
And laſtly to Æœa brought thee on,
Safe from the man-deuouring Læſtrigon.
This for Ulyſſes loue hath Circe done,
And if to live w^th^ mee thou ſhalt be wonne;
Aurora's hand ſhall neuer drawe awaye
The ſable vale y^t^ hides y^e^ gladſome daye.
But we new pleaſures will beginne to taſte,
And, better ſtille, thoſe we enjoyed laſte.
To inſtance what I canne: Muſicke, thy voyce,
And of all thoſe haue felt o^r^ wrath the choyce
Appeare; and in a dance 'gin that delight
Which w^th^ the minutes ſhall growe infinite.

Here one attir'd like a woodman in all poyntes came forth of y^e^ wood & goeinge tow'ds y^e^ ſtage ſunge this ſonge, to call away y^e^ firſte Antimaſque.

SONGE.[1]

COME yee whoſe hornes the cuckold weares,
The whittoll too, w^th^ aſſes eares;
Let the wolfe leaue howlinge,
The Baboone his ſcowlinge,
And Grillus hye
Out of his ſtye.
Though gruntinge, though barking, though brayeing,
yee come,
We'ele make yee daunce quiet and ſo ſend yee home.
Nor ginne ſhall ſnare you
Nor maſtiue ſcare you,

[1] The muſicke was compoſed of treble violins w^th^ all the inward partes, a baſe violle, baſe lute, ſagbut, cornamute, & a tabor & pipe.

Nor learne the baboones trickes
Nor Grillus ſcoffe
From the hogge troughe,
But turne againe vnto the thickes.
Here's none ('tis hop'd) ſo fooliſh, ſcornes
That any els ſhould weare the hornes,
Here's no curre w^th^ howlinge
Nor an ape w^th^ ſcowlinge
Shall mocke or moe
At what you ſhowe.
In jumpinge, in ſkippinge, in turninge, or oughte
You ſhall doe to pleaſe vs, how well or how noughte.
If there be any
Amonge this many,
Whom ſuch an humour ſteares,
May he ſtill lye,
In Grillus' ſtye,
Or weare for euer the Aſſes eares.

While y^e^ firſt ſtaffe of this ſonge was ſinginge out of y^e^ thickets on eyth^r^ ſide of y^e^ paſſage came ruſhinge y^e^ Antimaſque, beinge ſuch as by Circe *were ſuppoſed to haue beene tranſformed (havinge y^e^ mindes of men ſtill) into theeſe ſhapes followinge:*

2. w^th^ heartes, heades & bodyes as Actæon is pictur'd.
2. like Midas w^th^ Aſſes eares.
2. like wolues as Lycaon is drawne.
2. like Baboons.
Grillus (of whom Plutarche writes in his morralles) in y^e^ ſhape of a hogge.

Theſe together dancinge an antike meaſure tow'rdes y^e^ latter end of yt miſsd Grillus who was newly ſlipte away & whilſt they were at a ſtand wondringe what was become of him, the woodman ſtepte forth & ſunge this ſonge:

SONGE.

GRILLUS is gone, belyke he hath hearde
The dayry-maid knocke at y^e^ trough in y^e^ yearde:
Through thicke & thinne he wallowes
And weighes nor depths nor ſhallowes.
Harke how he whynes
Run all 'e're he dines
Then ſerue him a tricke
For beinge ſo quicke,
And lette him for all his paines
Behold you turne cleane of
His troughe,
And ſpill all his[1] waſh and his graines.

W^th^ this y^e^ Triplex of y^eir^ tune was plaid twice or thrice ou^r^, & by turnes brought thẽ from y^e^ ſtage; when y^e^ woodman ſung this oth^r^ ſtaffe of y^e^ laſt ſonge, & then ran after them:

And now 'tis wiſh'd y^t^ all ſuch as hee
Were rooting w^th^ him at y^e^ troughe or y^e^ tree.
Ffly, fly, from our pure fountaines,
To the darke vales or the mountaines,
Liſte ſome one whines
W^th^ voyce like a ſwines,
As angry y^t^ none
W^th^ Grillus is gone,
Or that he is lefte behinde.
O let there be no ſtaye
In his waye,
To hinder the boare from his kinde.

CIRCE.

How likes Ulyſſes this!

[1] Ovid: Met. lib. 14.

ULYSSES.

. . . . . Much like to one
Who in a ſhipwracke being caſt vpon
The froathy ſhores, and ſafe beholdes his mates
Equally croſſ'd by Neptune and the fates.
You might as well haue aſk'd how I would like
A ſtraine whoſe æquall Orpheus could not ſtrike,
Upon a harpe whoſe ſtringes none other be,
Then of the harte of chaſte Penelope.
O let it be enough that thou in theeſe
Haſt made moſt wretched Laertiades:
Let yet the ſad chance of diſtreſſed Greekes
W^th^ other teares than Sorrowes dewe your cheekes!
Moſt abiect baſeneſſe hath enthral'd that breſte
W^ch^ laughs at men by miſery oppreſte.

CIRCE.

In this, as lyllies, or y^e^ new-falne ſnowe
Is Circe ſpotleſſe yet, what though the bowe
W^ch^ Iris bendes, appeareth to each ſight
In various hewes & colours infinite?
The learned knowe that in itſelfe is free
And light and ſhade make that varietye.
Thinges farre off ſeene ſeeme not the ſame they are,
Fame is not ever truth's Diſcouerer;
For ſtill where enuy meeteth a reporte
Ill ſhe makes worſe, & what is Good come ſhorte.
In whatſo'ere this land hath paſſiue beene
Or ſhe that here 'ore other raigneth Queene
Let wiſe Ulyſſes judg. Some I confeſſe
That tow'rds this Iſle not long ſince did addreſſe
Their ſtretched oares, no ſooner landed were,
But (careleſſe of themſelues) they heere & there
Fed on ſtrange fruites, inuenominge their bloodes,
And now like monſters range about the woods.

If thoſe thy mates were, yet is Circe free:
For their misfortunes haue not byrth from mee
Who in th' Apothecaries ſhoppe hath ta'ne
(Whilſt he is wantinge) that w^{ch} breeds his bane,
Should neuer blame the man who there had plac'd it
But his owne folly urginge him to taſte it.

VLYSSES.

Æœas Queene and great Hyperions pride,
Pardon miſdoubtes; and we are ſatisfide.

CIRCE.

Swifter the lightninge comes not from aboue,
Then doe our grants borne on the winges of Loue.
And ſince what's paſt doth not Ulyſſes pleaſe,
Call to a dance the fair Nereides,
Wth other Nymphes w^{ch} doe in euery creeke,
In woods, on plaines, on mountaines, ſymples ſeeke
For powerfull Circe, and let in a ſonge
Ecchos be aydinge that they may prolonge
My now comand to each place where they be,
To bringe them hither all more ſpeedilye.

Preſently in y^{e} wood was heard a full muſicke of lutes w^{ch} deſcendinge to the ſtage had to them ſung this followinge ſonge, the Ecchos being plac'd in ſeueral p^{ts} of the paſſage.

SONGE.

CIRCE bids you come awaye.
ECCH: Come awaye, come awaye.
From y^{e} riuers, from the ſea
ECCH: From the ſea, from the ſea.
From the greene woods euery one.
ECCH: Euery one, euery one.
Of her maides be miſſinge none.
ECCH: Miſſinge none, miſſinge none.

No longer ſtay, except it bee to bringe
A med'cine for loues ſtinge.
That would excuſe you & be held more deare
Then witte or Magicke, for both they are heere.
ECCH: They are here, they are here.

The Eccho had no ſooner anſwered to y^e^ laſt line of the ſonge, They are here, *but the ſecond Antimaſque came in, being ſeuen Nymphs & were thus attir'd:*

Fower { *in white taffita robes long treſſes & chaplets of flowers, herbs & weeds on their heades w^th^ little wicker baſkets in y^eir^ hands, neatly painted. Theſe were ſuppoſed to be maids attending vpon* Circe, *& uſd in gatheringe ſimples for their miſtreſſes enchantments.*—(Pauſanias in prioribus Eliacis.)

Three { *in ſea greene robes,* [1]*greeniſh haire hanging looſe w^th^ leaues of corrall & ſhelles intermixte vpon it. Theſe are by* Ouid *affirmed to helpe the Nymphes of* Circe *in their collections*[2] *by throſe:*

Theſe hauinge danc'd a moſt curious meaſure to a ſofter tune then y^e^ firſt Antimaſque as moſt fitting returned as they came; the Nereides tow'rds y^e^ cliffes & y^e^ other maides of Circe *to y^e^ woods & plaines, after w^ch^* Ulyſſes, *thus:*

ULYSSES.

Fame addes not to thy ioyes, I ſee in this,
But like a high & ſtately Pyramis

[1] Horat. lib. 3. carmin.

[2] Nereides nymphæque ſimul quæ vellera motis
Nulla trahunt digitis, nec fila ſequentia ducunt,
Gramina diſponunt; ſparſoſque ſine ordine flores
Secernunt calathis, variiſque coloribus herbas.
Ipſa, quod hæ faciunt, opus exigit—
—*Ovid.* lib. 14, *Metam.*

Growes leaſt at fartheſt; now, faire Circe, grante
Although the faire-hair'd Greeks do neuer vaunte,
That they in meaſur'd paces ought haue done,
But where the god of battailes ledd them on;
Give leaue that (freed from ſleepe) y^e^ ſmall remaine
Of my companions on the under plaine
May in a dance ſtriue how to pleaſure thee
Eyther w^th^ ſkill or w^th^ varietye.

CIRCE.

Circe is pleas'd; Ulyſſes, take my wand
And from their eyes each child of ſleepe com̄and;
Whilſt my choyce maides w^th^ their harmonious voyces
(Whereat each byrd and dancinge ſpringe reioyces)
Charminge the windes when they contrary meete,
Shall make their ſpirits as nimble as their feete.

THE THIRD SCENES

DESCRIPTION.

Circe w^th^ *this ſpeech deliueringe her wande to* Ulyſſes *reſts on y^e^ lower parte of y^e^ hill, while he goeing up the hill & ſtriking y^e^ trees w^th^ his wande, ſuddenly two greate gates flew open, makinge as it were a large glade through the wood, & alonge y^e^ glade a faire walke; two ſeeminge bricke walles on eyther ſide, over w^th^ the trees wantonly hunge; a great light (as y^e^ Suns ſuddaine unmaſkinge) being ſeene upon this diſcouery. At y^e^ further end was deſcride an arbor, very curiouſly done, havinge one entrance under an architreave borne vp by two ſillers w^th^ their chapters & baſes guilte; y^e^ top of y^e^ entrance beautifide w^th^ poſtures of Satyres, Wood-Nymphes, & oth^r^ anticke worke; as alſo y^e^ ſides & corners: the coveringe archwiſe interwove w^th^ boughes, y^e^ backe of it girt round w^th^ a vine, & artificially done*

vp in knottes towrds y^e^ toppe; beyond it was a wood-ſcene in perſpective, the fore part of it opening at Ulyſſes *his approach, the maſkers were diſcouered in ſeverall ſeates leaninge as aſleape.*

THEIR ATTIRE.

Doublets of greene taffita, cut like oaken leaves, as upon cloth of ſiluer; their ſkirtes & winges cut into leaues, deepe round hoſe of y^e^ ſame, both lin'd w^th^ ſprigge lace ſpangled; long white ſylke ſtockings; greene pumps, & roſes done ou^e^ w^th^ ſyluer leaues; hattes of y^e^ ſame ſtuffe, & cut narrowe-brim'd, & riſinge ſmaller compaſſe at y^e^ crowne, white wreath hatbandes, white plumes, egrettes w^th^ a greene fall, ruffe bands & cuffes.

Ulyſſes *ſeuerally came & touch't euery one of them w^th^ y^e^ wand while this was ſunge.*

SONGE.

SHAKE of ſleepe, yee worthy knights,
Though yee dreame of all delights;
Shew that Venus doth reſorte
To the campe as well as courte
By ſome well-timed meaſure,
And on your geſtures & your paces
Let the well-compoſed graces,
Lokinge like, and parte w^th^ pleaſure.

By this y^e^ knights beinge all riſen from their ſeats were by Ulyſſes (*y^e^ loud muſicke ſoundinge*) *brought to y^e^ ſtage; and then to the violins danced their firſt meaſure aft^e^ w^ch^ this ſonge brought them to the ſecond:*

SONGE.

ON & imitate the Sun,
Stay not to breath till you haue done:

Earth doth thinke, as other where
Do ſome woemen ſhe doth beare:
Thoſe wifes whoſe huſbands only threaten
Are not lou'd like thoſe are beaten.
Then w^th^ your feete to ſuffringe moue her,
For whilſt you beate earth thus, you love her.

Here they danc'd theire ſecond meaſure, & then this ſonge was ſunge during w^ch^ time they take out y^r^ ladyes:

SONGE.

CHOOSE now amonge this faireſt number,
Upon whoſe breſtes love would for euer ſlumber:
Chooſe not amiſſe ſince you may where you wylle,
Or blame yourſelues for chooſinge ille.
Then doe not leaue, though ofte the muſicke cloſes,
Till lillyes in their cheekes be turn'd to roſes.

CHORUS.

And if it lay in Circes power,
Your bliſſe might ſo perſeuer,
That thoſe you chooſe but for an hower
You ſhould enioy for ever.

The knights, w^th^ the ladyes dance here y^r^ old meaſures, Galliards, Corantoes, the Braules, &c. and then (havinge lead them againe to their places) danced their laſt meaſure; after w^ch^ this ſonge called them awaye.

SONGE.

WHO but Tyme ſo haſty were
To fly away & leaue you here?
Here where delight
Might well allure

A very Stoicke from this night
To turne an Epicure.

But ſince he calles away ; and Time will ſoone repente,
He ſtaid not longer here, but ran to be more idly ſpente.

Τελοσ. *Finis.* *The end.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

FROM LANSDOWNE MS. 777

AND OTHER SOURCES.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.[1]

I. Love Poems.

1.

LOUE who will, for Ile loue none,
Theres fooles enough beſides me:
Yet if each woman haue not one,
Come to me where I hide me,
And if ſhe can the place attain,
For once Ile be her foole againe.

2.

It is an eaſye place to find,
And women ſure ſhould know it;
Yet thither ſerues not euery wind,
Nor many men can ſhow it:
It is the ſtorehouſe, where doth lye
All womens truth & conſtancy.

3.

If the Jorney be ſo long,
No woman will aduentvr;

[1] Thoſe marked † are not from the Lanſd. MS.

But dreading her weake veſſels wrong,
Y^e^ voiage will not enter:
Then may ſhe ſigh & lye alone,
In loue with all, yet loude of none.

ON A FAIRE LADYES YELLOW HAIRE POWDRED WITH WHITE.

WRITTEN IN THE DISSOLUING OF A SNOW.

SAY, why on your hayre yet ſtayes
That Snow reſembling white;
Since the Suns leſſe powerfull rayes
Thawd that w^ch^ fell laſt night?

Sure to hinder thoſe extreames
Of Loue they might beſtow;
Art hath hid your Golden Beames
Within a fleece of Snow.

Yet as on a Cloth of gould,
With ſiluer flowers wrought ore,
We doe now and then beholde
A radyant wyre or more:

So ſometymes the amorous ayre
Doth with youre faire lockes playe,
And vncloudes a Golden hayre;
And then breakes forth the daye.

On your Cheekes the Roſy Morne
We plainly then deſcry;
And a thouſand Cupids borne,
And playing in each eye.

Now we all are at a ſtaye,
And know not where to turne vs;
If we wiſh that Snow awaye,
Thoſe Glorious beames would burne vs.

If it ſhould not fall amayne,
And cloud your louefull eyes,
Each gentle heart would ſone be ſlayne,
And made their Sacrifice.

NOT longe agone a youthfull swayne,
Much wronged by a maid's diſdayne,
Before Loues Altar came & did implore
That he might like her leſſe, or ſhe loue more.
The god him heard, & ſhe began
To doate on him, he (fooliſh man)
Cloyde with much ſweets, thus changde his note before,
O let her loue me leſſe, or I like more[1].

1.

SHALL I loue againe, & try
If I ſtill muſt loue to loſe,
And make weake mortalitye
Giue new birth vnto my woes?
No, let me euer liue from Loues encloſing,
Rather y^n^ loue to liue in feare of looſing.

2.

One whom haſty Nature giues
To the world without his ſight,

[1] Compare Lovelace (Poems, ed. Hazlitt, 135-6, and *Note*).

Not ſo diſcontented lives,
As a man deprived of light:
'Tis knowledge that gives vigour to our woe,
And not the want, but loſſe that paines us ſoe.

3.

With the Arabian Bird then be
Both the Louer and belou'd;
Be thy lines thy progeny
By ſome gracious faire approu'd;
So may'ſt thou live, & be belov'd of many,
Without the feare of loſſe, or want of any.

DEEPE are the wounds which ſtrike a vertuous name;
Sharpe are the darts Reuenge ſtill ſets on wing:
Conſumeing Jealouſies abhorred flame!
Deadly the frownes of an enraged King.
Yet all theſe to Diſdaynes heart-ſearching ſtring
(Deepe, ſharpe, conſuming, deadlye) nothing be,
Whoſe darts, wounds, flames, and frownes, meet all in me.

1.

POORE ſilly foole! thou ſtriv'ſt in vaine to knowe
If I enioy, or loue whom thou lou'ſt ſoe;
Since my affection euer ſecret tryde
Bloomes like the ferne,[1] & ſeeds ſtill vneſpide.

2.

And as the ſubtill flames of Heauen, that wound
The inward part, yet leaue the outward ſound:

[1] The fern has no bloom.

My loue warres on my heart, kills that within,
When merry are my lookes, & freſh my ſkin.

3.

Of yellow Jaundice louers as you be,
Whoſe Faces ſtraight proclaime their maladye,
Thinke not to find me one; who knowe full well,
That none but french & fooles loue now & tell.

4.

His griefes are ſweet, his Joyes (o) heauenly move,
Whoe from the world conceales his honeſt loue;
Nay, letts his Miſtris know his paſſions ſource,
Rather by reaſon then by his diſcourſe.

5.

This is my way, and in this language new
Shewing my merit, it demands my due;
And hold this Maxim, ſpight of all diſpute,
He aſkes enough that ſerues well & is mute.

WELLCOME, wellcome, doe I ſing,
Far more wellcome y^{n} y^{e} ſpring;
He that parteth from you neuer,
Shall enioy a ſpring for euer.

Love, that to y^{e} voice is nere
Breaking from your Iu'ry pale,
Need not walke abroad to heare
The delightfull Nightingale.

Wellcome, wllcome, then I ſing,
Far more welcome y^{n} y^{e} ſpring;

He that parteth from you neuer,
Shall enioy a ſpring for euer.

Love, that lookes ſtill on your eyes,
Though y^e^ winter haue begun
To benumbe our Arteryes,
Shall not want the Summers Sun.
Wellcome, wellcome, y^n^ I ſing, &c.

Love that ſtill may ſee your cheekes,
Where all rarenes ſtill repoſes,
Is a foole, if ere he ſeekes
Other Lillyes, other roſes.
Wellcome, wellcome, &c.

Love, to whom your ſoft lips yeelds,
And pceiues your breath in kiſſing,
All the Odours of the fields
Neuer, neuer ſhall be miſſing.
Wellcome, &c.

Love that queſtion would anew
What faire Eden was of old,
Let him rightly ſtudy you,
And a briefe of that behold.
Welcome, welcome, y^n^ I, &c.

YE merry birds, leaue of to ſing,
And lend your eares a while to me;
Or if you needs will court the Spring
With your enticing harmonye,
Flye from this groue, leaue me alone;
Your mirth cannot befit my mone.

But if y^t^ any be inclyned
To ſing as ſad a ſong as I ;
Let that ſad bird be now ſo kind,
As ſtay & beare me companye :
And we will ſtriue, which ſhall outgoe
Loues heauy ſtraines, or my ſad woe.

Ye Nimphes of Thames, if any Swan
Be readye now her laſt to ſing ;
O bring her hither, if yee can,
And ſitting by vs in a ring,
Spend each a ſigh, while ſhe & I
Together ſing, together dye.

Alas ! how much I erre to call
More ſorrow, where there is ſuch ſtore ;
Ye gentle Birds, come not at all,
And Iſis' Nimphes forbeare y^e^ ſhore.
My ſighs as groues of mandrakes be,
And would kill any one but me.

To me my griefes none other are,
Then poiſon is to one, that long
Had fed on it without impaire
Vnto his health, or Natures wrong ;
What others liues would quickly ſpill,
I take, but cannot take to kill.

Then ſorrow, ſince thou wert ordaind
To be y^e^ inmate of my hart,
Thriue there ſo long, till thou haſt gaind
In it then life a greater part :
And if thou wilt not kill, yet be
The means that ſome one pitye mee.

Yet would I not that pitty haue
From any other heart then hers,
Who firſt my wound of ſorrowe gaue;
And if ſhe ſtill that cure deferres,
It was my ffate that did aſſure
A hand to wound, but none to cure.

A SIGH FROM OXFORD.

GOE, and if thou chance to finde
That is ſouthwardes bent a wynde,
Take it vp on any hire,
But be ſure it doe not tyre:
If with Loue-ſighes mixt it bee,
Be ſecure 'twill carry thee;
Spurre it on, and make more haſte,
Then y^e^ Fleet that went out laſt;
Doe not ſtay to curle a Rill,
Clenſe a Corne, or driue a Mill;
Nor to criſpe a locke, or turne it:
Thou haſt fire, and ſo mayſt burne it.
For thy lodging doe not come
In a bagpipe or a drumme:
In the belly of ſome Lute
That hath ſtrooke Apollo mute;
Or a gentle ladyes eare,
That might dreame, whilſt thou art there,
Of ſuch vowes as thou doſt carry,
There for one night thou mayſt tarry;
Whiſper there thy Meſſage to her;
And if ſhe haue any woor,
In her ſleepe perhaps ſhe maye
Speake what ſhe denyes the daye,
And inſtruct thee to replye
To my Cælia more then I.

For thy lodging (the next daye)
Doe not thankeleſſe goe awaye;
Giue the Lute a Teſt of Ayre,
That a Poets Sigh lay there;
And informe it with a ſoule
Of ſo high diuine controule,
That whoeuer heares it next
Shall be with a Muſe perplext;
And a Lawyer ſhall reherſe
His Demurres and Pleas in verſe.
In the Ladyes Labrynth leaue
Not a ſound that may deceaue;
Driue it thence; and after ſee
Thou there leaue ſome part of thee,
By which ſhee maye well deſcry
Any louers forgery:
For yt neuer will admit
Ought that is not true as it.
When that office thou haſt done,
And the Lady laſtly wonne,
Let the ayre thou leftſt the Girle,
Twine a dropp, and then a pearle;
Which I wiſh that ſhe would weare
For a pendant in her Eare;
And its vertue ſtill ſhall be,
To detect all flatterie.
Could I giue each Monarch ſuch,
None would ſay I ſighd to much.
When thy largeſſe thou haſt giuen,
(My beſt ſigh next that for heauen)
Make not any longer ſtay;
Kiſſe thine Hoſteſſe, and awaye.
If thou meet, as thou doſt ſtirre,
Any Sigh a Paſſenger,
Stand vpon thy Guard, and be
Jealous of a Robberye;

For the ſighes that trauell now,
Beare not ſo much truth as thou;
Thoſe may robbe thee to ſupply
That defect of conſtancye
Which their Maſters left to be
Filld by what was ſtolne from thee:
Yet aduenture, for in ſoothe
Few dare meddle now with truthe;
'Tis a coyne that will not paye
For their Meat or horſes haye;
'Tis cride downe, & ſuch a coyne
As no great Thiefe will purloyne.
Petty-foot-ſighes thou mayſt meet,
From the counter or the Fleet,
To a Wife or Miſtreſſe ſent,
That her Louers meanes hath ſpent,
Of ſuch ones beware, for thoſe,
Much ſpent on their maſters woes,
May want of that ſtore which thou
Carry'ſt to my Cælia nowe:
And ſo robbe thee, and then ſpend thee,
Soe as I did nere intend thee;
With diſhonor thou ſhalt moue
To begg an Almes, not get a loue.
Shun them, for they haue noe ruthe,
And know that few are hang'd for Truthe:
Naye the Lawes haue bin more briefe
To iayle that theft, more then a thiefe;
The Hue and Cry will not goe poſt
For the worth which thou haſt loſt.
Yet for Faith and Truth betrayde
Countryes heretofore haue payde.
Warye be, and fearing Loſſe,
Like thoſe of the Roſy-Croſſe,
Be not ſeen, but hye thee on
Like an Inſpiration;

And as ayre, aſcending hyer,
Turnes to drops, or elſe to fire;
So when thou art neerer come
To my Starre, and to thy Home,
If thou meet a Sigh, which ſhe
Hath but coldly ſent to me,
Kiſſe it, for thy warmer ayre
Will diſſolue into a teare;
As the ſteame of Roſes will
At the Cold top of a Still:
Nor ſhalt thou be loſt; her eyes
Haue Apollo's facultys;
Their faire Rayes will work amayne,
And turne thee to a Sigh againe.
What thou art yet cloſely ſhroude,
Riſe vp like a fleecy cloude;
And as thou doeſt ſo aſpire,
To her Element of fire,
(Which afarre its forces darte,
And exhal'd thee from my heart).
Make thyne owne ſhape, iuſt as we
Faſhion Clouds by phantaſie;
Be a Cupid, be a Heart
Wounded, and her rayes the dart;
Have a Chaſma too, and there
Only let our vowes appeare:
Laſtly, I would wiſh thee be
Such a clowd reſembling me,
That Ixion-like ſhe might
Claſpe thee with his appetite;
Yet more temperate and chaſte,
And whilſt thou art ſo imbrac't,
And afforded ſome ſweet ſipps
From her Muſe inſpiring lipps,
Vaniſh! and then ſlip by Art
Through thoſe Rubyes to her heart.

Wynde yt round, and let yt be
Thoughtles of all earth, but mee;
Grow acquainted with that ayre,
Which doth to her heart repayre;
And ſo temper and ſo blyſſe yt,
And ſo fanne yt, and ſo kyſſe yt,
That the new borne Roſe may be,
Not ſo truly chaſt as ſhe.
With that Regent, from that howre,
Lieger lye Embaſſadour:
Keepe our truce vnbroke, preferre
All the ſuites I ſend to her:
Get Dyſpatches, that may ſtand
With the good of either hand;
Soe that you be bold and true,
Neuer feare what may enſue;
For there is noe pollicy
Like to that of Honeſty.
Gett into her Mynion thought,
Howſoeuer dearly bought;
And procure that ſhe diſpenſe
To tranſport ſome kiſſes thence:
Theſe are Raritys and deare,
For like hers I meet none heere.
This thy charge is; then begonne
With thy full Cõmiſſion:
Make her myne, and cleere all doubts;
Kill each jealouſye that ſprouts;
Keepe the honor of thy place;
Let no other ſigh Diſgrace
Thy iuſt worth, and neuer ſitt
To her, though [ſ]he brybe for it.
And when I ſhall call thee home,
To ſend another in thy roome;
Leaue theſe thoughts for Agents there:

. . . . . .

Ffirſte, I thinke her pure and chaſte,
As the Ice congealed laſt;
Next, as Iron (though it glowes)
Neuer melts but once, and flowes;
So her loue will only be
Fluent once, and that to me:
Laſtly, as the glow-wormes might
Neuer kindled other light,
I belieue that fire which ſhe
Haplye ſhewes in louing mee,
Neuer will encorage man,
(Though her loues meridian
Heat him to it) once to dare
To mention Loue, though vnaware
Much leſſe fire a Sigh that may
Incorporate with my faire Raye.
I haue read of two erewhile,
Enemyes burnt in one pyle;
That their flames would neuer kiſſe,
But made a ſeuerall Pyramis.
Lett all Sighes that come to thee,
By thy loue inlightened be;
If they ioyne and make one flame,
Be ſecure from me they came.
If they ſeperate, beware,
There is Craft that would enſnare;
Myne are rarifyde and iuſt;
Truth and loue: the others luſt.
With this charge, farewell, and try
What muſt be my deſtenye:
Wooe, ſecure her; pleade thy due;
This ſigh is not ſo long as true:
And whoever ſhall enclyne
To ſend another after myne,
Though he haue more cunning farre,
Then the Jugler Gondimar,

All his ſleights, and all his faults,
Hollowneſſe of heart, and halts;
By thy chaſter fire will all
Be ſo wrought diaphanall;
She ſhall looke through them, and ſee
How much he comes ſhort of mee:
Then my ſigh ſhall be approud,
And kiſſe that heart whome I haue loude.

A HAPLES ſhepherd on a daye
Yede to St. Michaels Mounte,
And ſpent more teares vpon the waye,
Then all the ſands could counte.
Ffull was the Sea (ſo were the eyes
Of the vnhappy Louer)
Yet without Oare or Wynd in Skies,
His ſighs did waft him over.

COELIA is gone, & now ſit I
As Philomela, (on a thorne,
Turn'd out of natures liverye)
Mirthles, alone, & all forlorne;
Onelye ſhe ſings not, while my ſorrowes can
Afford ſuch notes as fit a dying ſwan.
So ſhuts the Marygold her leaues
At the departure of y^e^ ſunne;
Soe from honeyſuckle ſheaues
The Bee goes, when y^e^ day is done.
Soe ſits the Turtle, when ſhe is but one;
So is all woe; as I, now ſhe is gone.
To ſome few Birds, kind Nature hath
Made all the ſummer as one daye,
Which once enioyde, cold winters wrath,
As night, they ſleeping paſſe away:

Thoſe happy creatures are, that know not yet
The paines to be deprivde, or to forgett.
I oft haue heard men ſaye there be
Some, that with confidence profeſſe
The helpefull art of memorie;
But could they teach Forgetfulnes,
I'd learne and trye what further art could doe,
To make me loue her, & forget her to.
Sad Melancholy that perſwades
Men from themſelues, to think they be
Headles or other bodyes ſhades,
Hath long & bootles dwelt with me;
For could I thinke ſhe ſome Idea were,
I ſtill might loue, forget, & haue her heere;
But ſuch ſhe is not: nor would I,
For twice as many torments more,
As her bereaued company
Hath brought to thoſe I felt before;
For then noe future time might hap to know,
That ſhe deſeru'd, or I did loue her ſoe.
Ye howres then but as minutes be,
(Though ſoe I ſhall be ſooner old,)
Till I thoſe louely graces ſee,
Which but in her can none behold.
Then be an age that wee may neuer trye
More griefe in parting, but grow old & dye.

II. Odes, Songs, and Sonnets.

An Ode.

1.

WAKE, faire Muſe; for I intend
These everlaſting lynes to thee,
And, honord *Drayton*, come & lend
An eare to this ſweet melodye:
For on my harpes moſt high & ſiluer ſtring,
To thoſe Nine Siſters whom I loue, I ſing.

2.

This man through death & horror ſeekes
Honor, by the Victorious Steele;
Another in vnmapped creekes
For Jewells moares his winged keele.
The clamrous Barre wins ſome, & others byte
At lookes throwne from a muſhrome Fauorite.[1]

3.

But I, that ſerue the louely Graces,
Spurne at that droſſe, which moſt adore;
And tytles hate, like paynted faces,
And heart-fed Care for euermore.
Thoſe pleaſures I diſdaine, which are purſude
With praiſe & wiſhes by the multitude.

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[1] The poet may have had in his mind either Carr or Villiers.

4.

The Bayes, which deathles Learning crownes,
Me of Appollo's troope inſtalls:
The Satyres following ore the downes
Fair Nymphs to ruſticke feſtiualls,
Make me affect (where men no traffique haue)
The holy horror of a Sauage Caue.

5.

Through the faire ſkyes I thence intend,
With an vnuſd & powerfull wing,
To beare me to my Jorneyes end:
And thoſe that taſte the Muſes ſpring,
Too much celeſtiall fire haue at their birth,
To lyue long tyme like cōmon ſoules in Earth.

6.

From faire Aurora will I reare
My ſelfe vnto the ſource of floods;
And from the Ethiopian Beare,
To him as white as ſnowy woods;
Nor ſhall I feare (for this daye taking flight)
To be wounde vp in any vayle of night.

7.

Of Death I may not feare the dart,
As is the vſe of Humane State;
For well I knowe my better part
Dreads not the hand of Tyme or Fate.
Tremble at Death, Enuye, & fortune whoe
Haue but one life: Heauen giues a Poet two.

8.

All coſtly obſequies invaye,
Marble & paintyng too, as vayne;

My aſhes ſhall not meet with Clay,
As thoſe doe of the vulgar trayne.
And if my Muſe to Spencers glory come
No King ſhall owne my verſes for his Tombe."

A ROUNDE.

All.

NOW that the Spring hath filld our veynes
With kinde and actiue fire,
And made green liuryes for the playnes,
And euery groue a Quire.

Sing we a Song of merry glee,
And Bacchus fill the bowle:
1. Then heres to thee; 2. And thou to mee
And euery thirſty ſoule.

Nor Care nor Sorrow ere payd debt,
Nor never ſhall doe myne;
I haue no Cradle goeing yet,
Not[2] I, by this good wyne.

No wyfe at home to ſend for me,
Noe hoggs are in my grounde,
Noe ſuite at Law to pay a fee,
Then round, old Jocky, round.

---

[1] Can this be a gentle rebuke to Spenſer for having dedicated his *Faery Queene* to Elizabeth? Yet all Browne's publiſhed works were uſhered into the world under noble patronage. It may be ſaid, however, that *his* patrons were, more or leſs, perſonal friends, from whom he never perhaps received, and may not have expected, any favours.

[2] MS. has *nor*.

All.

Sheare ſheepe that haue them, cry we ſtill,
But ſee that noe man ſcape
To drinke of the Sherry,
That makes us ſo merry,
And plumpe as the luſty Grape.

VNHAPPY Muſe, that nothing pleaſeſt me,
But tyr'ſt thyſelf to reape anothers bliſſe,
She that as much forbeares thy melodye,
As feareful maydens doe the ſerpents hiſſe,
Doth ſhe not fly away when I would ſing?
Or doth ſhe ſtaye, when I with many a teare
Keepe ſolemne tyme to my woes vttering;
And aſke what wilde Birds grant to lend an Eare?
O haples Tongue, in ſilence euer live,
And ye, my founts of teares, forbeare ſupply:
Since neither words, nor teares, nor muſe can give
Ought worth the pittying ſuch a wretch as I.
Grieue to your ſelues, if needs you will deplore,
Till teares & words are ſpent for euermore.

Vnhappy I, in whom no Joye appeares,
And but for ſorrowe of all elſe forlorne;
Miſhaps encreaſing faſter then my yeares,
As I to grieue & dye were onely borne.
Dark ſullen night is my too tedious daye;
In it I labour when all others reſt,
And wear in diſcontent thoſe howres awaye,
Which make ſome leſſe deſeruing greater bleſt.
The roſe cheekt morne I hate, becauſe it brings
A ſad remembrance of my fairer Faire,
From whoſe deare graue ariſe continuall ſprings,
Whoſe miſtye vapours cloude the lightſome ayre.
And onely now I to my Loue preferre
Thoſe Clouds which ſhed their rayne, & weepe for her.

THIRSIS' PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESSE.[1]

ON a hill that grac'd the plaine
Thirſis ſate, a comely Swaine,
Comelier Swaine nere grac'd a hill:
Whilſt his Flocke that wandred nie,
Cropt the green graſſe buſilie,
Thus he tun'd his Oaten quill:

Ver hath made the pleaſant field
Many ſeu'rall odours yeeld,
Odors aromaticall:
From faire Aſtra's cherrie lip,
Sweeter ſmells for euer ſkip,
They in pleaſing paſſen all.

Leauie Groues now mainely ring,
With each ſweet birds ſonnetting,
Notes that make the Eccho's long:
But when Aſtra tunes her voyce,
All the mirthfull birds reioyce,
And are liſt'ning to her Song.

Fairely ſpreads the Damaſke Roſe,
Whoſe rare mixture doth diſcloſe
Beauties penſills cannot faine.
Yet if Aſtra paſſe the buſh,
Roſes haue beene ſeen to bluſh
She doth all their beauties ſtaine.

Phœbus, ſhining bright in ſkie,
Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie
With his beames all quick'ning fire:

[1] This is taken from *Englands Helicon, or the Muſes Harmony*, 1614, 8vo.

Aſtra's eyes (moſt ſparkling ones)
Strikes a heat in hearts of ſtones,
And enflames them with deſire.

Fields are bleſt with flowrie wreath,
Ayre is bleſt when ſhe doth breath,
Birds make happy eu'ry Groue,
She, each Bird, when ſhe doth ſing:
Phœbus heate to Earth doth bring,
She makes Marble fall in loue.

Thoſe bleſſings of the earth we Swaines doe call,
Aſtra can bleſſe thoſe bleſſings, earth and all.

CŒLIA.

SONNETS.

I.

LOE, I the man, that whilome lou'd & loſt,
Not dreading loſſe, doe ſing againe of loue;
And like a man but latelie tempeſt-toſt,
Try if my ſtarres ſtill inauſpicious proue:
Not to make good, that poets neuer can
Long time without a choſen Miſtris be,
Doe I ſing thus; or my affections ran
Within the Maze of Mutabilitie;
What beſt I lov'de, was beauty of the mind,
And that lodgd in a Temple truely faire,
Which ruyn'd now by death, if I can finde
The Saint that livd therein ſome otherwhere,
I may adore it there, and love the Cell
For entertaining what I lov'd ſo well.

2.

WHY might I not for once be of that Sect,
Which hold that ſoules, when Nature hath her right,
Some other bodyes to themſelues elect;
And ſunlike make the daye, and licenſe Night;
That ſoul, whoſe ſetting in one Hemiſpheare
Was to enlighten ſtreight another part;
In that Horizon, if I ſee yt there,
Calls for my firſt reſpect and its deſert;
Her vertue is the ſame and may be more;
For as the Sun is diſtant, ſo his powre
In operation differs, and the ſtore
Of thick clowds interpoſed make him leſſe owr.
And verely I thinke her clymate ſuch,
Since to my former flame it adds ſoe much.

3.

FAIREST, when by y^e^ rules of palmiſtrye
You tooke my hand to trye if you could gueſſe,
By lines therein, if anye wight there be
Ordain'd to make me know ſome happines;
I wiſh't that thoſe Characters could explaine,
Whom I will neuer wrong with hope to win;
Or that by them a coppy might be ſene,
By you, o loue, what thoughts I haue within.
But ſince the hand of Nature did not ſett
(As providentlie loth to haue it knowne)
The meanes to finde that hidden Alphabet,
Mine Eyes ſhall be th' interpreters alone;
By them conceiue my thoughts, & tell me, faire,
If now you ſee her, that doth love me there?

4.

SOE ſat the Muſes on the Bankes of Thames,
And pleaſ'd to ſing our heauenly Spencers wit,
Inſpireing almoſt trees with powrefull flames,
As Cælia when ſhe ſings what I haue writ:
Me thinkes there is a Spirrit more diuine,
An Elegance more rare when ought is ſung
By her ſweet voice, in euery verſe of mine,
Then I conceiue by any other tongue:
So a muſitian ſets what ſome one playes
With better relliſh, ſweeter ſtroke, then he
That firſt compoſd; nay oft the maker weighes,
If what he heares, his owne, or others be.
Such are my lines: the higheſt, beſt of choice,
Become more gratious by her ſweeteſt voice.

5.

WER'T not for you, here ſhould my pen haue reſt
And take a long leaue of ſweet Poeſye;
Britannias ſwaynes, & riuers far by weſt,
Should heare no more mine oaten melodye;
Yet ſhall the ſong I ſing of them, awhile
Vnperfect lye, and make noe further knowne
The happy loves of this our pleaſant Ile;
Till I haue left ſome record of mine owne.
You are the ſubiect now, and, writing you,
I well may verſify, not poetize:
Heere needs no fiction: for the graces true
And vertues clipp not with baſe flatteryes.
Heere ſhould I write what you deſerue of praiſe,
Others might weare, but I ſhould win the bayes.

6.

SING ſoft, ye pretty Birds, while Cælia ſleepes,
And gentle gales play gently with the leaues;
Learne of the neighbour brookes, whoſe ſilent deepes
Would teach him feare, that her ſoft ſleep bereaues.
Myne Oaten reed, devoted to her praiſe,
(A theame that would befit the Delphian Lyre)
Give way, that I in ſilence may admire.
Is not her ſleepe like that of innocents,
Sweet as her ſelfe; and is ſhe not more faire,
Almoſt in death, then are the Ornaments
Of fruitfull trees, which newly budding are?
She is, and tell it, Truth, when ſhe ſhall lye,
And ſleep for euer, for ſhe cannot dye.

7.

FAIREST, when I am gone, as now the Glaſſe
Of Time is mark't how long I haue to ſtaye,
Let me intreat you, ere from hence I paſſe,
Perhaps from you for euermore awaye,
Thinke that noe common Loue hath fir'd my Breaſt,
No baſe deſire, but Vertue truely knowne,
Which I may love, & wiſh to haue poſſeſt,
Were you the high'ſt as fair'ſt of any one;
'Tis not your louely eye inforcing flames,
Nor beautious redd beneath a ſnowy ſkin,
That ſo much bindes me yours, or makes you Flames,
As the pure light & beauty ſhryn'd within:
Yet outward parts I muſt affect of duty,
As for the ſmell we like the Roſes beauty.

8.

AS oft as I meet one that comes from you,
And aſke your health, not as the uſual faſhion,
Before he ſpeakes, I doubt there will inſue,
As oft there doth, the comon commendacõn:
Alas, thinke I, did he but know my minde
(Though for the world I would not haue it ſoe)
He would relate it in another kinde,
Diſcourſe of it at large, and yet but ſlowe;
He ſhould th' occaſion tell, & with it too
Add how you charg'd him he ſhould not forget;
For this you might, as ſure ſome louers doe,
Though ſuch a Meſſenger I haue not mett:
Nor doe I care, ſince 'twill not further moue me,
Love me alone, and ſay, alone you love me.

9.

TELL me, my thoughts (for you each Minute fly,
And ſee thoſe beautyes which mine eyes haue loſt,)
Is any worthier Loue beneath the ſky?
Would not the cold Norwegian mixt with froſt
(If in their clyme ſhe were) from her bright Eyes
Receiue a heat, ſo powrefully begun,
In all his veynes & nummed arteryes,
That would ſupply the lowenes of the ſun?
I wonder at her harmony of words,
Rare (and as rare as ſeldome doth ſhe talke)
That Riuers ſtand not in their ſpeedy fords,
And downe the hills the trees forbeare to walke.
But more I muſe, why I ſhould hope in fine,
To get alone a Beauty ſo divine.

10.

TO gett a Love & Beauty ſo devine,
(In theſe ſo warye times) the fact muſt be,
Of greater fortunes to the world then myne;
Thoſe are the ſtepps to that felicitye;
For love no other gate hath then the Eyes,
And inward worth is now eſteem'd as none;
Mere outſides onely to that bleſſing riſe,
Which Truth & Love did once account their owne;
Yet as ſhe wants her fairer, ſhe may miſſe
The common cauſe of Loue, and be as free
From Earth, as her compoſure heauenly is;
If not, I reſtles reſt in miſerie,
And daily wiſh to keepe me from deſpaire,
Fortune my Miſtris, or you not ſo faire.

11.

FAIR Laurell, that the onelye witnes art
To that diſcourſe, which vnderneath thy ſhade
Our griefe ſwolne breſts did lovinglie impart,
With vowes as true as ere Religion made:
If (forced by our ſighs) the flame ſhall fly
Of our kinde Love, and get within thy rind,
Be warye, gentle Baye, & ſhrieke not hye,
When thou doſt ſuch vnuſuall feruor finde;
Suppreſſe the fire; for ſhould it take thy leaues,
Their crackling would betraye vs, & thy glorye[1]

[1] This appears to be a ſort of love-divination practiſed and believed in the poet's day. Brand does not notice any ſuch ſuperſtition in his *Popular Antiquities*, ed. Ellis; but I have introduced the preſent illuſtration into my re-edition and digeſt of that work.

(Honors faire ſymbole) dyes; Thy trunke receiues
But heate ſufficient for our future ſtory.
And when our ſad misfortunes vanquiſh'd lye,
Imbrace our fronts in ſigne of memorie.

12.

HAD not the ſoyle, that bred me, further donne,
And fill'd part of thoſe veynes which ſweetlye doe,
Much like the living ſtreames of Eden, run,
Embracing ſuch a Paradiſe as you;
My Muſe had fail'd me in the courſe I ran,
But that ſhe from your vertues tooke new breath,
And from your Eyes ſuch fire that, like a Swan,
She in your praiſe can ſing her ſelfe to death.
Now could I wiſh thoſe golden howres vnſpent,
Wherein my Fancy led me to the woods,
And tun'd ſoft layes of rurall merriment,
Of ſhepherds Loues & neuer reſting Floods:
For had I ſeen you then, though in a dreame,
Thoſe ſongs had ſlept, and you had bin my Theame.

13.

NIGHT, ſteale not on too faſt: wee haue not yet
Shed all our parting teares, nor paid the kiſſes,
Which foure dayes abſence made vs run in debt,
(O, who would abſent be where growe ſuch bliſſes?)
The Roſe, which but this morning ſpred her leaues,
Kiſt not her neighbour flower more chaſt then wee:
Nor are the timelye Eares bound vp in ſheaues
More ſtrict then in our Armes we twiſted be;

O who would part vs then, and diſvnite
Twoo harmeles ſoules, ſo innocent and true,
That were all honeſt Love forgotten quite,
By our Example men might Learne Anew.
Night ſeuers vs, but pardon her ſhe maye,
And will once make us happyer then the daye.

14.

DIVINEST Cælia, ſend no more to aſke
How I in abſence doe; your ſeruant may
Be freed of that vnneceſſary Taſke:
For you may knowe it by a ſhorter waye.
I was a ſhaddow when I went from you;
And ſhaddowes are from ſicknes euer free.
My heart you kept (a ſad one, though a true)
And nought but Memorie went home with me.
Looke in your breſt, where now two hearts you haue,
And ſee if they agree together there:
If mine want ayde, be mercifull & ſave,
And ſeek not for me any other where:
Should my phyſitian queſtion how I doe,
I cannot tell him, till I aſke of you.

III. Epiſtles.

AN EPISTLE.

DEARE ſoule, y^e^ time is come, & we muſt part,
Yet, ere I goe, in theſe lynes read my heart;
A heart ſo iuſt, ſo louing, & ſo true,
So full of ſorrow & ſo full of you.
That all I ſpeake, or write, or pray, or meane,
And (which is all I can) all y^t^ I dreame,
Is not w^thout^ a ſigh, a thought for you,
And as your beautyes are, ſo are they true.
Seauen ſummers now are fully ſpent & gone,
Since firſt I lou'd, lov'd you, & you alone;
And ſhould myne eyes as many hundreds ſee,
Yet none but you ſhould clayme a right in me;
A right ſo plac'd that time ſhall neuer heare
Of one ſo vow'd, or any lov'd ſo deare.
When I am gone (if euer prayers mov'd you)
Relate to none y^t^ I ſo well haue lov'd you;
Ffor all that know your beauty & deſert,
Would ſweare he neuer lov'd, that knew to part.
Why part we then? that ſpring which but this daye
Met ſome ſweet Riuer, in his bed can playe,
And with a dimple cheek ſmile at their bliſſe,
Who never know what ſeparation is.

The amorous vine with wanton interlaces
Clips ſtill the rough Elme in her kind embraces:
Doues with their doues ſit billing in y^e^ groues,
And wooe the leſſer birds to ſing their loues;
Whilſt haples we in grieffull abſence ſit,
Yet dare not aſk a hand to leſſen it.

AN EPISTLE

OCCASIONED BY THE MOST INTOLLERABLE JANGLING OF THE PAPISTS' BELLS ON ALL SAINTS' NIGHT, THE EVE OF ALL SOULES' DAYE, BEING THEN VSED TO BE RUNG ALL NIGHT (AND ALL AS IF THE TOWNE WERE ON FIRE) FOR THE SOULES OF THOSE IN PURGATORYE.

WRITTEN FROM THOUARS TO SAUMUR, TO MR. BRYAN PALMES.

PALMES and my friend, this night of Hollantide,
Left all alone, and no way occupyed:
Not to be idle, though I idle be
In writeing verſe, I ſend theſe lynes to thee:
Aſke me not how I can be left alone,
For all are heere ſo in devotion,
So earneſt in their prayers for the dead,
And with their *De profundis* ſoe farr led,
And ſo tranſported (poore night-ſeeing fowles)
In their oraiſons for all Chriſtian ſowles,
That knowing me for one but yeſterdaye,
May be they dreamt me dead, & for me praye.
This maye conieƈtur'd be the reaſon why
I haue this night with me noe company,

I meane of that Religion ; for indeed
But to conſort with one that ſayes his creed
In his owne Mother tongue, this daye for them
Were ſuch a crime, that nor Jeruſalem,
Not yet Romes voyage (for which I am ſorry)
Could free thoſe friends of mine from purgatorie.
And had I gone to viſit them may be
They at my entrance might haue taken me,
(If that I ſpoke in Engliſh,) for ſome one
Of their good friends, new come from Phlegeton ;
And ſo had put them to the pains to wooe
My Friend Fryer Guy and Bonaventure to ;
To publiſh ſuch a Miracle of theirs,
By ringing all the Bells about mine eares.
But peace be to their Bells, ſay I, as is
Their prayer euery day *pax defunctis ;*
For I am ſure all this long night to heare
Such a charauary,[1] that if ther were
All the Tom Tinkers ſince the world began,
Inhabiting from Thule to Magellan ;
And thoſe that beat their kettles, when the Moone
Darkning the ſun, brings on the Night ere Noone :
I thinke all theſe together would not make
Such a curſ'd noyſe as theſe for all ſoules ſake.
Honeſt John Helms,[2] now by my troth I wiſh,
(Although my popiſh hoſteſs hath with fiſh
Fed me three dayes) that thou wert here with ſpeed,
And ſome more of thy crue, not without need,
To teache their Bells ſome rime or tune in ſwinging,
For ſure they haue no reaſon in their ringing.
For mine owne part, heareing ſo ſtrange a coyle,
Such diſcord, ſuch debate, & ſuch turmoil,
In a high ſteeple, when I firſt came hither,
And had ſmall language, I did doubt me whether

[1] Tinkling of kettles and pans.

[2] A good ringer.

Some had the Towre of Babell new begun,
And god had plagued them with confuſion:
For which I was not ſorry, for I thought
To catch ſome tongue among them, & for nought.
But being much deceiu'd, good Lord! quoth I,
What pagan noiſe is this? One that ſtood by,
Swore I did wrong them, for he me aduiſed
The Bells vpon his knowledge were baptizd.
My friend, quoth I, y'are more to blame by farre,
To ſee poore Chriſtian creatures ſo at jarr,
And ſeeke not to accord them; as for me,
Although they not of my acquaintance be,
Nor though we never have ſhooke hands as yet,
Out of my Love to peace, not out of debt,
See theres eight ſoulz, or ten, it makes not whether;
Get them ſome wyne, ſee them drinke together:
Or if the Sexton cannot bring them to it,
As he will ſure have much adoe to doe it;
Tell him he ſhall be thank'd, if ſoe he ſtrives
With ſpecial care to take away their knives;
And for their cauſe of ſtirre that he record it,
Untill a gen'ral councell doe accord it.
Till when, Ile hold, what ere the Jeſuits ſay:
Although their church erre not, their ſteeple may.

W. B.

AN EPISTLE THROWNE INTO A RIUER, IN A BALL OF WAX.

GOE, gentle paper; happy (happier farre
Then he that ſends thee) with this character:
Goe, view thoſe bleſſed Banks, enriched by
A faire but faithles Maidens company;
And if conſorted with my teares of bryne,
Which (Gentle floud) add waues to thoſe of thyne,

Thou chance to touch the ſand in thy progreſſion,
Made valuable by her ſtepps impreſſion :
Stay, ſtay thy courſe; and fortunate from danger
Dwell there, where my ill fate makes me a Stranger.
If, faithfull paper which holdſt nought of Art,
Thou come into her hands who kylls my heart;
And ſhe demands thee, how I ſpend my howres,
Tell her, O tell her! how in gloomy bowers,
In cauernes yet vnknowne euen to the ſun,
And places free from all confuſion
Except my thoughts, there ſit I girt with feares;
Where day and night I turne my ſelfe to teares,
Onelye to waſh away that ſtayne which ſhe
Hath (careleſſe) throwne vpon her conſtancye;
And if (touch'd with repentance) ſhe bedewe
Thee with ſome chriſtall drops, I would ſhe knewe
Her Sorrowes or the breakyng of the dart
Heales not her wounded faith, nor my ſlaine hart.
And my iuſt Griefes of all redreſſe bereauen
Shall euer witnes before men and heauen,
That as ſhe is the fair'ſt and moſt vntrue
Of thoſe that euer man or read or knewe,
So am I the moſt conſtant without mate
Of all that breathe, and moſt affectionate;
Although aſſurd, that nor my loue nor Faith
Shall reape one Joye but by the hand of death.

AN EPISTLE.

HASTEN, o haſten, for my loues ſake haſte :
The Spring alreadye hath your Beachworth grac'd.
What need you longer ſtay to grace it more;
Or adde to that which had enough before?
The heauens admit no ſuns: why ſhould your Seate
Haue two, then, equall good & as complete?

Haſten, o haſten then; for till I ſee
Whom moſt I loue, 'tis Winter ſtill with mee.
I feele no Spring; nor ſhall I, till your light
Repell my too too long and lonely Night:
Till you haue quicken'd with your happy ſhine
A drooping diſcontented hart of mine,
No mirth, but what is forc'd, ſhall there be plac'd.
Haſten, o haſten then: for loues ſake haſte.
Soe longing Hero oftentymes was wont
Vpon the flowry bankes of Helleſpont
To walke, expecting when her loue ſhould land,
As I haue done on ſiluer Iſis ſtrand.
I aſke the ſnowy ſwans, that ſwim along,
Seeking ſome ſad place for their ſadder ſong,
Whether they came from Mole, or heard her tell
What worth doth neere her wanton riuer dwell;
And naming you, the gentle ſpotleſſe birds,
As if they vnderſtood the power of words,
To bend their ſtately necks doe ſtraight agree;
And honoring the name, ſo anſwer me.
Thoſe being gone, I aſke the chriſtall brooke,
Since pt of it vnwillinglie had took
An euer leaue of that more happy place
Then pleaſant Tempe, which the gods did grace;
The ſtreame I aſk'd, if when it lately left
Thoſe daiſyed banks, & grieu'd to be berefte
So ſweet a channell, you did meane to ſtay
Still in that vale, whence they were forc'd away;
Hereat the waue a little murmur makes,
And then another waue that overtakes;
And then a third comes on, & then another,
Rowling themſelues vp cloſely each to other—
(As little lads, to know their fellowes minde,
While he is talking, cloſely ſteale behinde;)
I aſke them all, & each like murmur keepes;
I aſke another, & that other weepes.

What they ſhould meane by this, I doe not know,
Except the mutterings & the teares they ſhowe
Be from the dear remembrance of that ſcite
Where, when they left you, they forſooke delight.
That this the cauſe was, I pceiued plaine;
For going thence, I thither came againe,
What time it had bin flood, a pretty while;
And then the dimpled waters ſeem'd to ſmile;
As if they did reioice, & were full faine,
That they were turning back to Mole againe.
In ſuch like thoughts, I ſpend the tedious day;
But when the night doth our half-Globe array
In mournfull black, I leaue the curled ſtreame,
And by the kindnes of a happy dreame,
Enioy what moſt I wiſh; your ſelfe & ſuch,
Whoſe worth, whoſe loue, could I as highly touch
As I conceiue, ſome houres ſhould ſtill be ſpent
To raiſe your more then earthly Monument.
In ſleepe I walk with you, & doe obtayne
A ſeeming conference: but, alas, what paine
Endures that man, which euermore is taking
His ioyes in ſleepe, & is moſt wretched waking?
To make me happy then, be you my Sun,
And with your preſence cleere all clouds begun;
My miſts of Melancholy will outweare,
By your appearing in our Hemiſpheare;
Till which, within a vale as full of woe,
As I haue euer ſung, or eye can knowe,
Or you can but imagine, reading this,
Inthralled lyes the heart of him that is
Careles of all others' loue
without your reſpect,
W. B.

From an Inner Temple,
then y^e^ Inner Temple,
May the third 1615.

FIDO: AN EPISTLE TO FIDELIA.

SITTYNG one day beſide a ſiluer Brooke,
Whoſe ſleepy waues vnwillingly forſooke
The ſtrict imbraces of the flowry ſhore,
As loath to leaue what they ſhould ſee no more:
I read (as Fate had turned it to my hand)
Among the famous Layes of faierie Land,
Bœlphæbes fond miſtruſt, when as ſhe mett
Her gentle Squire with louely Amorett.
And laying by the booke, poore Lad, quoth I,
Muſt all thy ioyes, like Eues poſterity,
Receiue a doome, not to be chang'd by Suite,
Onely for taſting the forbidden fruite?
Had faire Belphæbe licenc'd thee ſome tyme
To kyſſe her cherry lipp, thou didſt a cryme;
But ſince ſhe for thy thirſt noe help would bring,
Thou lawfully mightſt ſeeke another ſpring;
And had thoſe kiſſes ſtolne bin melting ſipps,
Tane by conſent from Amoretts ſweet lipps,
Thou mightſt haue anſwer'd, if thy loue had ſpyde,
How others gladly gaue what ſhe denyde;
But ſince they were not ſuch, it did approue
A jealouſie not meritinge thy loue,
And an iniuſtice offerd by the mayde
In giuing iudgment ere ſhe heard thee pleade.
I haue a Loue, (and then I thought of you,
As heauen can witneſſe I each minute doe,)
Soe well aſſurd of that once promiſed faith,
Which my vnmoud Loue ſtill cheriſheth,
That ſhould ſhe ſee me priuate with a dame,
Fair as her ſelfe, and of a houſe whoſe name,
From Phæbus' riſe to Tagus where he ſetts,
Hath bin as famous as Plantagenetts.

Whoſe eyes would thawe congealed harts of Ice,
And as we now diſpute of Paradiſe,
And queſtion where Faire Eden ſtood of olde,
Among ſo many ſweet plots we beholde,
Which by the armes of thoſe braue Riuers bin,
Inbraced which of yore did keepe it in:
So were ſhe one, who did ſo much abounde
In graces, more then euer mortal crownde,
That it might fitly for a queſtion paſſe,
Where or wherein her moſt of beauty was.
I ſurely could belieue, nay, I durſt ſweare,
That your ſweet goodneſſe would not ſtoope to feare,
Though ſhe might be to any that ſhould wyn it
A Paradiſe without a Serpent in it.
Such were my thoughts of you, and thynking ſoe,
Much lyke a man, who running in the Snowe
From the Surpriſall of a murdrous Elfe,
Beates out a Path, and ſo betrayes him ſelfe.
I in ſecuritie was further gone,
And made a Path for your Suſpition
To finde me out. Tyme being nigh the ſame,
When thus I thought, and when your letters came.
But, oh, how farre I err'd, how much deceiu'd
Was my belief! your ſelfe, that haue bereau'd
Me of that confidence, my loue had got.
Judge if I were an Infidell or not;
And let me tell you, Faire, the Fault was thyne,
If I did miſbelieue, and none of myne.
That man which ſees, as he along doth paſſe
Some beaten way, a piece of ſparklyng glaſſe,
And deemes far of that it a dyamond is,
Adds to the glaſſe by ſuch a thought of his;
But when he findes it wants, to quit his paine,
The value ſoone returnes to him agayne.
If in the ruder North ſome country clowne,
That ſtands to ſee the kyng ride through the town,

Spyeing ſome gaye & gold bel: ced thyng,
Should cry, See, neighbors, yonder comes the Kyng:
And much miſtaken both in ſtate and age,
Points at ſome lord, and for a lord a page:
Is not that lord or page beholding much
To him that thynkes them worthy to be ſuch
He tooke them for? And are not you to me
Indebted much, ſince my credulitie
Made you the ſame I thought you, and from thence
Rais'd an aſſurance of your confidence?
Theſe were the thoughts of you I ſtill was in,
Nor ſhall your Letters ſo much of me wynne;
I will not truſt myne eyes ſo much to thynke
Your white hand wrote with ſuch a ſtayning inke;
Or if I ever take yt for your hand,
I ſure ſhall thinke I doe not vnderſtand
In reading as you meant, and fall from thence
To doubt if points puerted not the ſenſe!
For ſuch a conſtant faith I haue in thee,
That I could dye euen in that hereſye.
In this beliefe of you I ſtand as yet,
And thinke as thoſe that followe Mahomet:
He merits much that doth continue ſtill
In his firſt faith, although that faith be ill.
A vaine inconſtant dame, that counts her loues
By this enamell'd ring, that paire of gloues,
And with her chamber-mayd when cloſely ſet,
Turning her Letters in her Cabinett,
Makes knowne what Tokens haue byn ſent vnto her,
What man did bluntly, who did courtly wooe her;
Who hath the beſt face, neateſt legg, moſt Lands,
Who for his Carriage in her fauour ſtands.
Opening a Paper then ſhe ſhewes her wytt
In an Epiſtle that ſome foole had wrytt:
Then meeting with another which ſhe lykes,
Her Chambermayds great readyng quickly ſtrykes

That good opinyon dead, & ſweares that this
Was ſtolne from Palmerin or Amadis.
Next come her Sonnetts, w^ch^ they ſpelling reade,
And ſay the man was very much afrayde
To haue his meaning knowne, ſince they from thence
(Saue Cupids darts) can picke no iot of ſenſe;
And in concluſion, with diſcretion ſmall,
Scoffe thys, ſcorne that, and ſo abuſe them all.
If I had thought you ſuch an empty priſe,
I had not ſought nowe to apologize,
Nor had theſe Lynes the virgin paper ſtaynde
But, as my Loue, vnſpotted had remayned;
And ſure I thinke to what I am about,
My inke then it was wont goes ſlower out,
As if it told me I but vaguelye writt
To her that ſhould, but will not, credyt it.
Yet goe, ye hopeleſs lines, and tell that faire,
Whoſe flaxen treſſes with the wanton ayre
Intrappe the darling Boy, that daily flyes
To ſee his ſweet face in her ſweeter eyes;
Tell my Fidelia, if ſhe doe averre
That I with borrowde phraſes courted her,
Or ſung to her the layes of other men;
And lyke the cag'd thruſh of a cittizen,
Tyr'd with a Note contynually ſung ore
The eares of one that knew that all before.
If this ſhe thinke, (as I ſhall nere be wonne
Once to imagine ſhe hath truly done,)
Let her then know, though now a many be
Parrots, which ſpeak the tongue of Arcadye,
Yet in themſelues not ſo much language knowe,
Nor wit ſufficient for a Lord Maiors ſhowe.
I neuer yet but ſcorn'd a taſt to bring
Out of the Channell when I ſaw the Spring,
Or like a ſilent Organ been ſoe weake,
That others' fingers taught me how to ſpeake.

The ſacred Nyne, whoſe powrefull ſongs haue made
In way-les deſerts trees of mightye ſhade
To bend in admiracōn, & alayde
The wrath of Tigers with the notes they plaide,
Were kind in ſome ſmall meaſure at my birth,
And by the hand of Nature to my Earth
Lent their eternall heat, by whoſe bright flame
Succeeding time ſhall read & know your name,
And pine in envye of your praiſes writ,
Though now your brightnes ſtrive to leſſen it.
Thus haue I done, & like an Artiſt ſpent
My dayes to build another's Monument;
Yet you thoſe paines ſo careles ouerſlip,
That I am not allow'd the workmanſhip.
Some haue done leſſe, and haue been more rewarded;
None hath lov'd more, & hath bin leſſe regarded:
Yet the poore ſilkenworme & onely I
Like parallells run on to worke & dye.
Why write I then againe, ſince ſhe will thinke
My heart is limned with anothers inke?
Or if ſhe deeme theſe lines had birth from me,
Perhaps will thinke they but deceiuers be,
And, as our flattering painters doe impart,
A fair made Copy of a faithles heart,
O, my Fidelia, if thou canſt be wonne
From that miſtruſt my abſence hath begun,
Be now converted, kill thoſe iealous feares,
Creddit my lines: if not, belieue my teares,
Which with each word, nay, euery letter, ſtroue
That in their number you might read my love.
And where (for one diſtracted needs muſt miſſe)
My language not enough ꝑſuaſive is,
Be that ſupplyed with what each eye affords,
For teares haue often had the powre of words.
Grant this, faire ſaint, ſince their diſtilling rayne
ꝑmits me not to read it ore againe;

For as a Swan more white then Alpine Snow,
Wandring vpon the ſands of ſiluer Po,
Hath his impreſſion by a fuller ſea
Not made ſo ſoone as quickly waſht awaye.
Such in my writeing now the ſtate hath been,
For ſcarce my pen goes of the inke yet green,
But flouds of teares fall on it in ſuch ſtore,
That I ꝑceiue not what I writt before.
Can any man do thus, yet that man be
Without the fire of Loue & Loialtie?
Know then in breach of Natures conſtant Lawes,
There may be an effect & yet no cauſe.
Without the Sun we may haue Aprill ſhowers,
And wanting moyſture know no want of flowers;
Cauſeles the Elements could ceaſe to war:
The ſeaman's needle to the Northern Starr
Without the Loadſtone would for ever move.
If all theſe teares can be & yet no love:
If you ſtill deeme I onelye am the man,
Which in the Maze of Loue yet never ranne:
Or if in love I ſurely did perſue
The Favour of ſome other, not of you;
Or loving you, would not be ſtrictly tyde
To you alone, but ſought a Saint beſide:
Know then by all the vertues we inthrone,
That I haue lov'd, lov'd you, & you alone.
Read ore my lines where truthful paſſion mov'd,
And hate it ſelfe will ſay that I have lov'd.
Thinke on my Vowes which have been ever true,
And know by them that I affected you.
Recount my tryalls, & they will impart
That none is partner with you in my heart.
Lines, vows, & tryalls will conclude in one,
That I haue lov'd, lov'd you, & you alone.
Lines, ſeeke no more then to that doubtfull faire,
And ye, my vowes, for euer more forbeare:

Trialls, to her prove never true againe ;
Since lines, vowes, tryalls ſtriue all but in vaine.
Yet when I writt, the ready tongue of Truth
Did euer dictate not deceiving youth.
When I have ſworn my tongue did never erre
To be my harts moſt true interpreter,
And proofe confirm'd when you examin'd both,
Love cauſed thoſe lines, & Conſtancy that Oath ;
And ſhall I write, proteſt (you proue) & then
Be left the moſt vnfortunate of men ?
Muſt Truth be ſtill neglected ? Faith forgot ?
And Conſtancy eſteem'd as what is not ?
Shall deare Regard and Love for euer be
Wrong'd with the name of luſt & flatterie ?
It muſt ; for this your laſt ſuſpicion tells,
That you intend to worke noe miracles.

W. B.

IV. Elegies.

AN ELEGYE ON MR. WILL^M. HOPTON.

WHEN ſhall myne eyes be dry? I daily ſee
Proiects on foot; and ſome haue falne on mee:
Yet (with my fortune) had they tane awaye
The ſenſe I haue to ſee a friend turne Claye;
They had done ſomething worth the name of Spite;
And (as the grymme and vgly vayle of Night,
Which hydes both good and bad) their malyce then
Had made me worthleſſe more the Loue of men
Then are their manners. I had dyde with thoſe,
Who once intombde ſhall ſcarce be read in proſe:
But whilſt I haue a teare to ſhed for thee,
A Starr ſhall drop, and yet neglected bee,
For as a thrifty Piſmire from the plaine
Buſily dragging home ſome little graine
Is in the midway to her pretty chamber
Fatally wept on by ſome drop of Amber,
Which ſtraight congealed (to recompence her doome)
The inſtrument to kill becomes her toombe;
And ſuch a one, that ſhe may well compare
With Egypts Monarchs for a Sepulcher.
Soe as I homewards wend to meet with duſt,
Bearing this Griefe along, and it is iuſt,

Each eye that knew, and knowing held thee deare,
On theſe ſad lines ſhall ſhed ſo true a teare:
It ſhall beget a ſecond: that, a third:
And propagate ſo many, that the Bird
Of Araby ſhall lacke a Sun to burne her,
Ere I ſhall want a Tombe, or thou a Morner.
For in thoſe teares we will embalmed be,
And proue ſuch Remora's to memorye,
That ſome malicious at our fame grown ſick
Shall dye, and haue their duſt made into brick;
And onleye ſerue to ſtop ſome priſons holes,
That hydes as wretched bodyes as their ſoules.
When (though the earth benight vs at our Noone,)
Wee there will lye like ſhadowes in the moone;
And euery duſt within our graues ſhall be
A Star to light vs to poſteritie.
But (haples Muſe), admitt that this may come,
And men may reade I wept vpon his tombe;
What comfort brings it me? Princes haue tryde
To keep their Names, yet ſcarce are known they dyde,
So weake is braſſe and Marble; & I pierce
His memorye, while that I write this verſe;
Since I (his liuing Monument) endyte
And moulder into duſt the whyle I write.
Such is the Griefe thy loſſe hath brought on mee,
I cut ſome lyfe of in each lyne on thee:
The cold ſtone that lyes on thee I ſuruaye,
And, looking on it, feele my ſelfe turne claye;
Yet grieue not but to thinke, when I am gone,
The Marble will ſhed teares, when I ſhed none.
This vexeth mee, that a dead ſtone ſhall be
My Riuall in thy Loſſe and memorye;
That it ſhould both outweepe me and reherſe,
When I am duſt, thy Glory in my verſe.
And much good may it do thee, thou dead ſtone,
Though not ſo dead as he thou lyſt vpon.

Thou mayſt inſtruct ſome after age to ſaye
This was the laſt bed whereon Hopton laye;
Hopton that knew to chuſe & keepe a friend:
That ſcorn'd as much to flatter as offend:
That had a ſoule as perfect as each Lymme,
That ſerud Learnd Pembroke, & did merit him;
And to name Hopton with his Maſter is
More then a Tombe, although a Pyramis.

AN ELEGIE ON THE COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROOKE.

TIME hath a long courſe run, ſince thou wert claye;
Yet had'ſt thou gone from vs but yeſterdaie,
We in no neerer diſtance ſhould haue ſtood,
Then if thy fate had call'd thee ere the flood;
And I that knewe thee, ſhall noe leſſe cauſe haue
To ſit me downe, & weepe beſide thy Graue.
Many a yeare from hence then, in that howre,
When, all amazed, we had ſcarce the power
To ſay, that thou wert dead: my lateſt breath
Shall be a ſigh for thee; & when cold death
Shall giue an end to my iuſt woes & mee,
I conſecratt to thy deare memorie.
Soe many teares; if on thy Marble ſhed,
Each hand might write with them, who there lyes dead:
And ſo much griefe, that ſome from ſicknes free
Would gladlye dye to be bewail'd like thee.
Yet (could I chooſe) I would not any knewe
That thou wert loſt but as a pearle of dewe,
Which in a gentle Euening mildly cold
Fallne in the Boſome of a Marigold,

Is in her golden leaues ſhut vp all night,
And ſeen againe, when next wee ſee the light.
For ſhould the world but know that thou wert gone,
Our Age too prone to Irreligion,
Knoweing ſoe much divinitie in thee,
Might thence conclude noe immortalitye.
And I belieue the Puritans themſelues
Would be ſeduc'd to thinke, that Ghoſtes & Elves
Doe haunt vs yet, in hope that thou would'ſt deigne
To viſitt vs, as when thou liv'd'ſt againe.
But more, I feare, (ſince we are not of France,
Whoſe gentry would be knowne by Ignorance)
Such Witts & Noble as could merrit thee,
And ſhould read this, ſpyght of all penaltye,
Might light vpon their ſtudyes, would become
Magicians all, and raiſe the from thy Tombe.
Naye I believe, all are alreadye ſoe;
And now half madd or more with inward woe,
Doe thinke great Drake maliciouſly was hurl'd,
To caſt a Circle round about the world,
Onley to hinder the Magicians lore,
And fruſtrate all our hopes to ſee thee more.
Pardon my ſorrowe: is that man aliue,
Who for vs firſt found out a proſpective
To ſearch into the Moone, and hath not he
Yet found a further ſkill to looke on thee?
Thou goodman, whoe thou be'ſt that ere haſt found
The meanes to looke on one ſo good, ſo crown'd,
For pitty find me out! & we will trace
Along together to that holye place
Which hides ſo much perfection; there will wee
Stand fixt & gaze on her Felicitye.
And ſhould thy Glaſſe a burning one become,
And turne vs both to aſhes on her Tombe;
Yet to our glorye, till the latter daye,
Our duſt ſhall dance like atomes in her raye.

And when the world ſhall in confuſion burne,
And kings with peaſants ſcramble at an vrne;
Like tapers new blowne out, wee, bleſſed then,
Will at her beames catch fire & live againe.
But this is ſure, and ſome men (may be) glad
That I ſoe true a cauſe of ſorrowe had,
Will wiſh all thoſe whom I affect might dye,
So I might pleaſe him with an Elegye.
O let there neuer line of witt be read
To pleaſe the living, that doth ſpeake thee dead;
Some tender-hearted mother, good & milde,
Who on the dear Grave of her onelye Child
So many ſad teares hath been knowne to rayne,
As out of duſt could molde him vp againe;
And with her plaints inforce the wormes to place
Themſelues like veynes ſo neatly on his face
And euery limme; as if that they were ſtriving
To flatter her with hope of his reviving.
She ſhould read this; and her true teares alone
Should coppy forth theſe ſad lines on the ſtone,
Which hydes thee dead. And every gentle heart
That paſſeth by ſhould of his teares impart
So great a portion, that (if after times
Ruyne more churches for the clergyes crimes,)
When any ſhall remove thy Marble hence,
Which is leſſe ſtone then he that takes it thence,
Thou ſhalt appeare within thy teareful cell,
Much like a faire Nymph bathing in a well:
But when they find thee dead ſo lovelie faire,
Pitty and Sorrow then ſhall ſtreight repaire,
And weep beſide thy graue with cypreſſe crown'd,
To ſee the ſecond world of beauty drown'd;
And add ſufficient teares, as they condole,
Would make thy body ſwim vp to thy ſoule.
Such eyes ſhall read the lines are writ on thee;
But ſuch a loſſe ſhould haue no Elegye

To palliate the wound wee tooke in her.
Who rightly grieves, admits no comforter.
He that had tane to heart thy parting hence,
Should haue bin chain'd in Bethlem two howres thence;
And not a friend of his ere ſhed a teare,
To ſee him for thy ſake diſtracted there;
But hugg'd himſelfe for loveing ſuch as he,
That could run mad with griefe for loſeing thee.
I, haples ſoule, that never knew a friend
But to bewayle his too vntimelye end:
Whoſe hopes, cropt in the Bud, have neuer come,
But to ſit weeping on a ſenſeles tomb,
That hides not duſt enough to count the teares,
Which I haue fruitles ſpent, in ſo fewe yeares.
I, that haue truſted thoſe, that would haue given
For our deare Sauyor & the ſon of heauen,
Ten times the value Judas had of yore,
Onely to ſell him for three pieces more:
I that haue lou'd & truſted thus in vayne,
Yet weepe for thee: and till the Clowds ſhall deigne
To ſhowre on Egipt more then Nile ere ſwell'd,
Theſe teares of mine ſhall be vnparalleld.
He that hath love enioy'd, & then been croſt,
Hath teares at will to mourn for what he loſt;
He that hath truſted, & his hope appeares
Wrong'd but by Death, may ſoon diſſolue in teares;
But he, vnhappy man, whoſe love & truſt
Nere met fruition, nor a promiſe iuſt:
For him, vnles (like thee) he deadly ſleepe,
'Tis eaſyer to run mad then 'tis to weepe.
And yet I can! Fall then, ye mournfull ſhowres;
And as old Time leads on the winged howres,
Be you their minutes: and let men forgett
To count their Ages from the playne of ſweat:
From Eighty eight, the Powder Plot, or when
Men were afraid to talk of it agen;

And in their Numeration, be it ſaid,
Thus old was I, when ſuch a Teare was ſhed,
And when that other fell, a Comet roſe,
And all the world tooke notice of my woes.
Yet, finding them paſt cure, as doctors fly
Their patients paſt all hope of remedy,
Noe charitable ſoule will now impart
One word of comfort to ſoe ſick a heart;
But as a hurt deare beaten from the heard,
Men of my ſhaddow almoſt now afeard,
Fly from my woes, that whilome wont to greet me,
And well nye think it ominous to meet me.
Sad lines, goe ye abroad: goe, ſaddeſt Muſe:
And as ſome Nation formerly did vſe
To lay their ſick men in the ſtreets, that thoſe
Who of the ſame diſeaſe had ſcapt the throes,
Might miniſter reliefe as they went by,
To ſuch as felt the ſelfe ſame Maladye;
So, haples lines, fly through the faireſt Land;
And if ye light into ſome bleſſed hand,
That hath a heart as merry as the ſhyne
Of golden dayes, yet wrong'd as much as mine;
Pittye may lead that happy man to me,
And his experience worke a remedye
To thoſe ſad Fitts which (ſpight of Natures lawes)
Torture a poore heart that outlives the cauſe.
But this muſt never be, nor is it fit
An Ague or ſome ſicknes leſſe then it,
Should glorye in the death of ſuch as he,
That had a heart of Fleſh, & valued thee.
Brave Roman![1] I admire thee, that wouldſt dye
At no leſſe rate then for an emperie:
Some maſſye diamond from the center drawne,
For which all Europe were an equall pawne,

[1] Mark Antony.

Should (beaten into duſt) be drunke by him,
That wanted courage good enough to ſwym
Through ſeas of woe for thee; & much deſpiſe
To meet with death at any lower priſe.
Whilſt Griefe alone workes that effect in me;
And yet no griefe but for the loſſe of thee.
Fortune, now doe thy worſt, for I haue got
By this her death ſoe ſtrong an antidote,
That all thy future croſſes ſhall not have
More then an angry ſmile. Nor ſhall the grave
Glorye in my laſt daye. Theſe lines ſhall give
To vs a ſecond life, and we will live
To pull the diſtaffe from the hands of Fate;
And ſpin our owne thriedds for ſo long a date,
That Death ſhall never ſeize vpon our fame,
Till this ſhall periſh in the whole worlds flame.

ON AN INFANT VNBORNE, & THE MOTHER DYEING IN TRAUELL.

WITHIN this Graue there is a Graue intomb'd:
Heere lyes a Mother & a Child inwomb'd;
'Twas ſtrange that Nature ſo much vigour gaue
To one that nere was borne to make a Graue.
Yet, an iniunction ſtranger, Nature will'd her
Poore Mother, to be Tombe to that which kill'd her;
And not with ſoe much crueltye content,
Buryes the Childe, the Graue, & Monument.
Where ſhall we write the Epitaph? whereon?
The Childe, the Graue, the Monument is gone;
Or if vpon the Child we write a ſtaff,
Where ſhall we cut the Tombs owne Epitaph?

Onely this way is left; & now we muſt,
As on a Table carpetted with duſt,
Make chiſells of our fingers, & ingraue
An Epitaph both on the Child & Graue
Within the duſt: but when ſome dayes are gone,
Will not that Epitaph haue need of one?
I know it will; yet graue it there ſo deepe,
That thoſe which know the leſſe, & truly weepe,
May ſhedde their teares ſo iuſtly in that place,
Which we before did with a finger trace,
That filling vp the letters, they ſhall lye
As inlayde chriſtall to poſteritye:
Where (as on glaſs) if any write another,
Let him ſay thus: Heere lyes a haples Mother,
Whom cruell Fate hath made to be a Tombe,
And keepes in travell till the day of Doome.

ON THE R: H: CHARLES LORD HERBERT OF CARRDIFF & SHERLAND.

IF there be a teare vnſhedd,
On friend or child or parent dead,
Beſtowe it here; for this ſad ſtone
Is capable of ſuch alone.
Cuſtome ſhowres ſwell not our deepes,
Such as thoſe his Marble weepes;
Onely they bewaile his herſe,
Whoe vnſkill'd in powreful verſe,
To bemoane him ſlight their eyes,
And let them fall for Elegyes.
All that Sweetneſſe, all that Youth,
All that Vertue, all that Truth
Can, or ſpeake, or wiſhe, or praiſe,

Was in him in his few dayes.
His blood of Herbert, Sydney, Vere
(Names great in either Hemiſpheare,)
Need not to lend him of their Fame:
He had enough to make a name;
And to their Gloryes he had come,
Had heauen but giuen a Later Tombe.
But the Fates his thred did ſpinne
Of a ſleaue ſo fine & thinne
Mending ſtill a Piece of wonder,
It vntimely broake in ſunder;
And we of their Labours meet,
Nothing but a Winding Sheet.
What his mighty prince hath loſt:
What his fathers hope & coſt:
What his Siſter, what his Kin,
Take to[o] all the Kingdome in:
'Tis a Sea wherein to Swimme,
Weary faint, & dye with him.
O let my priuate griefe haue roome,
Deare Lord, to wayte vpon thy Toombe;
And ſince my weake & ſaddeſt verſe,
Was worthy thought thy Grandams Herſe;
Accept of this! Juſt teares my ſight,
Haue ſhut for thee—deare Lord—Good night.

Et, longum, formoſe vale vale, inquit, Iolla.

AN EPICED ON MR. FISHBOURNE.

AS ſome, to farre inquiſitiue, would fayne
Know how the Arke could ſo much lyfe contayne;
Where the Ewe fed, and where the Lyon lay,
Both hauing den & paſture, yet all Sea:

When fiſhes had our conſtellations true,
And how the hauke and partridge had one mewe;
So do I wonder, in theſe looſer tymes,
When men commit more villanies then rymes,
How honord Fiſhbourne, in his leſſer Arke,
Could ſo much immortality imbarke;*
And take in man too. How his good thoughts lay
With wealth & hazard both of them at ſea:
Howe when his debtors thought of longer oweing,
His chiefeſt care was of that ſummes beſtowing
In pious vſes. But to queſtion all;
Did this Rich man come to an Hoſpitall
To curbe the Incomes, or to beg the Leades,
Or turn to ſtraw more charitable bedds?
Or gaz'd he on a priſon with pretence,
More to inthrall then for a prayer thence?
Or on the Leuites part the churches living
Did he ere look w^thout^ the thought of giuing?
Noe: (as the Angell at Bethesda) he
Came neuer in the Cells of Charitye,
Vnleſſe his mynde by heauen had fraughted byn,
To helpe the next poore cripple that came in;
And he came often to them; and withall
Left there ſuch vertue ſince his funerall,
That, as the Ancient Prophetts buryed bones,
Made one to knowe two Reſurrections:
So after death it will be ſaid of hym,
Fyſhborne reuiued this man, gaue that a Lymme:
Such myracles are done in this ſad age,
And yet we doe not goe in Pilgrimage.
When by the Graues of men alyue he trode,
Priſons where ſoules and bodyes haue abode
Before a judgment; and, as (there they lye,)
Speake their owne Epitaphs and Elogye:
Had he a deafe eare then? threw he on more
Irons or actions then they had before?

* He gaue 20,000*l.* to pious vſes.

Nay: wiſh'd he not, he had ſufficient worth
To bid theſe men (dead to the world) come forth?
Or ſince he had not, did not he anone
Prouide to keepe them from corruption?
Made them new ſhrowds (their cloths are ſure no more,
Such had the deſert wanderers heretofore)
Imbalmed them, not with ſpice and gums, whereby
We may leſſe noyſome, not more deadly lye;
But with a charitable food, and then
Hid him from thanckes to doe the like agen.
Me thinkes I ſee him in a ſweet repaire,
Some walke (not yet infected w^th^ the ayre
Of newes or Lybell) weighing what may be
(After all theſe) his next good Legacie;
Whither the Church that lyes w^thin^ his ken,
With her Revenews feeds or beaſts or men,
Whither (though it equiuocally keepe
A carefull ſhepherd and a flock of ſheepe)
The patron haue a Soule, & doth intreate
His friends more to a Sermon then his meate.
In fine, if Church or Steeple haue a Tongue,
Bells by a Sexton or a Weather rung?
Or where depopulations were begun,
An almeſhouſe were for men by it vndone?
Thoſe (Fiſhbourne) were thy thoughts: the pulſe of theſe
Thou felt'ſt, and haſt preſcrib'd for the diſeaſe.
Some thou haſt curd, and this thy Gilead Balme
Hath my præludium to thy Angells Pſalme.
And now y^e^ Oracles of Heauen for whome
He hath preparde a candle, ſtoole, and Roome,
That to St. Mary's, Pauls, or elſe where come,
To ſend vs ſighing, and not laughing home.
Ye, that the howre may run away more free,
Bribe not the clerk, but w^th^ your doctrine mee;
Keep ye on wing his euer honord fame,
And though our Learned Mother want his name,

'Twas modeſty in him that his deare BROWNE* Might haue place for his charity, and crowne Their memoryes together. And though his The Citty got, the Vniverſityes Might haue the others name. You need not call A Herald to proclaime your funeral, Nor load your graues with marble, nor expend Vpon a Statue more then on a friend; Or make Stones tell a Lye to after tymes, In proſe inſcryptions, or in hyred rymes. For whilſt there ſhall a church vnruinde ſtand, And fiue bleſt ſoules as yours preſerue the Land; Whilſt a good preacher in them hath a Roome, You liue, and need nor Epitaph, nor Tombe.

* His partner.

AN ELEGYE ON S^R^ THOMAS OVERBVRYE,[1]

POISONED IN THE TOWRE OF LONDON.

HAD not thy wrong, like to a wound ill cur'd,
Broke forth in death, I had not bin aſſured
Of griefe enough to finiſh what I write;
Theſe lynes, as thoſe which doe in cold blood fight,
Had come but faintly on; for euer he
That ſhrines a name within an Elegye.
(Vnles ſome neerer cauſe doe him inſpire,)
Kindles his bright flame at the Funeral fire.
For paſſion (after leſſ'ning her extent,)
Is then more ſtrong, & ſoe more eloquent.[1]
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!

[1] Here the MS. copy terminates; the remainder is given from the *prolegomena* to the *Wife*, as elſewhere mentioned.

Was't not enough to ſee his deare life bowe
Beneath her hate? but cruſhing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnſpotted *Fame?*
O baſe reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* ſometime would enact
No doome for *Patricide*, ſuppoſing none
Could euer ſo offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iuſtice* ſalues not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Puniſhment.*
Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow theſe
Glaſſes which multiply the *Species*,
We ſee thy vertues more; and they become
So many *Statues* ſleeping on thy *Tombe.*
Wherein confinement new thou ſhalt endure,
But ſo as, when to make a *Pearle* more pure
We giue it to a *Doue*, in whoſe wombe pent
Sometime, we haue it forth moſt orient.
Such is thy luſtre now that venom'd *Spight*
With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a courſe beginnes to runne
With thoſe that curſe the riſing of the *Sunne.*
The poyſon that workes vpwards now, ſhall ſtriue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preſeruatiue.*
And witch-craft that can maſke the *vpper ſhine*,
With no one cloud ſhall blinde a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obſcure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguiſh'd it,
And after time, that broke their bondage chaine,
Found it, to fire their ſacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* ſome while, but being found,
The *Muſes altars* plentifully crownd
With ſweete perfumes by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy deare Memorie.
Nor haue we loſt thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canſt deſcend into *Obliuion.*
But twice the *Sunne* went round ſince thy ſoule fled,

And onely *that time* men ſhall terme thee dead :
Hereafter (raiſd to life) thou ſtill ſhalt haue
An *antidote* againſt the ſilent Graue.

W. B. Int. Temp.

AN ELEGIE

ON THE UNTIMELYE DEATH OF HIS EUER HONOR'D AS MUCH BELOUED AS LAMENTED FRIEND, MR. THOMAS AYLEWORTH OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, SLAYNE AT CROYDEN, & THERE BURYED.

IS Goodnes ſhorteſt liu'd? doth Nature bring
Her choiceſt flowres but to adorne the Spring?
Are all men but as Tarryers? firſt begun,
Made & together put to be vndone?
Will all the ranke of friends in whom I truſt,
Like Sodome trees, yield me no fruit but duſt?
Muſt all I love, as careles ſparkes that flye
Out of a flint, but ſhew their worth & dye?
Will nature euer to things fleeting bowe?
Doth ſhe but like the toyling Hine at plough
Sow to be in'd? then Ile begin a lore
Hard to be learn'd, loue ſtill to wayle no more;
I euer will affect that good, which he
Made the firme ſteps to his eternitye.
I will adore no other light then ſhynes
From my beſt thoughts, to read his life; the mynes
Of richeſt India ſhall not buy from me
That booke one howre wherein I ſtudye thee.
A booke, wherin mens lives ſo taxed bin,

That all men labour'd death to call it in.
What now as licens'd is diſpers'd about,
Is no true coppy, or the beſt left out.
Noe ornaments Ile love brought from the Change,
But what's in it, & in the Court more ſtrange,
Vertue ; which clad thee well, [and] I may haue,
Without the danger of a living graue.
I will not wiſh fortune ſhould make of me
A worſhipp'd golden Calfe (as moſt rich be) ;
But let her (for all Lands elſe) grant me this,
To be an Inmate in that houſe now his.
One ſtone will ſerue, one Epitaph aboue,
So one ſhall be our duſt, as was our loue.
O, if priuatõn be the greateſt paine,
Which wretched ſoules in endles night ſuſteyne,
What mortall torment can be worſe then his,
That by enioyeing, knowes what loſeing is?
Yet ſuch is mine. Then if with ſacred fire
A paſſion euer did a Muſe inſpire ;
Or if a grief ſick heart hath writt a lyne,
Then Art or Nature could more genuyne,
More full of Accents ſad ; Let it appeare
In what I write, if any drop a teare,
To this ſmall payment of my lateſt debt
He witnes is, that 'twas not counterfet.
Maye this be neuer knowne to harts of ſtone,
That meaſure all mens ſorrowes by their owne ;
And thinke noe flood ſhould euer drowne an Eye,
That hath not iſſue from an iniurye
Of ſome misfortune, tending more the loſſe
Of goods then goodnes. Let this haples croſſe
Alone be read, & knowne by ſuch as be
Apt to receiue that ſeale of miſerie,
Which his vntimely death prints on my heart.
And if that Fatall hand (which did the part
That Fate ſhould haue perform'd) ſhall euer chance

(Either of purpoſe or through ignorance)
To touch this paper may it roſe-like wither.
Or as the plant Sentida ſhrink together!
Let him not read it; be the Letters dym,
Although the Ordinarie giue it him!
Or let the words tranſpoſe them & impart
A Crying Anagram for his deſert.
Or maye the inke (now drye) grow green againe,
As wounds (before the Murdrer) of the ſlayne.
So theſe ſad lynes ſhall (in the Judges Eye)
Be his accuſer & mine Elegie.
But vayne are imprecations. And I feare
Almoſt to ſhew him in a Character,
Leaſt ſome accurſed hand the ſame ſhould ſtayne,
Or by depraving murther him againe.
Sleepe then, ſweet ſoule; and if thy vertues be
In any breaſt, by him wee'le portraict thee.
If thou hadſt liv'd where heathen gods haue reign'd,
Thy vertues thee a Deitie had gain'd.
But now more bleſt! And though thy honord ſhryne
Be vnaddorn'd by ſtone, or Indyan mine:
Yet whilſt that any good to Earth is lent,
Thou canſt not lye without a Monument.

AN ELEGYE.

IS Death ſo great a gameſter, that he throwes
Still at the faireſt, & muſt I ſtill looſe?
Are we all but as tarryers firſt begunne,
Made & together put to be vndone?
Will all the ranke of friends, in whom I truſt,
Like Sodomes Trees yeeld me no fruit but duſt?
Muſt all I loue, as careles ſparkes that fly
Out of a flint, but ſhew their worth & dye?

O, where do my for euer loſſes tend?
I could already by ſome buryed friend
Count my vnhappy yeares; & ſhould the ſun
Leaue me in darknes, as her loſſe hath done,
(By thoſe few friends I haue yet to intombe)
I might, I feare, account my yeares to come.
What need our Cannons then be ſo preciſe
In Regiſters for our Natiuityes?
They keep vs but in bonds, & ſtrike with feares
Rich parents, till their children be of yeares;
For ſhould they looſe & mourne, they might, as I,
Number their yeares by euery elegie.
Theſe Bookes to ſum our dayes might well haue ſtood
In vſe with thoſe that liued before y^e^ flood,
When ſhe indeed that forceth me to write,
Should haue byn borne, had Nature done her right;
And at fiue hundred yeares been leſſe decayed,
Then now at fifteen is the faireſt mayde.
But Nature had not her perfection then,
Or being lothe for ſuch long liuing men,
To ſpend the treaſure w^eh^ ſhe held moſt pure,
She gaue them women apter to endure;
Or prouidently knowing there were more
Countryes & iſlands which ſhe was to ſtore,
Nature was thrifty, & did thinke it well,
If for ſome one pt each one did excell:
As this for her neat hand, that for her hayre,
A third for her ſweet eyes, a fourth was faire:
And 'tis approu'd by him, who could not drawe
The Queen of Loue, till he a hundred sawe.
Seldom all beautyes met in one, till She
(All other Lands elſe ſtorde) came finally
To people our ſweet Iſle: & ſeeing now
Her ſubſtance infinite, ſhe gan to bowe
To lauiſhnes in euery Nuptiall bed,
And ſhe her faireſt was that now is dead;

Dead as a bloſſome forced from the tree,
And if a Mayden, faire & good as ſhee,
Tread on thy graue, O let her there profeſſe
Her ſelfe for euermore an Anchoreſſe.
Let her be deathles! let her ſtill be yong!
Without this meanes we haue no verſe nor tongue.
To ſay how much I lou'd, or let vs ſee
How great our loſſe was in the loſſe of thee.
Or let the purple Violett grow there,
And feel noe reuolution of the yeare;
But full of dew with euer drooping head,
Shew how I liue, ſince my beſt hopes are dead.
Dead as the world to vertue! Murd'rers, Thieues
Can haue their Pardons, or at leaſt Reprieues.
The Sword of Juſtice hath been often wonne
By letters from an Execution.
Yet vowes nor prayers could not keepe thee here,
Nor ſhall I ſee, the next returning yeare,
Thee with the Roſes ſpring & liue againe.
Th'art loſt for euer, as a drop of raine
Falne in a Riuer! for as ſoone I may
Take vp that drop, or meet the ſame at Sea,
And know it there, as ere redeeme thee gone,
Or know thee in the graue, when I haue one.
O! had that hollow Vault, where thou doſt lye,
An Eccho in it, my ſtrong phantaſye
Would draw me ſoone to thinke her words were thine,
And I would hourely come, & to thy ſhrine
Talke as I often vſed to talke with thee,
And frame my words that thou mightſt anſwer me
As when thou liuedſt: Ide ſigh, & ſay I loue,
And thou ſhouldſt do ſo to, till we had moued
(With our compl^ts^) to teares each marble cell
Of thoſe dead Neighbors which about thee dwell.
And when the holy father came to ſaye
His Oriſons, Ide aſke him if the daye

Of Miracles were paſt, or whether he
Knew any one whoſe faith & pietye
Could raiſe the dead; but he would anſwer, none
Can bring thee back to life; though many one
Our curſed days afford, that dare to thruſt
Their hands prophane to raiſe the ſacred duſt
Of holy ſaints out of their beds of Reſt.
Abhorred dayes! O maye there none moleſt
Thy quiet peace! but in thy Arke remayne
Vntouch'd, as thoſe the old one did contayne,
Till he that can reward thy greateſt worth,
Shall ſend the peacefull Doue to call thee forth.

ON A TWIN AT TWO YEARES OLD, DEAD OF A CONSUMPTION.

DEATH! thou ſuch a one haſt ſmit,
Any ſtone can couer it;
'Twas an enuye more then ſin,
If he had not been a Twin,
To haue kill'd him, when his herſe
Hardly could contayne a verſe.
Two faire Siſters, ſweet and yong,
Minded as a prophets tongue,
Thou hadſt kill'd, & ſince with thee
Goodnes had noe Amitie:
Nor could teares of Parents ſaue,
So much ſweetnes from y^e^ Graue;
Sicknes ſeem'd ſo ſmall to fit him,
That thou ſhouldſt not ſee to hit him;
And thou canſt not truely ſaye,
If he be dead or flowne awaye.

AN ELEGIE

ON THE BEWAILED DEATH OF THE TRUELY-BELOVED AND MOST VERTUOUS HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.[1]

WHAT time the world, clad in a mourning robe,
A ſtage made for a woefull tragedie,
When ſhowres of teares from the celeſtiall globe,
Bewail'd the fate of ſea-lov'd Brittanie;
When ſighes as frequent were as various ſights,
When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleaſures dying,
When Envie wept,
And Comfort ſlept,
When Crueity itſelfe ſat almoſt crying;
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights:
When Autumn had diſrob'd the Summer's pride,
Then England's honour, Europe's wonder dide.

O ſaddeſt ſtraine that ere the Muſes ſung!
A text of woe for griefe to comment on;
Teares, ſighs and ſobs, give paſſage to my tongue,
Or I ſhall ſpend you till the laſt is gone.
And then my hart, in flames of burning love,
Wanting his moiſture, ſhall to cinders turne,
But firſt by me,
Bequeathed be,
To ſtrew the place, wherein his ſacred urne
Shall be encloſ'd. This might in many move
The like effect: (who would not doe it?) when
No grave befits him, but the harts of men.

[1] This copy is tranſcribed from a manuſcript in the Bodleian Library, and is inſerted here on account of the variations from that printed in the firſt book of *Britannia's Paſtorals.*—*Thompſon.* Search has lately been made for this MS. without effect.

The man whoſe maſſe of ſorrowes have been ſuch,
That, by their weight, laid on each ſeverall part,
His fountaines are ſo drie, he but as much
As one poore drop hath left, to eaſe his hart:
Why ſhould he keepe it? ſince the time doth call
That he n'ere better can beſtow it in?
If ſo he feares,
That other teares
In greater number greateſt prizes winne,
Know, none gives more then He who giveth all:
Then he which hath but one poore teare in ſtore,
Oh let him ſpend that drop and weepe no more!

Why flowes not Hellicon beyond her ſtrands?
Is Henrie dead, and doe the Muſes ſleepe?
Alas! I ſee each one amazed ſtands,
Shallow foords mutter, ſilent are the deepe:
Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not where.
All are ſo full, nought can augment their ſtore.
Then how ſhould they
Their griefes diſpley
To men ſo cloide they faine would heare no more.
Though blaming thoſe whoſe plaints they cannot heare?
And with this wiſh their paſſions I allow,
May that muſe never ſpeake that's ſilent now!

Is Henrie dead? alas! and doe I live
To ſing a ſcrich-owles note that he is dead?
If any one a fitter theame can give,
Come, give it now, or never to be read:
But let him ſee it doe of Horror taſte,
Anguiſh, Diſtraction; could it rend in ſunder
With fearefull grones
The fenceleſſe ſtones,

Yet ſhould we hardly be inforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefes would ſo exceed their laſt:
Time cannot make our ſorrowes ought compleater,
Nor add one griefe to make our mourning greater.

England ſtood ne're engirt with waves till now,
Till now it held part with the Continent;
Aye me! ſome one, in pittie ſhow me how
I might in dolefull numbers ſo lament,
That any one, which lov'd him, hated me,
Might dearly love me for lamenting him;
Alas my plaint
In ſuch conſtraint
Breakes forth in rage, that thoughe my paſſions ſwimme,
Yet are they drowned ere they landed be.
Imperfect lines: oh happy were I, hurl'd
And cut from life as England from the world.

O! happier had we beene, if we had beene
Never made happie by enjoying thee;
Where hath the glorious Eye of Heaven ſeene
A ſpectacle of greater miſerie?
Time, turn thy courſe, and bring againe the ſpring!
Breake Nature's lawes! ſearch the records of old!
If ought e're fell
Might paralel
Sad Albion's caſe: then note when I unfold
What ſeas of ſorrow ſhe is plunged in:
Where ſtormes of woe ſo mainly have beſet her,
She hath no place for worſe, nor hope for better.

Brittaine was whilome knowne (by more then fame)
To be one of the Iſlands Fortunate:
What franticke man would give her now that name,
Lying ſo ruefull and diſconſolate?

Hath not her watrie zone in murmuring,
Fil'd every ſhoare with eccho's of her crie?
Yes, Thetis raves,
And bids her waves
Bring all the nimphes within her Emperie,
To be aſſiſtant in her ſorrowing.
See where they ſadly ſit on Iſis' ſhore,
And rend their haires as they would joy no more.

V. Viſions.

1.

SITTING one day[1] beſide the bankes of Mole,
Whoſe ſleepy ſtreame by paſſages vnknowne
Conuayes the fry of all her finny ſhole;
(As of the fiſher ſhe were feareful growne;)
I thought vpon the various turnes of Time,
And ſuddaine changes of all humane ſtate;
The Feare-mixt pleaſvres of all ſuch as clyme
To Fortunes merely by the hand of Fate,
Without deſert. Then weighing inly deepe
The griefes of ſome whoſe neernes makes him myne;
(Wearyed with thoughts) the leaden god of ſleepe
With ſilken armes of reſt did me entwyne:
While ſuch ſtrange apparitions girt me round,
As need another Joſeph[2] to expovnd.

2.[3]

[1] See Memoir of the Poet, pp. 36-38.

[2] What were called *Joſephs Dreams* formed a popular book in Browne's day. An edition was printed in 1626. See *Handb. of Early Engliſh Lit.*, art. DREAMS.

[3] A ſpace was left for this in the MS., but it was never ſupplied.

3.

I SAW a ſilver ſwan ſwim downe the Lee,
Singing a ſad Farwell vnto the Vale,
While fiſhes leapt to hear her melodie,
And on each thorne a gentle Nightingale;
And many other Birds forbore their notes,
Leaping from tree to tree, as ſhe along
The panting boſome of the torrent floates,
Rapt with the muſick of her dyeing Song:
When from a thick & all-entangled ſpring
A neatheard rude came with noe ſmall adoe,
(Dreading an ill preſage to heare her ſing,)
And quickly ſtrooke her ſlender neck in t[w]oo;
Whereat the Birds (me thought) flew thence with ſpeed,
And inly griev'd for ſuch a cruell deed.

4.

WITHIN the compaſſe of a ſhadye grove
I long time ſawe a loving Turtle flye,
And laſtlye pitching by her gentle Love,
Sit kindelie billing in his company:
Till (haples ſoules) a faulcon ſharply bent,
Flew towards the place where theſe kind wretches ſtood,
And ſev'ring them, a fatall accident,
She from her mate flung ſpeedie through the wood;
And ſcapeing from the hawke, a fowler ſett
Cloſe & with cunning vnderneath the ſhade,
Entrapt the harmles creature in his net,
And nothing moved with the plaint ſhe made,
Reſtraynde her from the groves & deſerts wide,
Where overgone with griefe, poore Bird, ſhe dyde.

5.

A ROSE, as faire as euer ſaw the North,
Grew in a little Garden all alone;
A ſweeter flowre did Nature ne're put forth,
Nor fairer Garden yet was never knowne:
The Maydens danc't about it more & more,
And learned Bards of it their ditties made;
The Nimble Fairyes, by the palefac'd moone,
Wattr'd the roote, & kiſſ'd her pretty ſhade.
But welladaye, the Gardner careles grewe;
The maids & Fairyes both were kept awaye,
And in a drought the caterpillers threw
Themſelues vpon the Bird & euery ſpraye.
God ſhield the ſtock! if heaven ſend noe ſupplyes,
The faireſt Bloſſom of the Garden dyes.

6.

DOWNE in a vallye, by a Foreſtt ſide,
Neere where the chriſtall Thames roules on her waves,
I ſaw a Muſhrome ſtand in haughty pride,
As if the Lillyes grew to be his ſlaves;
The gentle daiſye, with her ſilver crowne,
Worne in the breſt of many a ſhepheards laſſe;
The humble violett, that lowly downe
Salutes the gaye Nimphes as they trimly paſſe:
Thoſe, with a many more, me thoughte complaind
That Nature ſhould thoſe needles things produce,
Which not alone the Sun from others gain'd,
But turne it wholy to their proper vſe:
I could not chuſe but grieve, that Nature made
So glorious flowers to live in ſuch a ſhade.

7.

A GENTLE ſhepherd, borne in Arcadye,
That well could tune his pipe, and deftly playe
The Nimphs aſleepe with rurall minſtralſye,
Me thought I ſaw, vpon a ſummer's daye,
Take up a little Satyre in a wood,
All maſterleſſe forlorne as none did know him,
And nurſing him with thoſe of his owne blood,
On mightye Pan he laſtlie did beſtowe him;
But with the god he long time had not been,
Ere he the ſhepherd and himſelfe forgott,
And moſt ingratefull, ever ſtept between
Pan and all good befell the poore mans lott:
Whereat all good men griev'd, [and] ſtrongly ſwore,
They never would be foſterfathers more.

VI. Epigrams.

IT hapned lately at a Fair, or Wake,
(After a pott or two or ſuch miſtake)
Two iron-ſoled Clownes, and bacon-ſided,
Grumbled: then left the formes w^ch^ they beſtrided,
And with their crabb tree cudgels, as appeares,
Threſhd (as they vſe) at one anothers' eares:
A neighbor nere, both to their houſe and drinke,
(Who though he ſlept at ſermons) could not winke
At this diſſention, with a Spiritt bold
As was the ale that arm'd them, ſtrong & old,
Stept in & parted them; but Fortunes frowne
Was ſuch, that there our neighbor was knockdt downe.
For they, to recompence his paines at full,
Since he had broke their quarrell, broke his Scull.
People came in, & raiſe[d] him from his ſwound;
A Chirurgeon then was calld to ſearch the wound,
Who op'ning it, more to endeare his paynes,
Cryde out, Allas, Looke, you may ſee his Braynes.
Nay, quoth the Wounded man, I tell you free,
Good M^r^ Surgeon, that can neuer bee;
For I ſhould nere haue medled with y^e^ Brall,
If I had had but any Braynes at all.

ON AN HOURE GLASSE.

THE trueſt houre glaſſe lyes; for youle confes,
All holes grow bigger, and the ſand growes leſſe.

ON THE COUNTESSE OF SOMERSETS PICTURE.

THE pitty'd fortune moſt men chiefly hate;
And rather thinke the envyde fortunate:
Yet I, if Miſerie did looke as She,
Should quicklie fall in loue with Miſerie.

ON JOHN TOOTH.

HEERE lyeth in ſooth
Honeſt John Tooth;
Whom Death on a daye
From vs drew awaye.

TO DON ANTONIO, KING OF PORTUGALL.

BETWEEN thee & thy kingdome, late with force,
Spaine happily hath ſued a divorce;
And now thou maiſt, as Chriſt did once of his,
Say, that thy kingdome not of this world is.

[MAN.]

LIKE to a Silkeworme of one yeare,
Or like a wronged Louers Teare,
Or on the Waues a Rudders Dynt,
Or like the Sparkles of a Flint,
Or like to little Cakes perfum'd,
Or Fireworkes made to be conſum'd;
Even ſuch is Man, and all that truſt
In weake and animated duſt.
The Silkeworme droopes; the teares ſoon ſhed;
The Shipps waye loſt; the Sparkle dead;
The Cake is burnt; the Fireworke done;
And Man as theſe as quickly gone.

GIVE me three kiſſes, Phillis; if not three,
Giue me as many as thy ſweet lips be;
You gave & tooke one, yet deny me twaine,
Then take back yours, or give me mine againe.

ON ONE BORNE BLYNDE, AND SOE DEAD.

WHO (but ſome one like thee) could euer ſaye,
He maſter'd Death, from robbing him a day?
Or was Death euer yet ſoe kinde to any?
One Night ſhe took from thee, from others many,
And yet, to recompence it, in thy Tombe,
Giues the a longer, till the daye of doome.

ON A ROPE-MAKER HANG'D.

HEERE lyes a man, much wrong'd in his hopes,
Who got his wealth backwards by making of Ropes;
It was his hard chance in his fortunes to falter,
For he liv'd by the Rope, & dyde by the halter.

VII. Epitaphs.

AN EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN SMYTH, CHAPLAYNE TO THE RIGHT HOBLE THE EARLE OF PEMBROOKE.

KNOW thou, that treadſt on learned Smyth
invrn'd,
Man is an Houre-glaſſe that is neuer turn'd;
He is gone through; & we that ſtay behinde,
Are in the vpper Glaſſe, yet vnrefynde.
When we are fit, with him ſoe truely iuſt,
We ſhall fall downe, and ſleepe with him in duſt.

ON MRS. ANNE PRIDEAUX, DAUGHTER OF MR. DOCTOR PRIDEAUX, REGIUS PROFESSOR.

SHE DYDE AT THE AGE OF 6 YEARES.

NATURE in this ſmall Volume was about
To perfect what in woman was left out;
Yet fearefull leaſt a Piece ſoe well begun
Might want Preſeruatiues, when ſhe had done;
Ere ſhe could finiſh what ſhe vndertooke,
Threw duſt vpon yt, & ſhut vp the Booke.

AN EPITAPH ON MR. WM. HOPTON.

READER, ſtay, & read a Truth :
Heere lyes Hopton, Goodnes, Youth.
Drop a teare, & let it be
True as thou would'ſt wiſh for thee ;
Shed one more, thou beſt of ſoules ;
Thoſe two teares ſhall be new Poles :
By the firſt wee'le ſayle & find
Thoſe loſt Jewells of his mynde ;
By the Latter we will ſwymme
Back againe, & ſleep with him.

AN EPITAPH ON SR. JOHN PROWDE.

(LIEUTENANT COLLONELL TO SR. CHARLES MORGAN),
SLAYNE AT THE SIEDGE OF GROLL, &
BURYED AT ZUTPHEN, 1627.

AFTER a March of twenty yeares, & more,
I got me downe on Yſſells warlike ſhore ;
There now I lye intrench'd, where none can ſeize me,
Vntill an Hoſte of Angells come to raiſe me :
Warre was my Miſtreſſe, & I courted her,
As Semele was by the Thunderer ;
The mutuall Tokens 'twixt vs two allow'd,
Were Bullets wrapt in fire, ſent in a Clowd ;
One I receiued, which made me paſſe ſo farre,
That Honor layde me in the Bed of Warre.

IN OBITUM M.S. xo MAIJ, 1614.

MAY ! Be thou neuer grac'd with birds that ſing,
Nor Flora's pride !
In thee all flowers & Roſes ſpring.
Mine onely dide.

ON MR. VAUX, THE PHYSITIAN.

STAY! this Graue deſerues a Teare;
'Tis not a Coarſe, but life lyes here:
May be thine owne, at leaſt ſome part,
And thou the Walking Marble art.
'Tis Vaux! whom Art & Nature gaue
A powre to plucke men from the Graue;
When others druggs made Ghoſtes of men,
His gaue them back their fleſh agen;
'Tis he lyes heere, & thou & I
May wonder he found time to dye;
So buſyed was he, & ſo rife,
Diſtributing both health & life.
Honor his Marble with your Teares,
You, to whom he hath added yeares;
You, whoſe lifes light he was about
Soe carefull, that his owne went out.
Be you his liuing Monument! or we
Will rather thinke you in the Graue then he.

ON ONE DROWNED IN THE SNOWE.

WITHIN a fleece of Silent waters drown'd,
Before I met with death a graue I found;
That which exilde my life from her ſweet home,
For griefe ſtreight froze it ſelfe into a Tombe.
One onely element my fate thought meet
To be my Death, Graue, Tombe, & Winding Sheet;
Phœbus himſelfe my Epitaph had writ;
But blotting many, ere he thought one fit,
He wrote vntill my Tombe & Graue were gone,
And 'twas an Epitaph, that I had none;

For euery man that paſt along the waye
Without a Sculpture read, that there I laye.
Here now, the ſecond time, entomb'd I lie,
And thus much haue the beſt of Deſtinye:
Corruption (from which onely one was free)
Deuour'd my grave, but did not feed on me.
My firſt Graue tooke me from the race of men;
My laſt ſhall giue me back to life agen.

ON MR. JOHN DEANE, OF NEW COLLEDGE.

LET no man walke neere this Tombe,
That hath left his Griefe at home.
Heere ſo much of Goodneſſe lyes,
We ſhould not weepe teares, but eyes,
And grope homeward from this ſtone
Blinde for contemplation
How to liue & dye as he.
Deane, to thy deare memorye
With this I would offer more,
Could I be ſecur'd before
They ſhould not be frown'd vpon
At thy Reſurrection.
Yet accept upon thy hearſe
My Teares, far better then my Verſe.
They may turne to eyes, & keepe
Thy bed vntouch'd, whilſt thou doſt ſleepe.

AN EPITAPH.

FAIRE Canace this little Tombe doth hyde,
Whoe onely ſeuen Decembers told and dyde
O Crueltie! O ſynne! yet no man heere
Muſt for ſo ſhort a life let fall a Teare;

Then death the kind was worſe, what did infect,
Firſt ſeaſ'd her mouth, & ſpoil'd her ſweet aſpect:
A horrid Ill her kiſſes bitt away,
And gaue her almoſt liples to the Clay.
If Deſtinye ſo ſwift a flight did will her,
It might haue found ſome other way to kill her;
But Death firſt ſtrooke her dumb, in haſt to haue her,
Leſt her ſweete tongue ſhould force the Fates to ſave her.

ON MR. FRANCIS LEE OF THE TEMPLE, GENT.

NATURE haueing ſeen the Fates
Give ſome births vntimely dates,
And cut of thoſe threds (before
Halfe their web was twiſted ore)
Which ſhe chiefly had intended
With iuſt ſtory ſhould be friended,
Vnderhand ſhee had begun,
From thoſe diſtaffes half-way-ſpun,
To haue made a piece to tarry,
As our Edward ſhould, or Harry.
But the fatall Siſters ſpyeing
What a fair worke ſhe was plying,
Curſtly cut it from the Loome,
And hid it vnderneath this Tombe.

MY OWNE EPITAPH.

LOADEN with earth, as earth by ſuch as I,
In hopes of life, in Deaths cold arme I lye;
Laid vp there, whence I came, as ſhipps nere ſpilt
Are in the dock vndone to be new built.

Short was my courſe, & had it longer bin,
I had return'd but burthen'd more with Sin.
Tread on me he that liſt; but learne withall,
As we make but one croſſe, ſo thou muſt fall,
To be made one to ſome deare friend of thine,
That ſhall ſurueigh thy graue, as thou doſt myne.
Teares aſke I none, for thoſe in death are vayne,
The true repentant ſhowres which I did rayne
From my ſad ſoule, in time to come will bring,
To this dead roote an euerlaſting ſpring.
Till then my ſoule with her Creator keepes,
To waken in fit time what herein ſleepes.

WM. BROWNE. 1614.

ON HIS WIFE, AN EPITAPH.

THOU needſt no Tomb (my Wife) for thou haſt one,
To which all Marble is but Pumix Stone.
Thou art engrau'd ſo deeply in my heart,
It ſhall out-laſt the ſtrongeſt hand of Art.
Death ſhall not blott the thence, although I muſt
In all my other parts diſſolue to duſt;
For thy Deare Name, thy happy Memorie,
May ſo embalme it for Eternity,
That when I riſe, the name of my deare Wife
Shall there be ſeen, as in the booke of life.

ON THE COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

VNDERNEATH this ſable Herſe
Lyes the ſubiect of all verſe:
Sydneyes ſiſter, Pembroke's Mother:
Death, ere thou haſt ſlaine another,
Faire, & Learn'd, & good as ſhe,
Tyme ſhall throw a dart at thee."

ON THE R. H. SUSAN, COUNTESSE OF MONTGOMERIE.

THOUGH we truſt the earth with thee,
We will not with thy memorie;
Mines of Braſſe or Marble ſhall
Speake nought of thy funerall;
They are veryer duſt then we,
And do begg a Hiſtorye:
In thy Name there is a Tombe,
If the world can giue it Roome;
For a *Vere*, & *Herberts* wyfe
Outſpeakes Tombes, out-liues all lyfe.

AN EPITAPH ON MR. THOMAS AYLEWORTH.

HEERE wither'd lyes a flowre, which blowne,
Was cropt aſſone as it was knowne;
The loſs was greate, & the offence,
Since one vnworthie took it hence.

W. BROWNE.

AN EPITAPH ON MRS. EL:Y.

VNDERNEATH this ſtone there lyes
More of Beauty then are eyes;
Or to read that ſhe is gone,
Or alyue to gaze vpon.

She in ſo much fairenes clad,
To each Grace a Vertue had;
All her Goodnes cannot be
Cut in Marble. Memorie
Would be vſeles, ere we tell
In a Stone her worth. Farewell.

ON MR TURNER OF ST. MARY-HALL.

I ROSE, and coming downe to dyne,
I Turner met, a learn'd diuyne;
'Twas the firſt tyme that I was bleſt
With ſight of him, & had poſſeſt
His company not three houres ſpace,
But Oxford call'd him from that place.
Our friendſhip was begun (for Arts,
Or loue of them, cann marry hearts).
But ſee whereon we truſt: eight dayes
From thence, a friend of mine thus ſayes:
Turner is dead; (amaz'd) thought I,
Could ſo much health ſo quickly dye?
And haue I loſt my hopes to be
Endear'd to ſo much induſtry?
O man! behold thy ſtrength, and knowe
Like our firſt ſight and parting, ſoe
Are all our liues, which I muſt ſay,
Was but a dinner, and away.

ON GOODMAN HURST OF THE GEORGE AT HORSHAM,

DYEING SUDDAINELY WHILE YE E. OF NOTTINGHAM

LAYE THERE, 26 AUGUST, 1637.

SEE what we are: for though we often ſaye,
Wee are like gueſts that ride vpon the waye,
Trauell and lodge, & when the Morne comes on,
Call for a reck'ning, paye, & ſo are gone—
Wee err; and haue leſſe time to be poſſeſt,
For ſee! the Hoſte is gone before the gueſt.

HEERE lyes kind Tom, thruſt out of dore,
Nor hye nor low, nor rich nor poore ;
He left the world with heauy cheere,
And neuer knew what he made heere.

VIII. Paraphraſes, &c.

1.

TELL me, Pyrrha, what fine youth,
All pfum'd and crown'd with Roſes,
To thy chamber thee purſu'th,
And thy wanton Arme incloſes?

2.

What is he thou now haſt got,
Whoſe more long & golden Treſſes
Into many a curious knott
Thy more curious fingers dreſſes?

3.

How much will he wayle his truſt,
And (forſooke) begin to wonder,
When black wyndos ſhall billowes thruſt,
And breake all his hopes in ſunder?

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[1] A very diſtant imitation of Horace:—
"Quis multa gracilis ——."—*Carm.* lib. i. 5.

4.

Ficklenes of wyndes he knows
  Very little that doth loue thee;
Miſerable are all thoſe,
  That affect thee ere they proue thee.

5.

I as one from ſhipwrack freed
  To the Oceans mighty Ranger,
Conſecrate my dropping weed,
  And in freedome thinke of danger.

THE HAPPY LIFE.[1]

O BLESSED man! who, homely bredd,
  In lowly Cell can paſſe his dayes,
Feeding on his well gotten bread;
And hath his Gods, not others wayes.

That doth into a prayer wake,
And Riſeing (not to bribes or bands)
The powre that doth him happy make,
Hath both his knees, as well as hands.

His Threſhold he doth not forſake,
Or for the Cittyes Cates, or Trymme;
His plough, his flock, his Sythe, and Rake,
Doe phyſicke, Clothe, and nouriſh him.

By ſome ſweet ſtreame, cleere as his thought,
He ſeates him wth his Booke & lyne;
And though his hand haue nothing caught,
His mynde hath wherevpon to dyne:

[1] A paraphraſe of Horace:—
"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis."—*Epod. Carm. II.*

He hath a Table furniſht ſtrong,
To Feaſt a friend, no[1] flattering Snare,
And hath a iudgment & a Tongue,
That know to wellcome & beware.

His afternoone ſpent as the prime
Inviting where he mirthfull ſupps;
Labour, & ſeaſonable time,
Brings him to bedd & not his cupps.

Yet, ere he take him to his reſt,
For this & for their laſt repayre,
He, with his houſhold meek addreſt,
Offer their ſacrifice of prayer.

If then a louing wife he meets,
Such as A Good Man ſhould lye by;
Bleſt Eden is, betwixt theſe ſheets.
Thus would I liue, thus Would I Dye.

IN URBEM ROMAM QUALIS EST HODIE.

QUI Romam in media quæris nouus aduena Roma,
& Romæ in Româ nil reperis mediâ:
Aſpice murorum moles preruptaq, ſaxa
Abruptaq. horrenti vaſta theatra ſitu:
Hæc ſunt Roma; videri velut ipſa cadauera tantæ
Urbis adhuc ſpirant imperioſa minas.

[1] MS. has *or*.

Vt vt hæc mundum viſa eſt, ſe vincere: viſit
A ſe non victum ne quid in orbe foret.
Nunc victa in Roma victrix Roma illa ſepulta eſt,
Atq; eadem victrix victaq. Roma fuit.
Albula Romani nunc exſtat in nominis iudex
Queq. etiam rapidis fertur in æquor aquis,
Diſce hinc quid poſſit Fortuna: immota labaſcunt;
Et quæ perpetuo[1] unt agitata manent.

[THE TRANSLATION.]

THOU, who to looke for Rome, to Rome art come,
And in y^e^ midſt of Rome find'ſt nought of Rome;
Behold her heapes of walls, her ſtructures rent,
Her theatres orewhelm'd, of vaſt extent;
Thoſe nowe are Rome. See how thoſe Ruynes frowne,
And ſpeak the threats yet of ſo braue a town.
By Rome (as once the world) is Rome orecome,
Leaſt ought on Earth ſhould not be quelld by Rome:
Now conqu'ring Rome, doth conquerd Rome interre;
And ſhe the vanquiſht is, and vanquiſher.
To ſhew vs where ſhe ſtood, there reſts alone
Tiber; yet that too haſtens to be gone.
Learne hence what fortune can: Townes glyde away;
And Rivers, w^ch^ are ſtill in motion, ſtay.

[1] MS. reads *perpetua*.

IX. Miſcellaneous Pieces.

ON A DREAME.

VAINE dreames, forbeare, ye but deceiuers be;
For as, in flattering glaſſes, women ſee
More beauty then poſſeſſe, ſo I in you
Haue all I can deſire, but no thing true.
Who would be rich, to be ſoe but an howre,
Eates a ſweet fruite, to relliſh more the ſoure;
If, but to loſe againe, we things poſſeſſe,
Nere to be happy is a happines.
Men walking in the pitchye ſhades of night
Can keepe their certeyne way, but if a light
Oretake, & leaue them, they are blinded more,
And doubtfull goe, that went ſecure before:
For this (though hardly) I haue ofte forborne
To ſee her face faire as the roſye Morne;
Yet mine owne thoughts in night ſuch Traytors be,
That they betray me to that miſerie.
Then thinke no more of her! as ſoon I may
Command the ſun to robbe vs of a day;
Or with a ſive repell a liquid ſtreame,
As loſe ſuch thoughts or hinder but a Dreame.
The lightſome ayre as eaſye hinder can
A glaſſe to take the forme of any man

That ſtands before it, as or time or place
Can draw a vayle betweene me & her face;
Yet by ſuch thoughts my Torments howrely ſtrive;
For, as a priſoner by his proſpective,
By them I am inform'd of what I want:
I envy none now but the ignorant.
He that nere ſaw of whom I dream'd laſt night,
Is one borne blynd, that knowes no want of light;
He that nere kiſt theſe lipps, yet ſaw her eyes,
Is Adam living ſtill in Paradiſe.
But if he taſte thoſe ſweets (as haples I)
He knowes his want & meets his miſerie:
An Indian rude that neuer heard one ſing
A heauenly ſonnet to a ſiluer ſtring,
Nor other ſounds, but what confuſed heards
In pathles deſerts make, or brooks, or Birds,
Should he heare Syms the ſweet pandora touch
And looſe his heareing, ſtreight he would as much
Lament his knowledge, as doe I my chance,
And wiſh he ſtill had liv'd in ignorance.
I am that Indian, and my ſoothing Dreames
In thirſt haue brought me but to painted ſtreames,
Which not allaye, but more increaſe deſire.
A man, nere frozen with December's ire,
Hath from a heape of glowwormes as much eaſe,
As I can euer haue by ſuch as theſe.
O leave me then! & ſtrongeſt Memorie,
Keepe ſtill with thoſe that promiſe breakers be:
Goe! bid the Debtor mind his payment day,
Or helpe the ignorant-deuout to ſaye
Prayers they vnderſtand not. Leade the Blynde,
And bid ingratefull wretches call to minde
Their Benefactors. And if vertue be
(As ſtill ſhe is) trod downe with miſerie,
Shew her the Rich that they may free her want,
And leaue to nurſe the fawning ſycophant:

Or if thou ſeeſt faire honor careles lye
Without a Tombe, for after memorye,
Dwell by the graue, & teach all thoſe that paſſe
To imitate, by ſhewing who it was.
This way, remembrance, thou mayeſt doe ſome good,
And haue due thankes; but he that vnderſtood
What throes thou bringſt on me, would ſay I miſſe
The ſleepe of him that did the pale moone kiſſe,
And that it were a bleſſing throwne on mee,
Somtimes to haue the hated Lethargie.
Then, darke forgetfulnes, that onely art
The friend of Lunatiques, ſeize on that part
Of Memorie which nightly ſhewes her me,
Or ſuffer ſtill her wakeing Fantaſie,
Euen at the inſtant that I dreame of her,
To dreame the like of me, that we may err
In pleaſures endles Maze without offence;
And both connex, as ſoules in Innocence.

LIDFORD JOURNEY.

I OFTE haue heard of Lidford Lawe,
How in the Morne they hang & drawe,
And ſitt in iudgment after:
At firſt I wonderd at it much;
But now I find their reaſon ſuch,
That it deſerues no laughter.

They haue a Caſtle on a hill;
I tooke it for an old Windmill,
The Vanes blowne of by weather;
Then lye therein one night, 'tis gueſſd,
'Tis better to be ſtond and preſt,
Or hang'd, now chuſe you whether.

Ten men leſſe room w^{thin} this Caue,
Then fiue Mice in a Lanthorne haue,
The Keepers they are ſly ones:
If any could deuiſe by Art,
To gett it vpp into a Cart,
Twere fitt to carry Lyons.

When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,
What Juſtice & what Clemency
Hath Lidford, when I ſpy all!
They know none there gladly would ſtay,
But rather hang out of the way,
Then tarry for the tryall.

The Prince a hundred pounds hath ſent,
To mend the leades & planthings rent,
Within this liuinge Tombe:
Some forty fiue pounds more had paide
The debts of all that ſhalbe layde
There 'till the day of Dome.

One lyes there for a ſeame of Malt,
Another for three pecks of Salt,
Two Suretyes for a Noble;
If this be true, or elſe falſe newes,
You may goe aſke of M^{r} Crewes,[1]
John Vaughan, or John Doble.[2]

Neere to the men that lye in lurch,
There is a Bridge, there is a Church,
Seuen Aſhes, & an Oake;
Three houſes ſtanding, and ten downe;
They ſay the Parſon hath a Gowne,
But I ſaw nere a Cloake.

[1] The Steward. *Marginal Note in Brydges' Ed.*
[2] Attorneys of the Court. *Ibid.*

Whereby you may conſider well,
That plaine Simplicity doth dwell
At Lidford without brauery;
For in that towne, both yong & graue
Do loue the Naked truth, and have
No Cloakes to hide theyr knauerye.

The people all, within this clyme,
Are frozen yn all Winter time,
Be ſure I doe not faine;
And when the Summer is begun,
They lye like ſilkewormes in y^{e} Sun,
And come to lyfe againe.

One told me in King Cæſars tyme,
The towne was built of Stone & Lyme,
But ſure the walls were Claye:
For they are falne, for ought I ſee,
And ſince the howſes were got free,
The Towne is Run away.

O Cæſar, if thou there didſt Raigne,
Whilſt one houſe ſtands, come there againe;
Come quickly, while there is One:
If thou but ſtay a little fitt,
But fiue yeares more, they may cōmitt
The whole Towne into Priſon.

To ſee it thus, much grieued was I,
The prouerbe ſays, Sorrow is dry;
So was I at this matter:
When by great chance, I know not how,
There thither came a ſtrange ſtrayde Cow,
And we had Milke and Water.

Sure I belieue it then did rayne
A Cow or two from Charles his Wayne,
For none aliue did ſee
Such kynde of Creatures there before,
Nor ſhall from hence for euermore,
Saue Pris'ners, Geeſe, and wè.

To Nyne good Stomacks (with our Whigg)
At laſt we got a Tything Pigg;
This Dyet was our bounds:
And that was iuſt as if 'twere knowne,
One pound of Butter had byn throwne
Amongſt a pack of Hounds.

One Glaſſe of Drinke I gott by Chance,
'Twas Clarett when yt was in France;
But now from that nought wyder:
I thinke a man might make as good
With Green Crabs, boyled with Braſil Wood,
And halfe a pynte of Syder.

I kiſt the Mayors hand of the Towne,
Who though he weare no ſcarlett Gowne
Honors the ROSE & THISTLE:
A peece of Corrall to the Mace,
Which there I Saw to ſerue the place,
Would make a good Childes Whiſtle.

At ſixe a Clock I came away,
And prayde for thoſe that were to ſtay,
Within a place ſo Arrant:
Wild and ope to windes that rore,
By Gods Grace Ile come there no more,
Vnleſſe by Some Tin Warrant.

W. B.

[RELIGIOUS VERSES.]

BEHOLD, O God, IN RIvers of my teares
I come to the: bow downe thy bleſſed eares
To heare me wretch, and let thine eyes (wth ſleepe
Did neuer cloſe) behold a Sinner weepe:
Let not, O God, My God, my faults though Great
And numberleſſe, betwWeen thy mercyes Seat
And my poore ſoule be tHrown! ſince we are taught
Thou, Lord, Remember'ſt thyne, IF Thou be Sought.
I coME not, Lord, witH any o Ther meritt
Then What I by my SAviour Chriſt inheritt:
Be thEN his woundS my balm; his sTRIpes my bliſſe;
My crowne his Thornes; my deaTh be loSt in his.
And thOU, my blesT Redeemer, SAviour, God,
Quitt my AcCOMpts, withHold the vengefull rod.
O beg for ME! my hOpes on Thee are ſett;
And ChriSt forgiVe, aſwell as pay tHe debt.
The liviNg fount, the liFe, the waYe, I know,
And but To thee, O whither Should I goe?
All oTher helps aRe vaine: grantE thine to mee,
For in tHy Croſſe my Sauing heaLth muſt bee.
O hearKen then whAt I with Faith implore,
Leaſt Sin & Death ſincke me for Evermore.
Laſtly, O God, my wayes direct And guide;
In Death defeNd me, that I neuer ſlyde;
And at the dooME Let Me be raiſd O then,
To liuE with theE; ſweet JesVS, ſay Amen.

X. Commendatory Verſes.

TO HIS WORTHY AND INGENIOUS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.[1]

SO farre as can a ſwayne (who then a rounde
On oaten-pipe no further boaſts his ſkill)
I dare to cenſure the ſhrill trumpets ſound,
Or other muſick of the Sacred Hil:
The popular applauſe hath not ſo fell
(Like Nile's lowd cataract) poſſeſt mine eares
But others ſongs I can diſtinguiſh well
And chant their praiſe, deſpiſ'd vertue reares:
Nor ſhall thy buſkind muſe be heard alone
In ſtately pallaces; the ſhady woods
By me ſhall learn't, and eccho's one by one
Teach it the hils, and they the ſilver floods.
Our learned ſhepheards that have uſ'd tofore
Their happy gifts in notes that wooe the plaines,
By rural ditties will be knowne no more;
But reach at fame by ſuch as are thy ſtraines.
And I would gladly (if the Siſters ſpring
Had me inabled) beare a part with thee,

[1] Prefixed to *The Ghoſt of Richard the Third*, 1614, by C. Brooke.

And for ſweet groves, of brave heroës ſing,
But ſince it fits not my weake melodie,
It ſhall ſuffice that thou ſuch means do'ſt give,
That my harſh lines among the beſt may live.

W. Browne,
Int. Temp.

TO MY HONOR'D FRIEND MR. DRAYTON.[1]

ENGLANDS braue *Genius*, raiſe thy head, and ſee,
We haue a *Muſe* in this mortalitie
Of Vertue yet ſuruiues; All met not Death,
When wee intoomb'd our deare *Elizabeth.*
Immortall *Sydney*, honoured *Colin Clout*,
Preſaging what wee feele, went timely out.
Then why liues Drayton, when the *Times* refuſe,
Both *Meanes* to liue, and *Matter* for a *Muſe?*
Onely without *Excuſe* to leaue vs quite,
And tell vs, Durſt we act, he durſt to write.
Now, as the people of a famiſh'd *Towne*,
Receiuing no *Supply*, ſeeke vp and downe
For mouldy Corne, and Bones long caſt aſide,
Wherewith their hunger may bee ſatisfide.
(Small ſtore now left) we are inforc'd to prie
And ſearch the darke Leaues of Antiquitie
For ſome good *Name*, to raiſe our Muſe againe,
In this her *Criſis*, whoſe harmonious ſtraine
Was of ſuch compaſſe, that no other Nation
Durſt euer venture on a ſole Tranſlation;
Whilſt our full language, Muſicall and hie,
Speakes as themſelues their beſt of *Poeſie.*

[1] Prefixed to the ſecond edition of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 1622.

Drayton, amongſt the worthi'ſt of all thoſe,
The glorious *Laurell*, or the *Cyprian Roſe*,
Haue euer crown'd, doth claime in euery Lyne,
An equall honor from the ſacred *Nyne:*
For if old *Time* could like the reſtleſſe Maine
Rock himſelfe backe into his Spring againe,
And on his wings beare this admired *Muſe*,
For *Ovid*, *Virgil*, *Homer*, to peruſe,
They would confeſſe, that neuer happier *Pen*
Sung of his *Loues*, the *Countrey*, and the *Men*.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

VPON THIS WORKE OF HIS BELOVED FRIEND THE AVTHOR.[1]

I AM ſnap't already, and may goe my way;
The Poet Critick's cane; I heare him ſay,
This Towne's miſtooke, the Authors Worke's a Play.

He could not miſſe it; he will ſtrait appeare
At ſuch a baite; 'twas laid on purpoſe there
To take the vermine, and I haue him here.

Sirra, you wilbe nibling; a ſmall bitt
(A ſillable), when yo' are i' the hungry fitt,
Will ſerue to ſtay the ſtomacke of your witt.

[1] The following verſes are prefixed to *The Duke of Millaine. A Tragædie*, &c. Written by Philip Maſſinger, Gent., 1623, 4°. They are ſubſcribed *W. B.* only; but I think that there can be little doubt of the pen from which they proceeded (ſee next note). It is to be inferred that Maſſinger's drama had, on its appearance, found an imitator or plagiary, whom Browne makes it his buſineſs to demoliſh.

Foole; Knaue; what's worſe? for worſe cannot depraue
thee.
And were the diuell now inſtantly to haue thee,
Thou canſt not inſtance ſuch a worke to ſaue thee,

'Mongſt all the ballets which thou doſt compoſe,
And what thou ſtil'ſt thy Poems, ill as thoſe,
And, void of rime and reaſon, thy worſe Proſe.

Yet like a rude Iack-ſauce in Poeſie,
With thoughts vnbleſt and hand vnmanerly,
Rauiſhing branches from Apollo's tree:

Thou mak'ſt a garland (for thy touch vnfit)
And boldly deck'ſt thy pig-brain'd ſconce with it,
As if it were the Supreme Head of wit.

The blameles Muſes bluſh, who not allow
That reuerend Order to each vulgar brow;
Whoſe ſinfull touch prophanes the holy Bough.

Hence (ſhallow Prophet) and admire the ſtraine
Of thine owne Pen, or thy poore Copeſmat's veine:
This Piece too curious is for thy coarſe braine.

Here witt (more fortvnate) is ioyn'd with Art,
And that moſt ſacred Frenzie beares a part,
Infuſ'd by Nature in the Poet's heart.

Here may the Puny-wits themſelues direct;
Here may the Vileſt [1] find what to affect;
And Kings may learne their proper Dialect.

On, then, deare friend: thy Pen thy Name ſhall ſpread,
And ſhal'ſt thou write, while thou ſhall not be read,
Thy Muſe muſt labour, when thy Hand is dead.

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[1] Old edit. has *Wileſt*.

THE AUTHORS FRIEND TO THE READER.[1]

THE PRINTERS haſte calls on; I muſt not driue
My time paſt Sixe, though I begin at Fiue.
One houre I haue entire; and 'tis enough.
Here are no Gipſie Iigges, or Drumming ſtuffe,
Dances, or other Trumpery to delight,
Or take, by common way, the common ſight.
The AVTHOR of this POEM, as he dares
To ſtand th' auſtereſt cenſure, ſo he cares
As little what it is. His owne beſt way
Is to be Iudge and AVTHOR of his PLAY.
It is his knowledge makes him thus ſecure;
Nor do's he write to pleaſe, but to endure.
And (Reader) if you haue diſburs'd a ſhilling,
To ſee this worthy STORY, and are willing
To haue a large encreaſe; (if rul'd by me)
You may a MARCHANT and a POET be.
'Tis granted for your twelue-pence you did ſit,
And See, and Heare, and Vnderſtand not yet.
The AVTHOR (in a Chriſtian pitty) takes
Care of your good, and prints it for your ſakes.
That ſuch as will but venter but Six-pence more,
May Know, what they but Saw, and Heard before;
'Twill not be money loſt, if you can read,[2]
(Ther's all the doubt now) but your gaines exceed,

[1] Theſe lines are prefixed to the firſt edition of *The Bondman: An Antient Storie*, by Philip Maſſinger, 1624, 4°, and are ſubſcribed *W. B.* As this drama is dedicated to Philip [Herbert] Earl of Montgomery, Browne's friend, and as Maſſinger himſelf was connected with Wilton through his father, I think our poet's authorſhip extremely probable.

[2] Orig. has *reed.*

If you can Vnderſtand, and you are made
Free of the freeſt, and the nobleſt, Trade.
And in the way of POETRY, now adayes,
Of all that are call'd WORKES, the beſt are PLAYES.

INDEX AND NOTES.

The Topographical and Miſcellaneous Notes with the initial S. are contributed, as before, by Mr. John Shelly, of Plymouth.

ABYE, or aby, A. S. abicyan, ſtand or pay for (Nares' *Gloſs.* ed. 1859, art. Aby). P. 228.

Affeſed, affeſe, frightened, to frighten, i. e. *feſe*. See *Prompt. Parv.* ed. Way, pp. 156, 158, and Halliwell's *Arch. Dict.* arts. *feſe* and *affeſe*. Pp. 187, 190.

Agriſed, terrified. P. 189.

America. It is ſaid to have been ſo named after Amerigo Veſpucci, the friend of Columbus. This is, of courſe, no place for diſcuſſing ſo obſcure a queſtion. P. 132.

Amphion. P. 135.

Amphitrite, wife of Neptune. Amphitrite's playnes, i. e. the ſea. P. 127.

Antonio, Don, King of Portugal. P. 334.

Approach. Edit. 1625 miſprints *reproach*. P. 65.

Aſtrophel (pſeud.), Sir Philip Sydney. P. 8.

Aylworth, Mr. Tho. Browne's Elegy and Epitaph on him. "1615, June 21. Thomas Aylworth, gent., 'wounded the xvij. day of May, lay long languiſhinge under the handes of ſurgeons, unto the xx. day of June, and then dyed, and was buried the xxi day, 1615, in the middle chancell in Croydon Churche.'"—*Extracts from the Pariſh Regiſters of Croydon*, printed by Nichols (*Collect. Topogr. et Genealog.* ii. 295). Nichols adds in a note: "The arms of Edward Aylworth, Eſq., probably his father, were formerly in one of the windows of Archbiſhop Whitgift's hoſpital.—See Steinman's *Hiſtory of Croydon*, p. 68." This was the "Mr. Aylworth," doubtleſs, who, in 1600, gave £100 as a benefaction to the hoſpital, "to begin a ſtock;" ſee Lyſons' *Environs*, iv. 589, *Note* (firſt edit.) The remarkable alluſion to ſome work by Aylworth, of which there appears to be no preciſe trace, led me to conjecture that the poem entitled *The Maſsacre of Money*, by T. A. 1602, 4°., was by this perſon,

and not by Thomas Achelley, whoſe authorſhip, in fact, has long been diſputed and queſtioned. The poem is a ſort of ſatire on the love of gain, and curiouſly enough, in all the extant copies, the text ſeems to break off abruptly and imperfectly with a catchword, as if ſomething had been ſuppreſſed. This may be explained, perhaps, by Browne's lines:

"What now as *licens'd* is diſperſed about,
Is no true coppy, or the beſt left out."

It appears, however, from the admiſſion-books of the Middle Temple that Browne's friend was of a different branch of this family: "24 Jan. 1605[-6]. Tho. Ayleworth, ſon and heir of Peter Ayleworth of Kington, in the County of War-[wick]." Pp. 319, 343.

Avon, the river (in Somerſetſhire?). P. 54.

Beachworth, i. e. Betchworth Caſtle, in Surrey, the original ſeat of the Brownes, and ſeemingly the permanent or, maybe, temporary reſidence of a lady, whom he wooes in an epiſtle—*forſan* CŒLIA. Compare *A Sigh from Oxford*. P. 295.

Bells, ringing of, on All-Saints' night (Oct. 31). See *Popular Antiq. of Great Britain*, 1869, i. 218-19. P. 292.

Belphœbe—Amoret. Characters in Spenſer's *Faerie Queene*, which is the "booke" and the "Lays of faierie Land" here referred to, of courſe. P. 298.

Berd, beard, *to make one's beard*—to undo a man. P. 189.

Bet, better. P. 183.

Bit, biddeth. P. 187.

Blanchden or *Blanchdown* Woods. Theſe are on the eaſt bank of the Tamar, about four miles weſt of Taviſtock—S. P. 100.

Blet, bleated. P. 220.

Blive, quick, quickly. Pp. 180-1, 186.

Bonaventura. The "Seraphic Doctor." Born in 1221, died in 1274. P. 293.

Boncheefe, happineſs, good fortune. So, in an early verſion of Pſalm 51:

"That I may lyue as thee is leef,
And there maiſt my langor lyſſe,
That brouȝteſt man to gret boncheef."

—*Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, ed. Furnivall, p. 254.

But here the word which, as Mr. Furnivall points out to me, is the oppoſite of *miſchief*, and ſignifies to bring to a *good head*, ſeems rather to mean revelry, rejoicing. Old edit. miſprints *boucheefe*. P. 180.

Bramſhill, Co. Hants, the ſeat of Lord Zouch. P. 167.

Breath'd. So, of courſe properly, the folio edit. The edit. of 1625 miſprints *breadth'd*. P. 86.

Brooke, Chriſt. Browne's verſes before his poem on Richard III. See Notes to Vol. I. The fifth eclogue of the *Shepheard's Pipe* is addreſſed to Brooke, and is a feigned dialogue, founded, however, doubtleſs on a real converſation between the two friends, in which Browne ſtimulates the other to attempt higher flights of poetry. Brooke diſclaims, at firſt, any ambition—

"To ſearch the hidden miſtery
Of tragicke Scenes," &c. (p. 221).

But eventually he promiſed to comply with his brother poet's exhortation, and (as it may be gathered) produced accordingly his *Ghoſt of Richard the Third*. Pp. 10, 357-8, *et alibi*.

Browne, William, his Epitaph written by himſelf. P. 341.

——— his Epitaph on his Wife. P. 342.

——— his projected *Lives of the Worthies of Devon.* (Joſeph of Exeter.)

——— apparently a partner with Mr. Fiſhbourne in ſome concern. P. 317.

Butter-box, a receptacle, as the name implies, for the day's ſtock of butter. The word is more uſually found in the cant ſenſe of *a Dutchman*. P. 228.

Byheet, or *beheet*, pledge, engage. Pp. 184, 195.

Cadmus, alluſion to the legend of. P. 135.

Cakes, thin, round, perfumed, P. 140.

Celadyne (pſeud.) Pp. 127 *et ſeqq.*

Chapman, George. It may be a queſtion whether he is not "my Friend" referred to at pp. 66-7. Compare *Paſtorals*, B. i. ſong 5, where again Browne alludes to Chapman evidently, where he ſpeaks of "my friend." Pp. 9-10.

Charavary, or *Charivari*, a confuſed noiſe or din. P. 293.

Charwell, or *Cherwell*, the river, co. Oxford. P. 144.

Charter of health. An apparent alluſion to the phyſical charms written on parchment or paper, which were formerly given to patients to be worn about the perſon. P. 191.

Chibole, or *chibbal*, a ſmall onion.

> "*Pet.* Ye eating raſcals,
> Whoſe gods are beef and brewis! whoſe brave augers
> Do execution upon theſe and chibbals."
> —Fletcher's *Bonduca*, i. 2.

P. 146.

Coat, a cottage. Mr. Halliwell (*Arch. Dict.* 1847, in v.) ſeems to have thought that it was merely a northern provincialiſm. P. 106.

Cœlia (pſeudon.). Browne's 14. *Sonnets* inſcribed to her. Perhaps, on the whole, of all Browne's minor poems theſe may be regarded as the beſt, whether we regard their harmony of verſification, command of language, chaſtity of ſtyle and ſentiment, or fervent ſincerity of tone. P. 283 *et ſeqq.*

——— Poem on her loſs. This appears to be the lady apoſtrophized in the Third Book of the *Paſtorals*. The poem headed *A Sigh from Oxford* appears to have been waſted thence to his native Devon by the writer, with a view to reaching the ear, or rather eye, of *Cœlia*. This lady, it might almoſt be gathered from the 5th ſong of the 2nd book of the *Paſtorals*, came to ſome untimely end. Pp. 270-3.

Coil, diſturbance, confuſion. P. 293.

Congey, farewell. P. 126.

Coombe, a valley. Pp. 18, 163.

Cornemute, *cornamute*, or *cornemuſe*, a ſpecies of bagpipe. Pp. 139, 250.

Coſſet, a pet-lamb, ſays Mr. Halliwell (*Arch. Dict.* 1847, in v.) But perhaps it was applied to a lamb of a particular age. P. 196.

Cottage, a dwelling in a general ſenſe. P. 131.

Coulter, a ploughſhare, lat. *cultrum*. P. 131.

Crowd, fiddle. P. 210.

Cuckoo. P. 18, *et alibi.*

Cutty, query, a corruption of Kitty, i.e., Chriſtopher. The perſon intended is evidently the writer's friend,

Chriſtopher Brooke, a poet of ſome ability and fame. P. 219.

Cymmerii, Cymri, or Kymri, the Welſh or Britons. The name was originally that of an Aſiatic people or tribe, who migrated to Germany, and thence ſouthwards. The word ſeems to be the ſame as *Cumbri* and *Umbri*. P. 149.

Dallida, Delilah. P. 194.

Dancer, French. P. 146.

Daniel, Samuel. P. 10.

Dart, the river. P. 47.

Davies, John of Hereford. P. 10.

—— John (the navigator). P. 43.

Deane, Mr. John, of New College, Oxford. P. 340.

Dee, holy. This river ſeems to have been regarded by the Britons as ſacred. P. 98.

Deer, hurt. An alluſion to the familiar fact, that a ſtricken deer is purſued by the remainder of the herd, and gored to death. P. 311.

Din, noiſe, in the ſenſe of a noiſe of muſicians. See Dyce's *Gloſs.* to the ſecond edit. of his *Shakeſpeare*, art. *Noiſe*. P. 146.

Doridan (pſeud.) P. 1 *et alibi*.

Drake, Sir F. Browne ſeems clearly to refer, when he ſpeaks of the *Tragedie of Drake* unfolded *in leaues of gold*, to Charles Fitz-geoffrey's Poem with the following title: *Sir Francis Drake. His Honorable lifes commendation and his Tragicall Deathes lamentation*, 1596, 8°. See *Handb. of E. Engliſh Liter.* in v. *Fitz-Geoffrey*. The author was a native of Devonſhire, and Rector of St. Dominick, Cornwall. Pp. 43, 139, 152, 308.

Draw. The preſent tenſe is here uſed with a paſt ſignification; it may be right, and I have left it untouched, as I believe ſuch a form not very uncommon in early Engliſh. P. 189.

Drayton, Michael, the celebrated poet. Pp. 10, 278.

———. Browne's lines before the *Polyolbion*. P. 358.

Dreſs, addreſs, approach. P. 186.

Elephant, blood of the, a love-charm. The *elephant* is a kind of *ſcabioſa*, employed in ſome ſkin diſeaſes. P. 138.

Elizabeth, Queen, Alluſion to the literature of her reign. P. 152.

Emperour prudent and wiſe, i.e., the Emperor Godfridus mentioned in the *Geſta Romanorum* (ed. Madden, pp. 149, *et ſeqq.*, 516), whence Occleve, probably the "Skilfull aged Sire" alluded to by Browne, derived his ſtory. See *Memoir of Browne*, p. xxxiii. P. 178.

England, Social and Political ſtate of, in the time of James I. Much to be gleaned on this ſubject from repeated alluſions and paſſages in Browne's *Paſtorals and Eclogues*, which have, beſides their poetical intereſt, a ſpecial value on ſuch account. *Paſſim*.

Eye-bright, a plant ſo named. P. 143.

Fact, crime. The Latin *facinus* and *factum* both bear this ſenſe. Pp. 112, 318.

Fair, affray at a country, deſcribed. P. 333.

Fairies. Pp. 48 *et alibi*.

Faw, glad (A.-S.) P. 192.

Feat, adj. neat. P. 144.

Fern-web. "A ſmall beetle, very injurious to the young apple."—*Halliwell*. P. 150.

Fet, fetched. Orig. edit. has *felt*. P. 186,

Fida (pſeud.) P. 1 *et alibi*.

Fidelia (pſeud.). Apparently ſome miſtreſs, to whom Browne paid poetical, if not more ſerious, court. P. 298 *et ſeqq*.

Fido (pſeud.) perhaps the poet himſelf. P. 298 *et ſeqq*.

Fiſhbourne, Mr., a philanthropiſt. Browne's Elegy upon him. P. 314.

Flawns, cuſtards. P. 207.

Fleet (*that went out laſt*). Probably the poet's reference is to the expedition diſpatched by James I. under the command of Sir Robert Manſel, for the ſuppreſſion of the Algerine pirates. See the tract entitled *Algiers Voyage*, &c., 1621, 4°. P. 270.

Flemiſh horſes. P. 148.

Flew, adj. weak or tender. P. 149.

Florentine, the, *i.e.*, Machiavelli. Browne adopts the popular idea and eſtimate of that great man. P. 141.

For, before, above. P. 180.

Gan, imperf. act. for *began*. P. 186.

Gemels [*Brit. Paſt.*] Book II. Song 3, near the end. See Wedgwood's *Etym. Dict.* under *gimmals* and *gimmers*.—S.

Gilbert, Sir Humphrey. P. 43.

Glorious, boaſtful, or vain-glorious. P. 147.

Gondomar, Count, the Spaniſh Ambaſſador at the Engliſh Court during the cloſing years of James's I.'s reign. He was a man of the greateſt force and ſubtlety of character, and exerciſed immenſe influence over the King. A great deal of light would be thrown on the hiſtory of the period by his inedited correſpondence, and reſpecting Gondomar himſelf there are ſome intereſting and amuſing particulars in the Beaumont MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum. P. 275.

Grillus, the hog. Pp. 250, 251.

Grinvil (or Grenville), Sir Richard, the celebrated naval commander. In 1595, Gervaſe, or Jervis, Markham publiſhed *The moſt Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richarde Grinville, Knight*, 8vo., which is a ſort of dramatic poem in ſtanzas. Pp. 43, 149.

Groom, man, fellow. P. 146.

Grummel, or *Gromwell-ſeed*, a material employed for ſacrificial cakes, P. 41.

Guied, guided. P. 178.

Guile-man, beguiler of men. P. 196.

Guy, Friar. Can the poet intend to refer to Guy, Biſhop of Amiens, author of a poem on the Battle of Haſtings? See Wright's *Biographia Britannica Literaria* (Anglo-Norman per.) p. 15. P. 293.

Haydigyes, rural dances. See Nares, ed. 1859, in v. P. 3.

Hair, yellow, worn by ladies, who dyed it that colour (as is done now in 1869), when nature had not beſtowed on them the gift of *Goldylocks*. But our early writers ſeem to have recognized two ſorts of yellow, the colour proper (very rare to find in hair) and yellow-red. It would appear to be the latter which is intended in the preſent poem, ſince the yellow itſelf could ſcarcely be deſcribed as having burning or ſcorching properties. P. 264.

Han, have, corrupted from *haven*. P. 207.

Harrow, i. q., haro or *harry*, probably from *har* (high) and *up* (cry or clamour). It is queſtionable, perhaps, if the Iriſh *arrah* be not the ſame word. P. 187.

Haut-boys. P. 146.

Hawkins, Sir John, the navigator and traveller. P. 43.

Hearten-on, encourage. P. 203.

Heartened, wedded or attached heartily. P. 47.

Henry, Prince, eldeſt ſon of James I. Browne's Elegy on his death. See vol. i. p. 130-3. The four laſt ſtanzas found in the firſt book of the *Paſtorals*, but wanting in the MS. alſo occur in the old printed edition of the Elegy, 1613, 4to., which at the ſame time varies conſiderably from the MS., ſo far as the latter goes. All the old edits. read *deſtruction*, where I have printed *diſtraction* (p. 326). P. 323.

Herbert of Cardiff and Sherland, Charles, Lord. Browne writes an elegy on his premature deceaſe. P. 313.

Hid it. "And raught the bough away: Hid it, and fell." The edit. of 1625 miſprints *Hide*. P. 105.

Hobbinol (pſeud.), an interlocutor in the 7th Eclogue of the *Shepheards Pipe*. P. 230 *et ſeqq.*

Hopton, Mr. W., a ſervant at Wilton. Elegy and epitaph on him. Pp. 305, 338.

Horace, paraphraſes or (remote) imitations of two of his Odes. Pp. 346, 349.

Hurled, ſimply *caſt*, not neceſſarily with violence. See *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, iii. 76, Note. Pp. 308, 327.

Hurſt, Goodman, of the George at Horſham. P. 344.

Hyne [The Shepheards Pipe, Egl. 3] or *hind*, uſed in Devonſhire [and Cornwall] for a bailiff or upper farm ſervant.—S. P. 209.

Idea. "For coulde I thincke ſhe ſome idea were." Here the poet had in his thoughts the collection of ſonnets written by his beloved Drayton under the name of IDÆA, and printed in 1593. Browne elſewhere perſonifies *England* under a ſimilar name (IOYA); ſee *Memoir*, xxix. P. 125, 277.

Imp'd, engrafted, added on. P. 141.

Impoor, impoveriſh. P. 162.

In, to, i. e. to gather, as the harveſt. See an earlier example of the uſe of the word in this ſenſe in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*, art. IN. The former editor of theſe poems omitted the word as "illegible in MS.;" but it is not the caſe; the word is perfectly diſtinct, and the poet uſes it again in his *Paſtorals*, Book ii. Song 4. Bryan, in his *Harveſt Home*, 1674, ſpeaks of "the reaping, ſhocking, and *inning* of the corn." But in Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639, there is the proverb, "We *in* diverſely, but end alike," in which the word ſeems to bear the ſenſe of to *begin* or *go in*, rather than *to be carried in*, unleſs we underſtand an ellipſis, and the phraſe is nothing more than [*come*] *in*. P. 319.

In feere, together. P. 178, 187.

Inhabitants. Nigh inhabitants—ſo, properly, reads the folio; the edit. of 1625 has *high* for *nigh*. P. 100.

Inn, lodging, abiding or reſting-place.

It here ſtands, as elſewhere, for the end of the ſun's courſe in the fabulous region of Hyperborea. Pp. 158, 247.

Inſolvents. Browne's picture of the ſtate of inſolvent debtors in England in his time in the facetious poem of *Lidford Journey*. Pp. 314-17, 352-5.

Iſca, or *Ex*, the river. Pp. 39 *et alibi*.

Iſis (or Ouſe), the river. Pp. 39 *et alibi*.

Jaſpis, Gr. ἰασπις, jaſper, the precious ſtone ſo called. It was ſuppoſed by the ancients, but not, I believe, by our own countrymen, to have the virtue of breaking a charm or ſpell. P. 249.

Johnſon, E., of the Inner Temple, the author of ſome wretched lines before the *Shepheards Pipe*. He appears to have been the ſame perſon who was admitted to the Inner Temple in Nov. 1609, and was made a bencher in 1635. He was the ſon and heir of Sir Robert Johnſon, kt. of London. P. 170.

Jonſon, Ben. P. 10.

Joſeph of Exeter, quoted. It ſeems from the following paſſage that Browne at one time contemplated doing what was afterwards achieved by Fuller and, ſtill later, by Prince —a biographical account of the worthies of Devon: "Many inferiour faculties are yet left, wherein our Deeuon hath diſplaied her abilities, as well as in the former, as in Philoſophers, Hiſtorians, Oratours, and Poets, *the blazoning of whom to the life, eſpecially the laſt, I had rather leaue to my worthy friend, Mr. W. Browne, who, as hee hath already honoured his countrie in his elegant and ſweet Paſtoralls, no queſtion will eaſily bee intreated a little farther to grace it, by drawing out the line of his Poeticke Auncеſters, beginning in Joſephus Iſcanus [Joſeph of Exeter] and ending in himſelfe.*—Carpenter's *Geographia*, 1635, p. 263, quoted by Dyce (Beaumont and Fletcher, I. vi). P. 44.

Kid, known, or make known. So, in *Havelok the Dane*, ed. Skeat, p. 33:

> "Ful ſone it was ful loude kid
> Of hauelok hw he warp þe ſton."

P. 37.

King-cup, a flower. P. 194.

Kiſs the hare's foot. Prov. See *Engliſh Proverbs and Proverbial Phraſes*, 1869, pp. 421, 488. P. 25.

Knap, top or ſummit. P. 178.

Laertiades, the ſon of Laertes, i.e. Ulyſſes himſelf. P. 253.

Lambeder, Llan-bedr, co. Radnor. P. 89.

Leave, ceaſe. "Left to pay"—ceaſed to pay. Pp. 111, 351.

Lee, Mr. Francis, of the Inner Temple. Among the admiſſions to this Inn in Nov. 1609, I find "Mr. Francis *Leigh*, of Addington, Surrey, ſon and heir of Sir Oliver Leigh, kt." P. 341.

Ley, or lea, a meadow. P. 173.

Lidford, co. Devon. I cannot do better than refer the reader to the note in *Engliſh Proverbs and Proverbial Phraſes*, 1869, p. 132. P. 352.

Limos, ſimply the Gr. word for hunger. P. 26, *et ſeqq*.

Lin, ceaſe, deſiſt, refrain. P. 203.

Liver-wort, a herb or plant ſo called. P. 143.

Loire, the river. P. 127.

Loſing. Both the old edits. read *looſing*. So elſewhere. P. 105.

Lyte, little. "Lyte and lyte," i. e. by little and little. P. 188.

Mader-pits. P. 34.

Makers, poets. This is a literal rendering of the Greek word. P. 285.

Mandragora, or *mandrake*. "Sadd mandragoras." Reſpecting the mandragora, or mandrake, ſee *Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, 1869. Pp. 132, 244, 248, 269.

Manwood, Mr. Thomas, was the eldeſt ſon of Sir Peter Manwood, of St. Stephen's, Canterbury (ſon of Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer), by his wife Frances, daughter of George Hart, Eſq. of Lullingſtone. The ſubject of this elegy, who is overlooked by Haſted, was drowned in France, and was buried, or rather a monument was raiſed to him, 22 Sept. 1613. The ſiſters to whom Browne addreſſes ſome lines at the cloſe, were probably Elizabeth, Dorothy, and Frances. See Harl. MS. 1106, fol. 177 (a tranſcript in Add. MS. 5526); Add. MSS. 5507, fol. 1329, and 6,279, fol. 71. The Harts and the Manwoods were connected by marriage. Anne Manwood, Sir Peter's ſiſter, and aunt of Thomas Manwood, our poet's friend, married Percival Hart, of Lullingſtone (Add. MS. Br. Muſ. 5507, fol. 329). The name of Thomas Manwood does not occur in the books of the Inner Temple; but that of his grandfather, Sir Roger, the chief baron, who was reader in 1565, is found, and his ſhield is in the hall. P. 211, *et ſeqq.*

Marigold. "Soe ſhutts the marigold her leaues," &c. Compare *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3:

"The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the ſun,
And with him riſes weeping."

Pp. 125, 308.

Marina (pſeud.). P. 26, *et ſeqq.*

Marionette. P. 146.

Marle, digging for. Riſdon, in his *Survey of Devon* (circâ 1630), ſays:—"The South part of the Shire is thin, ſtanding upon ſomewhat a rocky ſoil; but the moſt part of theſe rocks are a kind of marle, fruitful in dreſſing of ground." And Fuller, in his *Worthies*, 1662, ſays, under *Devonſhire*: "No Shire ſhowes more induſtrious, or ſo many Huſbandmen, who by Marle (blew and white), chalk, lime, ... and what not, make the ground both to take and keep a moderate fruitfulneſſe."—S. P. 14.

Marvedi. "A very ſmall Spaniſh coin, thirty-four to a fixpence."—*Halliwell*. P. 146.

Maſque, the *Inner Temple*. In the original MS., the date of preſentation (or intended preſentation), by the Society of the Inner Temple is exactly indicated, as I have ſhown in the tranſcript prefixed to the preſent edition; yet Davies, in his edit. 1772, although printing from the ſame MS., has omitted theſe particulars, and thus left it a point of doubt when the piece was written. In compoſing the Maſque, the poet ſeems chiefly to have been guided by Ovid in the 14th Book of the *Metamorphoſes*. Pp. 239, *et ſeqq.*

Maſſinger, Philip. Browne's commendatory lines before his plays of the *Duke of Milaine*, 1623, and the *Bondman*, 1624. Pp. 359-62.

May-lord. Pp. 96, 201.

Mayor's Show, Lord. Contemptuous reference to this pageant. P. 302.

Mazor, or *mazer*, a bowl. P. 196.

Mel-dew, honey-dew. A ſweet gum, which exudes from the leaves or bark of certain trees, as the lime, the damſon, the oak, &c., yielding in ſome caſes a ſubſtance like gum-arabic, but edible and not unpleaſant to the palate. The manuka tree in New-Zealand has this property in a remarkable degree, and its droppings reſemble manna. Shakeſpeare, in *Julius Cæſar*, makes Brutus ſpeak of the heavy honey-dew of ſlumber." P. 146.

Meſel, leper. P. 190.

Michael, Corniſh, the early writer, mentioned and cited by Camden in his *Remaines*, 1605, &c. He was a compoſer of Latin verſe in the time of John and Henry III.; but he appears to have confined himſelf to light and popular effuſions, which ſurvive only in the ſpecimens afforded by Camden. P. 69.

Midſummer Fires. P. 206.

Miller's-thumb, a ſmall fiſh. P. 150.

Miſter-chance, kind of chance, like Spenſer's *miſter-malady*. *Miſter*, A—N. for kind, ſpecies, whence *miſtery* or *myſtery*, an occupation, trade. P. 230.

Moe, mow, make mouths. P. 251.

Mole, the river, co. Surrey. Pp. 296, *et alibi.*

Moly, a plant of which the knowledge has been tranſmitted to us in the pages of the *Odyſſey*. It ſeems to have been potent in two ways at leaſt, as a narcotic and a reſtorative. The MS. has *mocy*, and ſo the edit. of 1772. Milton places *moly* in the hands of Comus, the ſon of Bacchus and Circe. By "*Old Melibœus*," can Milton have intended to figure Browne? P. 249.

Monk's hood, a flower. Pp. 37, 146.

Montgomery, Suſan, Counteſs of, daughter of Edward Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, married in 1604, Philip, firſt Earl of Montgomery, and Baron Herbert of Shurland. Her huſband afterwards ſucceeded his brother William in the earldom of Pembroke. Lady Montgomery died before 1630, in which year her huſband re-married. P. 343.

Nad, ne had. P. 196.

Neddy (pſeud.) See SPENSER, *infra*. P. 205.

Neptune's ſubiect. Both the old editions read *Neptune's* ſubiect; but the verb *affright* in the third line above, evidently ſhould be regarded as governing this ſentence; the ſenſe of which is, January ſnows, and the flooding of the Severn do not more affright the nigh inhabitants than Neptunes affrights his ſubject, *i.e.*, the boat with its freight. P. 100.

Nightingale, the all-voice, &c. Pp. 17, 134, *et alibi.*

Normandy. P. 127.

Nunſhon, or nuncheon, luncheon. Nunſhon=Noonchine, or noon-tide meal, corrupted into its preſent form by ſome inexplicable proceſs. *Nuncheon* is uſed by Butler.

Oberon, deſcription of. P. 147.

Occleve, Thomas. Browne inſerts in the firſt eclogue of the *Shepheards*

Pipe, his tale of the Emperor and his Three Sons: and promiſes other works by the ſame hand, then by him in MS. P. 198.

Once, at ſome time, by-and-by. P. 236.

Onley, John, of the Inner Temple, was of Tottenham, Middleſex, and was admitted to the Inn in Nov. 1605. P. 171.

Orke, a ſpecies of ſea-monſter, or marine ſatyr, but here employed to ſignify a prodigy of luſt, and applied to a woman. This note appears to be ſupplementary to what Nares, ed. 1859, has on the ſubject (in v.) P. 33.

Overbury, Sir Tho. Browne's Elegy on him, firſt prefixed to the later edits. of *The Wife* in 8vo. This elegy, in the MS., is a mere fragment, breaking off at line 10; it is now printed, as it ſtands in the eighth impreſſion of the *Wife*, and as it was republiſhed in the ſucceeding editions in 8vo. In the heading of the poem, for *Poiſoned*, edit. 1815 reads *Priſoner*, a ſample of the general accuracy of that truly worthleſs text. In the *Wife* the poem is entitled *An Elegie conſecrated to the Memory of the truly Worthy and learned Sir Thomas Overbury, Knight.* P. 317.

Owr, or *ours*, and the correcter form, perhaps; compare *Their*. P. 284.

Oxford. Reſpecting the verſes headed "A Sigh from Oxford, it is to be noted that Browne went to Oxford in the autumn of 1624, to take his maſter's degree, and there, perhaps, wrote this poem. It was, at any rate, compoſed about that time, and in all probability after 1618, when the death of Raleigh, through the intrigues of Gondomar, muſt have been felt ſtrongly by Browne as a weſt-country man. See the bitter alluſion to Gondomar *infrâ*, and Memoir of the Poet, p. 34. Browne ſeems to have been in London in 1623, and to have witneſſed (perhaps in company with Lord Montgomery) the firſt performance of Maſſinger's *Bondman* at the Cockpit, Dec. 3, 1623; ſee his lines on that drama, pp. 361-2. P. 270.

Pales, the goddeſs. P. 41.

Palilia, the feſtival or rites of Pales. P. 41.

Palmerin or Amadis—Chambermayds reading. Browne ſeems to have had the following paſſage in his mind:—"She reades Greenes workes ouer and ouer, but is ſo carried away with the *Mirror of Knighthood*, ſhee is many times reſolu'd to runne out of herſelfe, and become a Lady Errant..."—*Character of a Chambermayde* (Overbury's Wife, &c., 1616, ed. Dublin, 1626, ſign. H 5). P. 300-1.

Palmes, Mr. Bryan. There was a Sir Guy Palmes in the County of Northampton, in 1628, and in the ſame year a "Mr. Paumes of one of the Temples," challenged Mr. Stafford, "both men of quality;" and they arranged to go over ſeas to end their quarrel. *Cal. of St. Pap. Dom. Ser.* Charles I., cxx., 15 Nov., 1628. But this Mr. Paumes was probably the Mr. Francis Palmes of the Inner Temple, who took the oaths in March, 1635-6, and on the 26 March, 1636, had a paſs to travel for three years with one ſervant,

Ibid. cccxvi.-vii. I have not been able to find any mention of a Bryan Palmes.—S. I find no mention of Bryan Palmes in the Hiſtories of Northamptonſhire, nor indeed more than an incidental notice of the family, which intermarried with the Brownes of Walcot. P. 292.

Pandora, the *ſyrinx* of the ancients; compare *Syms* infrâ. P. 129.

Paſternes, hind quarters. P. 149.

Pembroke, Counteſs Dowager of. Mary Sydney, daughter of Sir Henry Sydney, by his wife, Mary, daughter of John, Duke of Northumberland. She was the fiſter of Sir Philip Sydney, and produced a verſion of the Pſalms, a poem on our Lord's Paſſion (Sloane MS., 1303), a tranſlation of Garnier's *Antonius*, and two or three ſmaller pieces. She was born about 1550, and died in 1621. Mary Sydney was the third wife of Henry, Second Earl of Pembroke, whom ſhe ſurvived twenty years. Her eldeſt ſon, William Earl of Pembroke, was the friend and patron of Browne; this nobleman died April 10, 1639. Theſe lines are printed by Gifford in his edit. of Jonſon, 1816; but there can be ſlight doubt that they were from Browne's pen. See *Notes and Queries*, 1ſt S. iii. 262. But as Evelyn was only a very young man at the period of Browne's death (circâ 1645), Mr. Britton probably errs in ſuppoſing that the Diariſt refers to the poet when he ſpeaks of "William [Browne] Governor to the *now* Earl of Oxford." In the MS., the epitaph is followed by a ſecond ſtanza which, from appearing among the poems of Lord Pembroke in the collected volume of 1660, may be preſumed to be properly the compoſition of that nobleman.

> "Marble pyles let no man raiſe
> To her name: for after dayes
> Some kind woman borne as ſhe
> Reading this, like Niobe
> Shall turn Marble, and become
> Both her Mourner and her Tombe."

Pp. 307-12, 342.

Pembroke, William Herbert, Earl of, alluded to. P. 307.

Phœbe—Endymion. Browne's friend Drayton had compoſed a poem on the love of the Moon for Endymion. It was printed without date, but probably in 1593. P. 213.

Philocel (pſeud.), *forſan* Philo-Cœlia, *i.e.* the poet himſelf; compare *Cœlia* ſuprâ, and ſee p. 95. P. 73, *et ſeqq.*

Philos (pſeud.), apparently ſome acquaintance. He is an interlocutor in the ſixth eclogue of the *Shepheards Pipe*. P. 225.

Piſtle, epiſtle, tale. P. 180.

Pitche. Old edit. has *pitcht*. P. 43.

Planthings, or *planchin*, flooring, or ſometimes a (boarded?) ceiling. It is ſtill in general uſe in South Devon in theſe ſenſes.—S.. P. 353.

Pleneere, full, plenary. P. 183.

Plim, the river. P. 47.

Poictou, or *Poitou*, the large province of France ſo called; now divided into ſeveral departments. P. 127.

Preſident, *i.e.*, precedent, model. P. 231.

Prideaux, John. Of humble origin, this perſon, by his own exertions, roſe to the rectorſhip of Exeter College, Oxford, became Regius Profeſſor of Divinity, Canon of Chriſt Church, and Vice-Chancellor of the Univerſity. In 1641 he was preſented to the ſee of Worceſter; but

having been deprived by the republican party, he fell into poor circumſtances, and died in diſtreſs in 1650. He publiſhed two or three works, of which the moſt popular was his "Introduction to reading all ſorts of hiſtories." Prideaux was a Devonſhire man. P. 337.

Primely, in the firſt place. P. 202.

Prowde, Sir John. Epitaph upon him. P. 338.

Quill, pipe or reed. Old edit. miſreads "Sheepheards tune his quill." P. 177.

Quit (the while), *i.e.*, be worth while, requite the pains. P. 197.

Ramſham, near Taviſtock, on the Tavy, not far from Shilla Mill in Crowndale—S. It appears to have been a tract of woodland, diſforeſted or cleared in the poet's own time. P. 131.

Reacheth to. So, of courſe properly, the folio. The edit. of 1625 miſprints *ceacheth to.* P. 86.

Reed, confeſſion. Old edit. has *it reed.* P. 195.

Remond (pſeud.). P. 12, *et alibi.*

Remora. It is ſaid, by a vulgar error, that the *Remora*, an undefined and myſterious magnetic influence, ſtays ſhips under ſail. See *Popular Antiq. of Gr. Britain*, 1869. P. 306.

Repair, ſalute. P. 66.

Robert of Glouceſter, quoted, p. 70.

Robin Redbreaſt. P. 27, *et alibi.*

Roget, George Wither. The firſt eclogue, a dialogue ſeemingly between him and Browne, touches on the impriſonment of Wither in the Marſhalſea after the publication of *Abuſes Stript and Whipt* in 1613. In that book were many paſſages, thought to aim at living perſons, which Roget (or Wither) alludes to in the lines:

"Since no ſooner can I play," &c.

P. 173.

Round, globe, world. Pp. 3, 153.

Rowden meadows. Theſe meadows are on the Okehampton Road, about a mile N.E. of Taviſtock. Mr. Matthews, of Taviſtock, gave me this information—S. P. 152.

Rowned, whiſpered. P. 180.

Roydon, Matthew. Compare *Spenſer* infra.

Rub a gal'd horſe on the gall. For *gal'd* read *ſcald.* See *Engliſh Proverbs and Proverbial Phraſes*, 1869, p. 326. P. 175.

S. M. Epitaph upon her. In *Witts Recreations*, 1640, occurs an anagram, *Domina Margarita Sandis.* See Herrick's Works, ed. Hazlitt, ii. 485. The author of the *Heſperides* wrote verſes to M. S. his "kinſwoman;" they are printed in all the editions of his poems; but this muſt have been an earlier M. S. P. 338.

Sadly, heavily, heartily. This word appears to be here uſed in the ſame ſenſe in which Coles cites it: "*Sad-bread*, panis gravis." P. 191.

Scalled, ſcaled. P. 245.

Scrip, apparently a name for the bag which (with the bottle) formed the ſhepherd's ſtore of proviſions, when he left home to tend his ſheep on the mountain or the plains. P. 228.

Seine, the river. P. 127.

Servants, i.e. lovers or paramours, a tranſlation of the Italian *ſervente.* P. 234.

Shale, ſhell. P. 77.

Shend, ſhelter, ſcreen. P. 176.

Shepherd, i. e. poet, exactly the counterpart and equivalent of the *paſtor* of the Virgilian and other claſſical and lower-age bucolics. *Paſſim.*

Shepherd's Pipe, The. Mr. Collier (*Bibl. Cat.* 1865, ii. 75) quotes Richard Braithwaite's alluſion to this volume in his *Strappado for the Diuel*, 1615; but the reference was not thought, on the whole, worth tranſcription. The intimate manner in which the other eclogues attached to this volume appeared to be connected with Browne's hiſtory, although they were not from his pen, made it rather difficult to withſtand the temptation, at leaſt of adding them in an appendix. But they would have occupied too much ſpace. P. 165.

Shoot, ſhot. P. 138.

Shope (or *ſhop*), præt. of *ſhape*. "Shope this tide"—befell this fortune or caſe. Pp. 178-187.

Shove, puſh. P. 150.

Signature, a mark on a plant or herb, ſuppoſed to indicate medicinal properties reſident therein. The word is alſo employed occaſionally to ſignify ſome diſtinctive mark on a man or woman, as a mole or wart peculiar to a family or race. P. 142.

Silly, or ſeely, i. e. ſimple, guileleſs. Where Browne refers to "thoſe rurall notes" which had been left imperfect, he, of courſe, ſignifies the incomplete ſtate of *Britannia's Paſtorals*, as publiſhed in 1614. The ſecond Book did not appear till 1616. P. 167.

Siſyphus. P. 135.

Skelton, John. Browne's diſparaging alluſion to this vigorous and original writer preceded by a century Pope's ſweeping and perhaps fatal condemnation of him. Skelton, however, has had juſtice done to him by the late Mr. Dyce's admirable edition of his works. P. 198.

Sleightful, cunning, ſly. P. 79.

Smyth, Rev. John, chaplain to the Earl of Pembroke. Epitaph upon him. P. 337.

Snares (of a tabor), the cat-gut or ſtrings. P. 151.

Sole, alone. P. 187.

Somerſet, Counteſs of. This was, of courſe, the notorious Frances, daughter to Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and wife, firſt to Robert Devereux, Earl of Eſſex, and ſecondly, to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerſet. A good account of the Overbury caſe, in which ſhe was one of the foremoſt actors, is to be found in Sir Simonds D'Ewes' *Autobiography*, and in Amos' *Great Oyer of Poiſoning*, 1846. P. 334.

Speed your plough, i.e., God proſper you, a ſhepherd's benediction. P. 236.

Spenſer, Edm. Apparent alluſion to Spenſer's dedication of the *Faerie Queene*. Pp. 64, 145, 280, 285, 298.

—— Poſſibly the Neddy of the *Shepheards Pipe*, Ecl. 3. Browne ſpeaks of him perhaps by poetical licence, as ſtill living, and as "an aged fire;" and this circumſtance, taken in connection with the difference in the cauſe which the author aſſigns to Spenſer's ruin, may militate againſt the hypotheſis, ſuch as it is. I once thought that Matthew Roydon, the friend of Chapman and almoſt all the poets of that day, who fell from affluence into poverty

through ſome unknown influence, was the perſon here intended. But although Roydon was certainly a ſhepherd in Browne's ſenſe of the term (ſee Ritſon's *Bibl. Poet.*, in v.), the conſideration that Browne was a devoted admirer of Spenſer, and the obviouſneſs of reſemblance between Edmund (or Edward), and the Neddy of the paſtoral, ſent me back to the author of the *Faerie Queene*. The circumſtances attending the great poet's death, muſt have been familiar to a man, who had it in his power to obtain accurate intelligence, and who muſt have felt an enthuſiaſm for Spenſer's genius, and an intereſt in his unhappy fate, more than ſufficient to induce him to put himſelf in poſſeſſion of the exact facts. Have we here a new clue or not? It ought to be borne in mind, that the Eclogues which form the *Shepheard's Pipe*, are neither more nor leſs than a ſeries of apologues, in which, under diſguiſed names and ſlightly coloured circumſtances, the writer depicts actual incidents in the lives of his perſonal friends. There is Wither's impriſonment in the Marſhalſea; the death of Thomas Manwood; the unwiſe courtſhip of a friend (*Palinode*); a droll adventure out walking or ſhooting (Ecl. vi.); the exhortation to Brooke to attempt a higher flight of poetry: the oppreſſive conduct of ſome great landlord (Ecl. ii.); and then the Dialogue between *Piers* and *Thomalin* upon the misfortunes and wrongs of Neddy.

That Neddy's real name was *Edward* (by which chriſtian name as often as not Spenſer was addreſſed by his contemporaries), appears to be further ſhown by the fact, that in the *Paſtorals*, we meet with the ſhepherd *Teddy of the Glen*, evidently the ſame perſon. See preſent edit. i. 91.

Stickle, a run or ſwift part of a river; ſtill uſed in Devon [*Paſt.* ii. 4.]—S. P. 88.

Still, to abate, ſlacken. In his *Firſt Book, Song* 4 (preſent edit. i. 104), the author uſes the ſubſtantive *ſtill* or *ſtil* (*ſteepy ſtils*), ſeemingly in the ſenſe of an acclivity of any kind, including what is ſtill underſtood by the word. This latter paſſage is quoted for the term in the *Gloſſary* of Nares (edit. 1859, in v.) P. 111.

Strain, lineage, breed. "*D. Pedro:* And Benedick is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know. Thus far can I praiſe him; he is of a noble *ſtrain*," &c.—*Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 1. P. 58.

Swan, dying. The picture which Ovid has left to us of the *albus olor* ſinging his own funeral dirge at the ſhallows of the Mœander, has ſerved as a model for ſucceeding bards, who ſeem to have accepted the legend without any ſuſpicion of its ſlender baſis. See Burney's *Hiſtory of Muſic*, iv. 209, where the fallacy is pointed out and explained. Pp. 125-6, 269, 289.

Sweet meat, ſowre ſauce, an allufion to an old proverb. See *Engliſh Proverbs and Proverbial Phraſes*, 1869, p. 349. P. 228.

Swythee, quickly. But the reduplicated *e* is improper; we ſhould read, *ſwithé*. P. 185.

Sy, ſaw. P. 180.

Sydney, Sir P. Pp. 8, 9, &c.

Symois, or Simois, the river in the

plain of Troy. It is identified with the modern Mender-Chai. P. 156.

Syms, Mr., a muſician. Doubtleſs ſome celebrated performer on the inſtrument named. I conclude, however, that he was not a compoſer, for I find no account of him in Burney or Hawkins, in the *Dictionary of Muſicians*, or in Chappell. As to the *Syrinx*, or Pandora-pipe, ſee Herr Engel's *Muſic of the moſt Ancient Nations*, 1864, pp. 11, 78. P. 351.

Syves, or *ſives*, ſieves. Pp. 146, 350.

Talent, inclination. P. 188.

Tavy, the river. P. 47, *et alibi.*

Thamar, &c.

> "I'le ſtrive to draw
> The nymphs by Thamar, Tavy, Ex and Tau,
> By Turridge, Otter, Ock, by Dert and Plym."
> —*Paſtorals*, Book II. Song 4.

Of all theſe rivers, except the Ex and the Otter, which run through the eaſtern part of the county, it may be ſaid, as Riſdon ſays of one of them, the Ock, more generally called the Ockment,—"It fetcheth its fountain from the high and hungry hills of Dartmoor."—S. P. 47, *et alibi.*

Thames, the river. Pp. 39, *et ſeqq.*

Their, for *theirs*, and the more correct form, perhaps. P. 235.

Thirſis (pſeudon.), apparently the poet himſelf. *Thirſis* is one of the interlocutors in an eclogue by Wither, attached to *The Shepheards Pipe*, 1614. P. 282.

Thouars to Saumur. This epiſtle purports to have been compoſed during the poet's journey from Tours to Saumur. P. 292.

Thoue, the river. This river was in what was anciently known as Poitou, now in the department of Deux-Sevres. P. 127.

Thracian, the, *i.e.*, Orpheus. P. 135.

Thraſt, thruſt (præt.). P. 191.

Tom Piper, one of the characters in the morris-dance. P. 5.

Tooteth, pipeth. A word formed from the ſound. P. 199.

Tow, tough. "To make it quaint and *tow*" is equivalent to our phraſe, "to make an unneceſſary fuſs." P. 196.

Travers, curtain. P. 247.

Trend, [bend, turn, like a river.] *Brit. Paſt.* Book ii. Song 3. This word is uncommon, I think. The only perſon I have ever heard uſe it is a Taviſtock man.—S.

Tumbler, a rabbit-dog. P. 77.

Turner, Samuel, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford; B.A. Sept. 11, 1601-2; M.A. Oct. 22, 1604. He was the ſon of Dr. Peter Turner, the eminent phyſician. He died, as we here find, ſuddenly, and his deceaſe muſt have occurred about 1640, and not 1647, as Wood conjectured (*Faſt.*, ed. Bliſs, i. 291. 303). P. 344.

Twine, v. to thread, and ſo to thread one's way out, to depart. See *Prompt. Parv.* ed. Way, p. 505. But a little further on (p. 196) it is uſed, oddly enough, in the ſenſe of *detached, ſeparated.* After all, the radix of the word may, however, make this meaning admiſſible enough. P. 193.

Tyn'd, put out, extinguiſhed. P. 250.

Under-ſong, the burden of a ſong. P. 55.

Unworthy. Edit. 1625 miſprints *unworty*. P. 64.

Vare (more uſually ſpelt *vair*), a ſmall ſort of ſquirrel, valued for its fur. P. 149.

Vaux, Mr. I ſee no ſuch perſon named in Dr. Munk's *Roll of the College of Phyſicians*. 1861. P. 339.
Venetian glaſs. P. 145.
Venter, venture. P. 133.
Venus and Adonis, a ſong of. P. 2.

Walla, the Walla-brook that has its ſource juſt under Brent Tor, and runs through Kilworthy (in Browne's time belonging to the Glanvilles) and Ineſcombe, "ſweet Inas combe," falling into the Tavy about half a mile above Taviſtock. There is another Walla-brook that falls into the North Teign about four miles weſt of Chagford.—S. P. 47 *et alibi*.
Weived, perhaps a form of *waived*. Halliwell ſays: "Weive, to forſake, decline, depart (A.-S.)" — *Arch. Dict.* in v. P. 192.
Weptol (pſeud.) P. 202.
Where there is carrion, never wants a crow. Apparently cited proverbially. P. 236.
Whitſun-ale. P. 196.
Wilkins cote. *Cote* ſeems here to be uſed in the ſenſe of a *farm*. P. 207.
Wither, George. P. 11. *et alibi*.
Woodbine, or *woodbind*, the paraſite plant, of which the honeyſuckle is the flower. P. 50.

Y., Mrs. Elizabeth. Mr. Shelly queries *Yelverton*: but the probability is, that a member of one of the great Devonſhire families of *Yard* or *Yeo* is here commemorated. P. 343.
Yalme.

> "Thetis with her brave company had wonne
> The mouth of Dert," &c.
> —Book II. Song 3.

Chriſtall Arme. . . . *ſweet Yalme and Plin*. . . . *Thamar*. The Earme and Yealm are ſmall ſtreams that run down from Dartmoor and fall into the ſea between Dartmouth and Plymouth. The Plym, accurately deſcribed in Book i. Song 5, as "the *ſandy* Plim," and the Tamar, fall into Plymouth Sound.—S.
Yalde, yielded. P. 179.

Zeuxis. Pp. 247, 322.
Zouch, Edward, Lord. See Notes to volume firſt. P. 167.

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